THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, IN SIXTEEN...

William Shakespeare

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THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

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THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

CONTAINING

ROMEO AND JULIET.

HAMLET.

DUBLIN:

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1794.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

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PROLOGUE.

Two houſholds, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our ſcene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes
A pair of ſtar-croſt lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' ſtrife.
The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our ſtage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our toil ſhall ſtrive to mend[1].

[1] This prologue, after the firſt copy was publiſhed in 1597, received ſeveral alterations, both in reſpect of correctneſs and verſification. In the folio it is omitted.—The play was originally performed by *the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunſdon his ſervants.*

In the firſt of K. James I. was made an act of parliament for ſome reſtraint or limitation of noblemen in the protection of players, or of players under their ſanction. STEEVENS.

Under the word PROLOGUE, in the copy of 1599 is printed *Chorus*, which I ſuppoſe meant only that the prologue was to be ſpoken by the ſame perſon who perſonated the chorus at the end of the firſt act.

The original prologue, in the quarto of 1597, ſtands thus:

Two houſehold frends, alike in dignitie,
In faire Verona, where we lay our ſcene,
From civil broyles broke into enmitie,
Whoſe civill warre makes civill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes
A paire of ſtarre-croſt lovers tooke their life;
Whoſe miſadventures, piteous overthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their fathers' ſtrife,
And death-markt paſſage of their parents' rage,)
Is now the two howres traffique of our ſtage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want, wee'll ſtudie to amend. MALONE.

Perſons Repreſented.

Eſcalus, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *a young nobleman, kinſman to the Prince.*
Montague, } *Heads of two Houſes, at variance with each*
Capulet, } *other.*
An old Man, uncle to Capulet.
Romeo, *ſon to* Montague.
Mercutio, *kinſman to the Prince, and friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *nephew to* Montague, *and friend to* Romeo.
Tybalt, *nephew to Lady* Capulet.
Friar Lawrence, *a Franciſcan.*
Friar John, *of the ſame order.*
Balthaſar, *ſervant to* Romeo.
Sampſon, } *ſervants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }
Abram, *ſervant to* Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Muſicians.
Chorus. *Boy*; *Page to* Paris; Peter; *an Officer.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to* Montague.
Lady Capulet, *Wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet.
Nurſe to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; *ſeveral Men and Women, relations to both houſes*; *Maſkers, Guards, Citizens, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

SCENE during the greater part of the play, in Verona: *once in the fifth Act at* Mantua.

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ROMEO AND JULIET[2].

ACT I. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with ſwords and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals[3].

Gre. No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

Sam.

[2] The original relater of the ſtory on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till ſome years after his death; being firſt printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. A ſecond edition was publiſhed in 1539: and it was again reprinted at the ſame place in 1553, (without the authour's name,) with the following title: *Hiſtoria nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la loro pietoſa morte; intervenuta gia nella citta di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo dalla Scala. Nouvamente ſtampata.* Of the authour ſome account may be found prefixed to the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*.

In 1554 Bandello publiſhed, at Lucca, a novel on the ſame ſubject; [Tom. II. Nov. ix.] and ſhortly afterwards, Boiſteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boiſteau's novel the ſame ſtory was, in 1562, formed into an Engliſh poem, with conſiderable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece, which the reader may find in the tenth volume, was printed by Richard Tottel with the following title, written probably, according to the faſhion of that time, by the bookſeller: *The tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare example of true conſtancie; with the ſubtill counſels, and practices of an old Fryer, and their ill event.* It was again publiſhed by the ſame bookſeller in 1582. Painter in the ſecond volume of his *Palace of Pleaſure*, 1567, publiſhed a proſe tranſlation from the French of Boiſteau, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta*. Shakſpeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumſtance from it or ſome other proſe tranſlation of Boiſteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved deciſively by the following circumſtances. 1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Eſcalus*; ſo alſo in the play.—In Painter's tranſlation from Boiſteau he is named *Signor* Eſcala, and ſometimes *Lord Bartholomew of* Eſcala. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Monteſches*; in the poem and in the play, the Montagues. 3. The meſſenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's tranſlation called *Anſelme*: in the poem, and in the play, friar *John* is employed in this buſineſs. 4. The circumſtance of Capulet's writing down the names of the gueſts whom he invites to ſupper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by

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Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam.

Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The reſidence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca*; in the poem and in the play *Freetown*. 6. Several paſſages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furniſhed by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boiſteau, or the original; and ſeveral expreſſions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places.

As what has been now ſtated has been controverted, (for what may not be controverted?) I ſhould enter more largely into the ſubject, but that the various paſſages of the poem which I have quoted in the following notes, furniſh ſuch a deciſive proof of the play's having been conſtructed upon it, as not to leave, in my apprehenſion, a ſhadow of doubt upon the ſubject. The queſtion is not, whether Shakſpeare had read other novels, or other poetical pieces, founded on this ſtory, but whether the poem written by Arthur Brooke was the *baſis* on which his play was built.

With reſpect to the name of Romeo, this alſo Shakſpeare might have found in the poem; for in one place that name is given to him: or he might have had it from Painter's novel, from which or from ſome other proſe tranſlation of the ſame ſtory he has, as I have already ſaid, taken one circumſtance not mentioned in the poem. In 1570 was entered on the Stationer's books by Henry Bynneman, *The pitifull Hiſtory of ij louyng Italians*, which I ſuſpect was a proſe narrative of the ſtory on which our authour's play is conſtructed.

Breval ſays in his travels, that on a ſtrict inquiry into the hiſtories of Verona, he found that Shakſpeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumſtances of his play.

"The ſtory on which this play is founded," ſays Mr. Steevens, "is related as a true one in Girolama de la Corte's *Hiſtory of Verona*. Among the entries on the books of the Stationers' Company, I find," (adds the ſame gentleman,) 'M. Tottell, Feb. 18, 1582: *Romeo and Juletta.*' Again, Aug. 5, 1596: 'Edward White, *A new ballad of Romeo and Juliett.*' Stanyhurſt, the tranſlator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an epitaph or *Commune ſepulchrorum*; and it appears, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved from a paſſage in Ames's typographical antiquities, that the ſtory had likewiſe been tranſlated by another hand. Captain Breval in his travels tells us that he ſaw at Vienna the tomb of theſe unhappy lovers." This is only an extract from Mr. Steevens's note. MALONE.

This ſtory was well known to the Engliſh poets before the time of Shakſpeare. In an old collection of poems, called *A gorgeous gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578, I find it mentioned:

"Sir *Romeus'* annoy but trifle ſeems to mine."

And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleaſure*, 1579." FARMER.

3 —*we'll not carry coals.*] Dr. Warburton very juſtly obſerves, that this was a phraſe formerly in uſe to ſignify *the bearing injuries*; but, as he has given no inſtances in ſupport of his declaration, I thought it neceſſary to ſubjoin the following:

Naſh,

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Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the houſe of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to ſtir; and to be valiant, is—to ſtand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That ſhews thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker veſſels, are ever thruſt to the wall:—therefore I will puſh Montague's men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew myſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids[4]; I will cut off their heads.

Naſh, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, ſays: "We will *bear no coals*, I warrant you." So, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2nd part, 1602: "He has had wrong, and if I were he, *I would bear no coles*." Again, in B. Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "Here comes one that will *carry coals*; ergo will hold my dog." And, laſtly, in the Poet's own *Henry V*: "At Calais they ſtole a fireſhovel; I knew by that piece of ſervice the men would *carry coals*." STEEVENS.

The phraſe ſhould ſeem to mean originally, We'll not ſubmit to ſervile offices; and thence ſecondarily, we'll not endure injuries. It has been ſuggeſted, that it may mean, "*we'll not bear* reſentment burning like *a coal of fire in our boſoms*, without breaking out into ſome outrage;" with alluſion to the proverbial ſentence, that ſmothered anger is a coal of fire in the boſom: But the word *carry* ſeems adverſe to ſuch an interpretation. MALONE.

This phraſe continued to be in uſe down to the middle of the laſt century. In a little ſatirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead, intitled, "Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul's Church-yard, &c." publiſhed after the death of King Charles I. N°. 22, page 50, is inſerted "*Fire, Fire!* a ſmall manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haſelridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chauldron of ſcripture, that *John Lilburn* will not *carry coals*. By Dr. Gouge." PERCY.

[4] — cruel *with the maids*;] The firſt folio reads—*civil* with the maids. JOHNSON.

So does the quarto 1599; but the word is written-*ciuil*. It was manifeſtly an error of the preſs. The firſt copy furniſhes no help, the paſſage there ſtanding thus: "Ile play the tyrant; Ile firſt begin with the maids, and off with their heads:" but the true reading is found in the undated quarto. MALONE.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Gre. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fiſh; if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been Poor John*. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the houſe of the Montagues[5].

Enter ABRAM, *and* BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our ſides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I paſs by; and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it[6].

Abr.

* — *Poor John.*] is hake, dried, and ſalted. MALONE.

[5] *Here comes* two *of the houſe of the Montagues.*] The word *two*, which was inadvertently omitted by the compoſitor in the quarto 1599, and of courſe in the ſubſequent impreſſions, I have reſtored from the firſt quarto of 1597, from which, in almoſt every page, former editors have drawn many valuable emendations in this play. The diſregard of concord is in character.

It ſhould be obſerved, that the partizans of the Montague family wore a taken in their hats, in order to diſtinguiſh them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a diſtance. This circumſtance is mentioned by Gaſcoigne, in a *Deviſe of a Maſque*, written for the right honourable viſcount Mountacute, 1575:

> "And for a further proofe, he ſhewed in hys hat
> "Thys token which the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, for that
> "They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they paſs,
> "For ancient grutch whych long ago 'tweene theſe two houſes was." MALONE.

[6] *I will bite my thumb at them; which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.*] This mode of quarreling appears to have been common in our authour's time. "What ſwearing is there, (ſays Decker, deſcribing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church,) what ſhouldering, what juſtling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs, to beget quarrels!*" THE DEAD TERM, 1608. MALONE.

Dr.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, ſir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, ſir, I do not bite my thumb at you, ſir; but I bite my thumb, ſir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, ſir?

Abr. Quarrel, ſir? no, ſir.

Sam. If you do, ſir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, ſir.

Enter BENVOLIO[7], *at a diſtance.*

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen[8].

Sam. Yes, better, ſir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy ſwaſhing blow[9]. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools; put up your ſwords; you know not what you do. [*beats down their ſwords.*

Enter

Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miſerie*, &c. 1596, has this paſſage. "Behold next I ſee contempt marching forth, giving mee the *fico with his thombe in his mouth.*" In a tranſlation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, page 142, I meet with theſe words: "If once they [the Italians,] *bite their fingers' ends in threatning manner*, God knows, if they ſet upon their enemie face to face, it is becauſe they cannot aſſail him behind his backe." Perhaps Ben Jonſon ridicules this ſcene of Romeo and Juliet, in his *New Inn*:

"*Huff.* How, *ſpill it?*

"*Spill it* at me?

"*Tip.* I reck not, but I *ſpill it.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Enter* Benvolio.] Much of this ſcene is added ſince the firſt edition; but probably by Shakſpeare, ſince we find it in that of the year 1599. POPE.

[8] — *here comes one of my* maſter's *kinſmen.*] Some miſtake has happened in this place: *Gregory* is a ſervant of the *Capulets*; and *Benvolio* was of the *Montague* faction. FARMER.

Perhaps there is no miſtake. *Gregory* may mean *Tybalt*, who enters immediately after *Benvolio*, but on a different part of the ſtage. The eyes of the ſervant may be directed the way he ſees *Tybalt* coming, and in the mean time, *Benvolio* enters on the oppoſite ſide. STEEVENS.

[9] — *thy* ſwaſhing *blow.*] Ben Jonſon uſes this expreſſion in his *Staple of News*: "I do confeſs a *ſwaſhing blow.*"

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.
Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.
Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

Enter ſeveral Partizans of both houſes, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.

1. *Cit.* Clubs[1], bills, and partizans! ſtrike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, *in his gown*; *and Lady* CAPULET.

Cap. What noiſe is this?—Give me my long ſword[2], ho!
La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a ſword?

Again, in *As you like it*:
" I'll have a martial and a *ſwaſhing* outſide."
To *ſwaſh* ſeems to have meant to be a bully, to be noiſily valiant. So, Greene, in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—in ſpending and ſpoiling, in ſwearing and *ſwaſhing*." Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, ſays, that " to *ſwaſh* is to make a noiſe with ſwordes againſt tergats." STEEV.

[1] Clubs, *bills*, *&c.*] When an affray aroſe in the ſtreets, *clubs* was the uſual exclamation. MALONE.

[2] *Give me my long ſword.*] The *long ſword* was the ſword uſed in war, which was ſometimes wielded with both hands. JOHNSON.
This *long ſword* is mentioned in *The Coxcomb*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the juſtice ſays:
" Take their confeſſions and my *long ſword*;
" I cannot tell what danger we may meet with."
It appears that it was once the faſhion to wear two ſwords of different ſizes at the ſame time. So in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*:
" Peter Salamander, tie up your *great* and your *little ſword*."
STEEVENS.
The little ſword was probably nothing more than a *dagger*.
MALONE.

Cap.

Cap. My ſword, I ſay!—Old Montague is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter MONTAGUE, *and Lady* MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.
La. Mon. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince, *with Attendants.*

Prin. Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beaſts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons [3] to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved prince,—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Caſt by their grave beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the reſt depart away:
You, Capulet, ſhall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place [4].
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* Prince, *and Attendants*; CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, TYBALT, *Citizens, and Servants.*

Mon. Who ſet this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

[3] —*miſ-temper'd* weapons] are angry weapons. So in *K. John*:
"This inundation of *miſ-temper'd* humour," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *To old* Freetown, *our common judgment-place.*] This name the poet found in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. It is there ſaid to be the caſtle of the Capulets. MALONE.

Ben.

Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the inſtant came
The firy Tybalt, with his ſword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in ſcorn:
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—ſaw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd ſun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the eaſt[5],
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of ſycamour,
That weſtward rooteth from the city's ſide,—
So early walking did I ſee your ſon:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood:
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,—
That moſt are buſied [6] when they are moſt alone,—
Purſu'd my humour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunn'd who gladly fled from me[7].

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen,
With tears augmenting the freſh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs:
But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering ſun
Should in the furtheſt eaſt begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;

[5] *Peer'd forth the golden* window *of the eaſt,*] The ſame thought occurs in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. 2. C. 10.

" Early before the morn with cremoſin ray
" The *windows* of bright heaven opened had,
" Through which into the world the dawning day
" Might looke," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *That moſt are buſied,* &c.] Edition 1597. Inſtead of which it is in the other editions thus:

——— by my own,
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary ſelf,
Purſu'd my humour, &c. POPE.

[7] *And gladly ſhunn'd,* &c.] The ten lines following, not in the edition 1597, but in the next of 1599. POPE.

Shuts

Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himſelf an artificial night:
Black and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſs good counſel may the cauſe remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cauſe?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you impórtun'd [8] him by any means?

Mon. Both by myſelf, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counſellor,
Is to himſelf—I will not ſay, how true—
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame [9].

[8] Ben. *Have you impórtun'd*, &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches alſo omitted in edition 1597, but inſerted in 1599. POPE.

[9] *Or dedicate his beauty to the* ſame.] I cannot but ſuſpect that ſome lines are loſt, which connected this ſimile more cloſely with the foregoing ſpeech: theſe lines, if ſuch there were, lamented the danger that Romeo will die of his melancholy, before his virtues or abilities were known to the world. JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect no loſs of connecting lines. The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Timon*, Act 4. Sc. 2.

" A *dedicated* beggar to the *air*." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's conjecture is, I think unfounded; the ſimile relates ſolely to Romeo's *concealing* the cauſe of his melancholy, and is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *Twelfth Night*:

" — She never *told* her love,
" But let *concealment*, *like a worm i' the bud*,
" Feed on her damaſk cheek."

Mr. Theobald reads—to the *ſun*. In the old ſpelling *ſunne* and *ſame* were eaſily confounded.—In the laſt act of this play our poet has evidently imitated the *Roſamond* of Daniel; and in the preſent paſſage might have remembered the following lines in one of the Sonnets of the ſame writer, who was then extremely popular. The lines, whether remembered by our authour or not, add ſuch ſupport to Mr. Theobald's emendation, that I ſhould have given it a place in the text, but that the other mode of phraſeology was not uncommon in Shakſpeare's time:

" And whilſt thou *ſpread'ſt* unto the riſing *ſunne*,
" The faireſt *flower* that ever ſaw the light,
" Now joy thy time, before thy ſweet be done."
Daniel's Sonnets, 1594.

The line quoted by Mr. Steevens does not appear to me to be adverſe to this emendation. The bud could not dedicate its beauty to the *ſun*, without at the ſame time dedicating it to the *air*.

A ſimilar phraſeology, however, to that of the text may be found in Daniel's 14th, 32d, 44th, and 53d Sonnets. MALONE.

Could

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Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, *at a diſtance.*

Ben. See, where he comes: So pleaſe you, ſtep aſide;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.
Mon. I would, thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To hear true ſhrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE, *and Lady.*
Ben. Good-morrow, couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young[1]?
Ben. But new ſtruck nine.
Rom. Ah me! ſad hours ſeem long.
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was:—What ſadneſs lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out—
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should, without eyes, ſee path-ways to his will[2]!
Where ſhall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

[1] *Is the day ſo young?*] i. e. is it ſo early in the day? The ſame expreſſion (which might once have been popular) I meet with in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "It is yet *young nyghte*, or there is yet much of the nighte to come." STEEVENS.

[2] —*to his will!*] The meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to purſue his *deſire*. JOHNSON.

It is not unuſual for thoſe who are blinded by love to overlook every difficulty that oppoſes their purſuit. NICHOLS.

This paſſage ſeems to have been miſapprehended. Benvolio has lamented that the *God of love*, who appears ſo gentle, ſhould be a tyrant.—It is no leſs to be lamented, adds Romeo, that the *blind god* ſhould yet be able to direct his arrows at thoſe whom he wiſhes to hit, that he ſhould wound whomever he *wills*, or deſires to wound. MALONE.

The quarto 1597, reads
Should, without *laws*, give path-ways to our will!
This reading is the moſt intelligible. STEEVENS.

Why

Why then, O brawling love[3] ! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing firſt create !
O heavy lightneſs ! ſerious vanity !
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms !
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health !
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is !—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh ?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.

Rom. Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion[4].—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;

[3] *Why then, O brawling love!* &c.] Of theſe lines neither the ſenſe nor occaſion is very evident. He is not yet in love with an enemy; and to love one and hate another is no ſuch uncommon ſtate, as can deſerve all this toil of antitheſis. JOHNSON.

Had Dr. Johnſon attended to the letter of invitation in the next ſcene, he would have found that Roſaline was niece to Capulet.

ANONYMUS.

Every ſonnetteer characteriſes love by contrarieties. Watſon begins one of his canzonets:

" Love is a ſowre delight, a ſugred griefe.
" A living death, an ever-dying life," &c.

Turberville makes Reaſon harangue againſt it in the ſame manner:

" A fierie froſt, a flame that frozen is with iſe!
" A heavie burden light to beare! a vertue fraught with vice!" &c.

Immediately from the *Romaunt of the Roſe:*

" *Loue* it is an hatefull pees,
" A free aquitaunce without reles,—
" *An heavie burthen light to beare,*
" A wicked wawe awaie to weare:
" And health full of maladie,
" And charitie full of envie;—
" A laughter that is weping aie,
" Reſt that trauaileth night and daie," &c.

This kind of antitheſis was very much the taſte of the Provencal and Italian poets; perhaps it might be hinted by the ode of Sappho preſerved by Longinus. Petrarch is full of it:

" Pace non trovo, e non hó da far guerra,
" E temo, e ſpero, e ardo, e ſon un ghiaccio,
" E volo ſopra'l cielo, e ghiaccio in terra,
" E nulla ſtringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio," *Son.* 105.

Sir Tho. Wyat gives a tranſlation of this ſonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of " *Deſcription of the contrarious Paſſions in a Louer,*" amongſt the *Songes and Sonnettes,* by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. FARMER.

[4] *Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.*—] Such is the conſequence of unſkilful and miſtaken kindneſs. JOHNSON.

Which

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it preſt
With more of thine: this love, that thou haſt ſhown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs;
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes[5];
Being vex'd[6], a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers' tears:
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſerving ſweet.
Farewel, my coz. [*going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have loſt myſelf; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's ſome other where.

Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs[7], who ſhe is you love.

Rom. What, ſhall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;
But ſadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will:—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill!—
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And ſhe's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miſs: ſhe'll not be hit.
With Cupid's arrow, ſhe hath Dian's wit;
And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd[8],

From

[5] *Being* purg'd, *a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes*;] The authour may mean *being purged of ſmoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being* urg'd, *a fire ſparkling*,—.Being excited and inforced. To *urge* the fire is the technical term. JOHNSON.

[6] *Being vex'd*, &c.] As this line ſtands ſingle, it is likely that the foregoing or following line that rhymed to it is loſt. JOHNSON.

It does not ſeem neceſſary to ſuppoſe any line loſt. In the former ſpeech about love's contrarieties, there are ſeveral lines which have no other to rhime with them; as alſo in the following, about Roſaline's chaſtity. STEEVENS.

[7] *Tell me in ſadneſs.*] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *ſeriouſneſs*. JOHNSON.

[8] *And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd*, &c.] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding theſe ſpeeches of Romeo as an obliique compliment to her majeſty, who was not liable to be diſpleaſed at hearing her chaſtity praiſed after ſhe was ſuſpected to have loſt it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though ſhe never poſſeſſed any when ſhe was young. Her declaration

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From love's weak childiſh bow ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms[9],
Nor bide the encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold:
O, ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when ſhe dies, with beauty dies her ſtore[1].

Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?

Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte[2];
For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,

tion that ſhe would continue unmarried, increaſes the probability of the preſent ſuppoſition. STEEVENS.

— *in ſtrong proof*—] In chaſtity *of proof*; as we ſay in armour *of proof*. JOHNSON.

[9] *She will not ſtay the* ſiege *of* loving *terms*,] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Remove your *ſiege* from my unyielding heart;
" To *love*'s alarm it will not ope the gate." MALONE.

[1] — *with beauty dies her ſtore.*] Mr. Theobald reads, " *With* her dies beauty's *ſtore*;" and is followed by the two ſucceeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, becauſe I think it at leaſt as plauſible as the correction. *She is rich*, ſays he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being ſubject to the lot of humanity, that *her ſtore*, or riches, *can be deſtroyed by death*, who ſhall, by the ſame blow, put an end to beauty. JOHNSON.

Words are ſometimes ſhuffled out of their places at the preſs; but that they ſhould be at once tranſpoſed and corrupted, is highly improbable. I have no doubt that the old copies are right. She is *rich* in beauty; and *poor* in this circumſtance alone, that with her, beauty will expire; her *ſtore* of wealth [which the poet has already ſaid was the fairneſs of her perſon,] will not be tranſmitted to poſterity, inaſmuch as ſhe will " lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy." MALONE.

Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, a comedy, 1620:

" Nature now ſhall boaſt no more
" Of the riches of her ſtore;
" Since, in this her chiefeſt prize,
" All the ſtock of beauty dies."

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakſpeare:

" Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date."

Again, in Maſſinger's *Virgin-Martyr*:

" ——— with her dies
" The abſtract of all ſweetneſs that's in woman."
STEEVENS.

[2] *She hath, and in that* ſparing *makes huge* waſte;] So, in our authour's Firſt Sonnet:

" And, tender churl, mak'ſt *waſte* in *niggarding*." MALONE.

Cuts

Cuts beauty off from all poſterity [3].
She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair [4],
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair:
She hath forſworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead [5], that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I ſhould forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquiſite, in queſtion more [6]:
Theſe happy maſks [7], that kiſs fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt:
Shew me a miſtreſs that is paſſing fair,
What doth her beauty ſerve, but as a note
Where I may read, who paſs'd that paſſing fair?
Farewel; thou canſt not teach me to forget [8].

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

[3] *For beauty ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,*
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.] So, in our authour's Third Sonnet:
" Or who is he ſo fond will be the tomb
" Of his ſelf-love, to *ſtop poſterity?*"
Again, in his *Venus and Adonis:*
" What is thy body but a ſwallowing grave,
" Seeming to *bury that poſterity,*
" Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt have—."
MALONE.

[4] —*wiſely too fair,* &c.] There is in her too much ſanctimonious wiſdom united with beauty, which induces her to continue chaſte with the hopes of attaining heavenly bliſs. MALONE.

None of the following ſpeeches of this ſcene are in the firſt edition of 1597. POPE.

[5] *Do I* live dead,] So Richard the Third:
" — now they kill me with a *living death.*"

[6] —*in* queſtion *more.*] More into talk; to make her unparalleled beauty more the ſubject of thought and converſation. MALONE.

[7] Theſe *happy maſks,* &c.] i. e. the maſks worn by female ſpectators of the play. Former editors print *thoſe* inſtead of *theſe,* but without authority. STEEVENS.

Theſe happy maſks, I believe, means no more than *the* happy maſks. Such is Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion. MALONE.

[8] *Thou canſt not teach me to forget.*]
" Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,
" 'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience, *to forget.*" Pope's *Eloiſa.*
STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound [9] as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds ſo long.
But now, my lord, what ſay you to my ſuit?
Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride [1],
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made [2].
The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth [3]:

But

[9] And *Montague is bound*—] This ſpeech is not in the firſt quarto. That of 1599 has—*But* Montague.—In that of 1609 and the folio, *But* is omitted. The reading of the text is that of the undated quarto. MALONE.

[1] *Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

" ——— Three winters cold
" Have from the foreſts ſhook three *ſummers' pride*,—."

MALONE.

[2] *And too ſoon* marr'd *are thoſe ſo early* made.] The quarto 1597, reads:—And too ſoon *marr'd* are thoſe ſo early *married*.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poeſy*, 1589, uſes this expreſſion, which ſeems to be proverbial, as an inſtance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound*:

" The maid that *ſoon married* is, *ſoon marred* is."

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewiſe frequent among the old writers. So Sidney:

" Oh! he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made!*"

Spenſer introduces it very often in his different poems. STEEVENS.

Making and marring is enumerated among other unlawful games in the Stat. 2 and 3 Phi. and Ma. c. 9. Great improvements have been made on this ancient game in the preſent century. MALONE.

[3] *She is the hopeful lady of my earth*;] This line is not in the firſt edition. POPE.

She

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But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;
An ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
Earth-treading ſtars, that make dark heaven light[4]:
Such comfort, as do luſty young men feel[5]

When

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:] This is a Galliciſm: *Fille de terre* is the French phraſe for an *heireſs*.

King Richard II. calls his land, i. e. his kingdom, *his earth*:

"Feed not thy ſovereign's foe, my gentle *earth*."

Again,

"So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee, my *earth*."

Earth, in other old plays is likewiſe put for *lands*, i. e. landed eſtate. So, in *A Trick to catch the old one*, 1619:

"A rich widow, and four hundred a year in good *earth*."

STEEVENS.

The explanation of Mr. Steevens may be right; but there is a paſſage in *The Maid's Tragedy*, which leads to another, where Amintor ſays,

"This *earth* of mine doth tremble, and I feel
"A ſtark affrighted motion in my blood."

Here *earth* means corporal part. MASON.

Again, in this play:

"Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
"Turn back, dull *earth*, and find thy center out."

Again, in our authour's 146th Sonnet:

"Poor ſoul, the center of my ſinful *earth*,—." MALONE.

[4] *Earth-treading ſtars, that make dark* heaven *light*:] Dr. Warburton calls this nonſenſe, and idly ſubſtitutes *even* for *heaven*. MALONE.

But why nonſenſe? Is any thing more commonly ſaid, than that beauties eclipſe the ſun? Has not Pope the thought and the word?

"Sol through white curtains ſhot a timorous ray,
"And op'd thoſe eyes that muſt *eclipſe the day*."

Both the old and the new reading are philoſophical nonſenſe; but they are both, and both equally, poetical ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[5] —*do luſty* young men *feel*—] To ſay, and to ſay in pompous words, that a *young man ſhall feel* as much in an aſſembly of beauties, *as young men feel in the month of April*, is ſurely to waſte ſound upon a very poor ſentiment: I read:

Such comfort as do luſty *yeomen* feel.

You ſhall feel from the ſight and converſation of theſe ladies, ſuch hopes of happineſs and ſuch pleaſure, as the farmer receives from the ſpring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the proſpect of the harveſt fills him with delight. JOHNSON.

The

When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe[6]; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Such, amongſt view of many[7], mine, being one,

May

The following paſſage from Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Roſe*, will ſupport the preſent reading, and ſhew the propriety of Shakſpeare's compariſon: for to tell *Paris* that he ſhould feel the ſame ſort of pleaſure in an aſſembly of beauties, which *young folk* feel in that ſeaſon when they are moſt *gay and amorous*, was ſurely as much as the old man ought to ſay:

" That it was May, thus dremid me,
" In time of love and jolite,
" That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c.
" Then *young folke* entendin aye,
" For to ben gaie and amorous,
" The time is then ſo ſavorous."

Romaunt of the Roſe, v. 51, &c. STEEVENS.

Our authour's 98th *Sonnet* may alſo ſerve to confirm the reading of the text:

" From you have I been abſent in the ſpring,
" When *proud-pied April*, dreſs'd in all his trim,
" Hath put a *ſpirit of youth* in every thing."

Again, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, a tragedy, 1592:

" Tell me not of the date of Nature's days,
" Then in the *April* of her *ſpringing age*.—". MALONE.

[6] Inherit *at my houſe*;] To *inherit*, in the language of Shakſpeare's age, is to *poſſeſs*. MALONE.

[7] Such, *amongſt view of many*, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the ſubſequent quarto of 1599, that of 1609, and the folio, the line was printed thus:

Which one [*on*] *more* view of many, &c. MALONE.

A very ſlight alteration will reſtore the cleareſt ſenſe to this paſſage. Shakſpeare might have written the line thus:

Search among view of many: mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckoning none.

i. e. *Amongſt the many you will view there, ſearch for one that will pleaſe you. Chuſe out of the multitude.* This agrees exactly with what he had already ſaid to him:

——— hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt whoſe merit moſt ſhall be."

My daughter (he proceeds) *will, it is true, be one of the number, but her beauty can be of no reckoning* (i. e. eſtimation) *among thoſe whom you will ſee here. Reckoning* for *eſtimation*, is uſed before in this very ſcene.

" Of honourable *reckoning* are you both." STEEVENS.

This interpretation is fully ſupported by a paſſage in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" —— our

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May ſtand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me;—Go, ſirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there [8], [*gives a paper.*] and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Serv. Find them out, whoſe names are written here [9]? It is written—that the ſhoemaker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his laſt, the fiſher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am ſent to find thoſe perſons, whoſe names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the learned:—In good time.

" —— our compell'd ſins
" Stand more for *number*, than *accompt*." i. e. eſtimation.

There is here an alluſion to an old proverbial expreſſion, that *one* is no number. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, Part II:

" — to fall to *one*,
" — is to fall to none,
" For *one no number is*."

Again, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

" One is no number."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 136th Sonnet:

" Among a number *one is reckon'd none*,
" Then in the number let me paſs untold."

The following lines in the poem on which the tragedy is founded, may add ſome ſupport to Mr. Steevens's conjecture:

" To his approved friend a ſolemn oath he plight,—
" — every where he would reſort where ladies wont to meet;
" Eke ſhould his ſavage heart like all indifferently,
" For he would *view* and judge them all with unallured eye.—
* * * *
" No knight or gentleman of high or low renown
" But Capulet himſelf had bid unto his feaſt, &c.
" Young damſels thither flock, of bachelors a rout;
" Not ſo much for the banquet's ſake, as beauties to *ſearch* out." MALONE.

[8] — *find thoſe perſons out,*
Whoſe names are written there,] Shakſpeare has here cloſely followed the poem already mentioned:

" No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,
" No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,
" But Capilet himſelf hath bid unto his feaſt,
" Or by *his name, in paper ſent, appointed as a gueſt*."
MALONE.

[9] *Find them out, whoſe names are written here?*] The quarto, 1597, adds: "And yet I know not who are written here: I muſt to the learned to learn of them: that's as much as to ſay, the tailor," &c.
STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter BENVOLIO, *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's anguiſh;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One deſperate grief cures with another's languiſh [1]:
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die [2].

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that [3].

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is:
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good-fellow.

[1] — *with another's* languiſh:] This ſubſtantive is again found in *Antony and Cleopatra*.—It was not of our poet's coinage, occurring alſo (as I think) in one of Morley's ſongs, 1595:

" Alas, it ſkills not,
" For thus I will not,
" Now contented,
" Now tormented,
" Live in love and *languiſh*." MALONE.

[2] *Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,—*
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.] So, in the poem:

" Ere long the towniſh dames together will reſort;
" Some one of beauty, favour, ſhape, and of ſo lovely port,
" With ſo faſt-fixed eye perhaps thou may'ſt behold,
" That thou ſhalt quite forget thy *love* and *paſſions paſt of old*.
" And as out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,
" So *novel love* out of the mind the *ancient love* doth rive."

Again, in our authour's *Coriolanus*:

" One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail."

So, in Lily's *Euphues*, 1580: " —a fire divided in twayne burneth flower;—one love expelleth another, and the remembrance of the latter quencheth the concupiſcence of the firſt." MALONE.

[3] *Your* plaintain *leaf is excellent for that.*] Tackius tells us, that a toad, before ſhe engages with a ſpider, will fortify herſelf with ſome of this plant; and that, if ſhe comes off wounded, ſhe cures herſelf afterwards with it. GREY.

The ſame thought occurs in *Albumazar*, in the following lines:

" Help, Armellina, help! I'm fall'n i' the cellar:
" Bring a freſh *plaintain leaf*, I've broke my ſhin."

Again, in *The Caſe is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonſon 1609, a fellow who has had his head broke, ſays: " 'Tis nothing; a fillip, a device: fellow Juniper, prithee get me a *plaintain*."

The plaintain leaf is a blood-ſtancher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. STEEVENS.

Serv.

Serv. God gi' good e'en,—I pray, ſir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: But I pray, can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye ſay honeſtly; Reſt you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*reads.*

Signior Martino, *and his wife, and daughters*; *County* Anſelem, *and his beauteous ſiſters*; *The lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely nieces*; Mercutio, *and his brother* Valentine; *Mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife, and daughters*; *My fair niece* Roſaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.

A fair aſſembly; [*gives back the note.*] Whither ſhould they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To ſupper; to our houſe[4].

Rom. Whoſe houſe?

Serv. My maſter's.

Rom. Indeed, I ſhould have aſk'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without aſking: My maſter is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the houſe of Montagues, I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine[5]. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame ancient feaſt of Capulet's
Sups the fair Roſaline, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy ſwan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſhood, then turn tears to fires!

[4] *To ſupper; to our houſe.*] The words *to ſupper* are in the old copies annexed to the preceding ſpeech. They undoubtedly belong to the ſervant, to whom they were transferred by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[5] —cruſh *a cup of wine.*] This cant expreſſion ſeems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. So, in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631:

" — we'll *cruſh a cup* of thine own country wine."

Again, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599, the Cobler ſays:

" Come, George, we'll *cruſh a pot* before we part."

We ſtill ſay in cant language—*to crack a bottle.* STEEVENS.

And

And theſe,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-ſeeing ſun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.
Ben. Tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by,
Herſelf pois'd with herſelf in either eye:
But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales[6], let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love againſt ſome other maid[7]
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well, that now ſhews beſt.
Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn,
But to rejoice in ſplendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady CAPULET, *and* Nurſe.

La. Cap. Nurſe, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurſe. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?
Nurſe. Your mother.
Jul. Madam, I am here; what is your will?
La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurſe, give leave awhile,
We muſt talk in ſecret.—Nurſe, come back again;

[6] —*in* thoſe *cryſtal ſcales*,—] The old copies have—*that* cryſtal, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary. The poet might have uſed *ſcales* for the entire machine. MALONE.

[7] —*let there be weigh'd*
Your lady's love *againſt ſome other maid*] *Your lady's love* is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly uſed for the lady herſelf. HEATH.

I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel.
Thou know'ſt, my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurſe. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. She's not fourteen.
Nurſe. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teen [8] be it ſpoken, I have but four,—
She's not fourteen: How long is't now to Lammas-tide?
La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.
Nurſe. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen.
Suſan and ſhe,—God reſt all Chriſtian ſouls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Suſan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I ſaid,
On Lammas-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen;
That ſhall ſhe, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years [9];
And ſhe was wean'd,—I never ſhall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the ſun under the dove-houſe wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain [1]:—but, as I ſaid,
When it did taſte the worm-wood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To ſee it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-houſe: 'twas no need I trow,

[8] — *to my* teen—] To my ſorrow. JOHNSON.
So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. C. 9.
" — for dread and doleful *teen*."
This old word is introduced by Shakſpeare for the ſake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*. STEEVENS.

[9] *'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years;*] But how comes the nurſe to talk of an *earthquake* upon this occaſion? There is no ſuch circumſtance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have drawn his ſtory; and therefore it ſeems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580. [See *Stowe's Chronicle*, and *Gabriel Harvey's* letter in the preface to *Spenſer's works*, ed. 1679.] If ſo, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at leaſt, was written in 1591; after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years ſince the earthquake* were completed; and not later than the middle of July, *a fortnight and odd days* before *Lammas-tide*. TYRWHITT.

[1] *Nay, I do* bear a brain:] So, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:
" *Daſh*, we muſt *bear ſome brain*."
Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courteſan*, 1604:
" — nay, an I *bear not a brain*,—." STEEVENS.

To

To bid me trudge.
And ſince that time it is eleven years:
For then ſhe could ſtand alone [2]; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, ſhe broke her brow:
And then my huſband—God be with his ſoul!
'A was a merry man;—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, *doſt thou fall upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou haſt more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid—*Ay:*
To ſee now, how a jeſt ſhall come about!
I warrant, an I ſhould live a thouſand years,
I never ſhould forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it ſtinted [3], and ſaid—*Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot chooſe but laugh [4].
To think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay—*Ay:*
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's ſtone;
A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my huſband, *fall'ſt upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'ſt to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it ſtinted, and ſaid—*Ay.*

Jul. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou waſt the prettieſt babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to ſee thee married once,
I have my wiſh.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?

[2] —*could ſtand alone*;] The quarto, 1597, reads: "could ſtand *high lone*, i. e. *quite* alone, *completely* alone. So in another of our authour's plays, *high-fantaſtical* means *entirely* fantaſtical. STEEVENS.

[3] —*it* ſtinted,] i. e. it ſtopped, it forbore from weeping. So Sir Thomas North, in his tranſlation of Plutarch, ſpeaking of the wound which Antony received, ſays: "for the blood *ſtinted* a little when he was laid." So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"He can at pleaſure *ſtint* their melody."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, by Ben Jonſon:

"*Stint* thy babbling tongue."

Spenſer uſes this word frequently in his *Faerie Queen*. STEEVENS.

[4] Nurſe. *Yes, madam; yet I cannot chooſe*, &c.] This ſpeech and tautology is not in the firſt edition. POPE.

Jul. It is an honour [5] that I dream not of.
Nurſe. An honour! were not I thine only nurſe,
I'd ſay, thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.
La. Cap. Well [6], think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris ſeeks you for his love.
Nurſe. A man, young lady! lady, ſuch a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax [7].
La. Cap. Verona's ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.
Nurſe [8]. Nay, he's a flower: in faith, a very flower.
La. Cap. What ſay you [9]? can you love the gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt:

[5] *It is an* honour—] The firſt quarto reads *honour*; the folio *bour*. I have choſen the reading of the quarto.

The word *bour* ſeems to have nothing in it that could draw from the Nurſe that applauſe which ſhe immediately beſtows. The word *honour* was likely to ſtrike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and diſcreet word for the occaſion. STEEVENS.

Honour was changed to *bour* in the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

[6] *Well, &c.*] Inſtead of this ſpeech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line:

"Well, girl, the noble County Paris ſeeks thee for his wife."
STEEVENS.

[7] — *a man of* wax.—] So, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

"Why, he's a man as one ſhould picture him in *wax*."
STEEVENS.

— *a man of wax*—] Well made, as if he had been modelled in wax, as Mr. Steevens by a happy quotation has explained it. "When you, Lydia, praiſe the waxen arms of Telephus," ſays Horace, [*waxen*, well ſhaped, finely turned,]

"With paſſion ſwells my fervid breaſt,
"With paſſion hard to be ſuppreſt."

Dr. Bentley changed *cerea* into *lactea*, little underſtanding, that the praiſe was given to the ſhape, not to the colour. S. W.

[8] *Nurſe.*] After this ſpeech of the Nurſe, Lady Capulet in the old quarto ſays only:

"Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?"

She anſwers, "I'll look to like, &c." and ſo concludes the ſcene, without the intervention of that ſtuff to be found in the later quartos and the folio. STEEVENS.

[9] La. Cap. *What ſay you?* &c.] This ridiculous ſpeech is entirely added ſince the firſt edition. POPE.

Read

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face [1],
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament [2],
And ſee how one another lends content;
And what obſcur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes [3]
This precious book of love, this unbound lover [4],
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fiſh lives in the ſea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in gold claſps locks in the golden ſtory [5];

[1] *Read o'er the volume,* &c.] The ſame thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre:*

" Her face the book of praiſes, where is read
" Nothing but curious pleaſures." STEEVENS.

[2] *Examine every* married *lineament;*] This ſpeech, as has been obſerved, is not in the quarto, 1597. The reading of the text is that of the quarto 1599. The folio, after a later quarto, that of 1609, reads *ſeveral* lineament. I have no doubt that *married* was the poet's word, and that it was altered only becauſe the printer of the quarto of 1609 did not underſtand it. MALONE.

Shakſpeare meant by this phraſe, Examine how nicely one feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which ſeems to be implied in *content.*—In *Troilus and Creſſida,* he ſpeaks of " the *married* calm of ſtates;" and in his 8th Sonnet has the ſame alluſion:

" If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds,
" By unions *married,* do offend thine ear." STEEVENS.

[3] *And what obſcur'd in this fair* volume *lies,*
Find written in the margin of his eyes.] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" But ſhe, that never cop'd with ſtranger *eyes,*
" Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
" Nor read the ſubtle ſhining ſecrecies,
" Writ in the glaſſy *margent* of ſuch *books.*" MALONE.

The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin. So *Horatio* in *Hamlet* ſays: " —I knew, you muſt be edify'd by the *margent,*" &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *This precious book of love, this unbound lover,*] The *unbound* lover, is a quibble between the binding of a book, and the binding of marriage. MASON.

[5] *That in gold claſps locks in the* golden ſtory;] The *golden ſtory* is perhaps the *golden legend,* a book in the darker ages of popery much read, and doubtleſs often exquiſitely embelliſhed, but of which Canus, one of the papiſh doctors, proclaims the authour to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis.* JOHNSON.

The poet may mean nothing more than to ſay, that thoſe books are moſt eſteemed by the world, where *valuable contents* are embelliſhed by as *valuable binding.* STEEVENS.

So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſs,
By having him, making yourſelf no leſs.

Nurſe. No leſs? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye [6],
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam [7], the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd up, you call'd, my young lady aſk'd for, the nurſe curſed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I muſt hence to wait; I beſeech you, follow ſtraight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county ſtays.

Nurſe. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO [8], BENVOLIO, *with five or ſix Maſkers, Torch-bearers, and Others.*

Rom. What, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?

Ben.

[6] — endart *mine eye,*] The quarto, 1597, reads:—*engage* mine eye. STEEVENS.

[7] *Madam,* &c.] To this ſpeech there have been likewiſe additions ſince the elder quarto, but they are not of ſufficient conſequence to be quoted. STEEVENS.

[8] — *Mercutio,*] Shakſpeare appears to have formed this character on the following ſlight hint in the original ſtory: "— another gentleman called *Mercutio,* which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of all men, and by reaſon of his pleaſant and courteous behaviour was in al companies wel intertained." *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure,* tom ii. p. 221. STEEVENS.

Mercutio is thus deſcribed in the poem which Shakſpeare followed:

"At thone ſide of her chair her lover Romeo,
"And on the other ſide there ſat one call'd Mercutio;
"A courtier that each where was highly had in price,
"For he was courteous of his ſpeech, and pleaſant of device.
"Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,
"Such was among the baſhful maids Mercutio to behold.

"With

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity[9]:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper[1];
Nor no without-book prologue[2], faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance[3]:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure[4], and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch[5],—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer.

" With friendly gripe he seiz'd fair Juliet's snowish hand;
" A gift he had, that nature gave him in his swathing band
" That frozen mountain ice was never half so cold,
" As were his hands, though ne'er so near the fire he did them hold."

Perhaps it was this last circumstance which induced our poet to represent Mercutio, as little sensible to the passion of love, and " a jester at wounds which *he never felt.*" See *Othello*, Act III. sc. iv.

" — This *hand* is moist, my lady;—
" This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart;
" *Hot, hot, and moist.*"

9 *The date is out of such prolixity:*] A tedious speech by way of introduction to maskers, before their entry at a masquerade, is no longer in fashion. To Mr. Steevens we are indebted for the true interpretation of this passage. MALONE.

In *Henry VIII.* where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions, I believe, Romeo is made to allude.

So, in *Histriomastix*, 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the *maskers* enter without any compliment:

" What, come they in so blunt, *without device?*"

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this custom preserved. Of the same kind of masquerading, see a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech. STEEVENS.

1 — *like a crow-keeper*;] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *K. Lear*, Act IV. sc. vi. JOHNSON.

2 *Nor no without-book prologue*, &c.] The two following lines are inserted from the first edition. POPE.

3 — *for our* entrance:] *Entrance* is here used as a trisyllable; *enterance*. MALONE.

4 *We'll measure them a* measure,] i. e. a dance. MALONE.

5 *Give me a torch,*] The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in *Westward Hoe*,

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we muſt have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing ſhoes,
With nimble ſoles: I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover[6]; borrow Cupid's wings,
And ſoar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too ſore enpierced with his ſhaft,
To ſoar with his light feathers; and ſo bound,
I cannot bound[7] a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I ſink.
Mer. And, to ſink in it, ſhould you burden love[8];
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing; it is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a caſe to put my viſage in: [*Putting on a maſk.*
A viſor for a viſor!—what care I,

by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "He is juſt like a *torch-bearer* to maſkers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." A *torch-bearer* ſeems to have been a conſtant attendant on every troop of maſks. So, in the ſecond part of *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" —as on a maſque: But for our *torch bearers*,
" Hell cannot rake ſo mad a crew as I."

Again, in the ſame play:

" —— a gallant crew,
" Of courtly maſkers landed at the ſtairs;
" Before whom, unintreated, I am come,
" And here prevented, I believe, their page,
" Who, with his *torch* is enter'd. STEEVENS.

K. Henry VIII. when he went maſked to Wolſey's palace, (now Whitehall,) had ſixteen torch-bearers. MALONE.

[6] Mer. *You are a lover*; &c.] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the firſt edition. POPE.

[7] —— *ſo bound*,
I cannot bound, &c.] Let Milton's example, on this occaſion, keep Shakſpeare in countenance:

" —— in contempt
" At one ſlight *bound* high over-leap'd all *bound*
" Of hill," &c. *Par. Loſt*, book iv. l. 180. STEEVENS.

[8] —ſhould you *burden love*;] i. e. by ſinking in it, *you ſhould, or would*, burden love. Mr. Heath, on whoſe ſuggeſtion a note of interrogation has been placed at the end of this line in the late editions, entirely miſunderſtood the paſſage. Had he attended to the firſt two lines of Mercutio's next ſpeech, he would have ſeen what kind of burdens he was thinking of. See alſo the concluding lines of Mercutio's long ſpeech in p. 43. MALONE.

What

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What curious eye doth quote deformities[9]?
Here are the beetle-brows, ſhall bluſh for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no ſooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart[1],
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels[2];
For I am proverb'd with a grandſire phraſe[3],—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done[4].

[9] *— doth* quote *deformities?*] To *quote* is to *obſerve*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Let wantons, light of heart,* &c.] Middleton has borrowed this thought in his play of *Blurt Maſter-Conſtable*, 1602:

" — bid him, whoſe heart no ſorrow feels,
" Tickle the ruſhes with his wanton heels;
" I have too much lead at mine." STEEVENS.

[2] *Tickle the ſenſeleſs* ruſhes *with their heels*;] It has been already obſerved, that it was anciently the cuſtom to ſtrew rooms with *ruſhes*, before carpets were in uſe. So, *Hentzner*, in his Itinerary ſpeaking of Q. *Elizabeth*'s preſence-chamber at Greenwich, ſays: "The floor, after the Engliſh faſhion, was ſtrewed with *hay*," meaning *ruſhes*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XIII. p. 41, n 7.

Shakſpeare, it has been obſerved, gives the manners and cuſtoms of his own time to all countries and all ages. It is certainly true; but let it always be remembered that his contemporaries offended againſt propriety in the ſame manner. Thus Marlowe in his *Hero and Leander*:

" She, fearing on the *ruſhes* to be flung,
" Striv'd with redoubled ſtrength.—" MALONE.

[3] *— a grandſire phraſe,—*] The proverb which Romeo means, is contained in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle*, is a very common proverbial expreſſion, for being *an idle ſpectator*. Among Ray's proverbial ſentences, is this,—" A good *candle-holder* proves a good gameſter." STEEVENS.

The proverb to which Romeo refers, is rather that alluded to in the line next but one.

It appears from a paſſage in one of the ſmall collections of Poetry entitled *Drolleries*, of which I have loſt the title, that " Our ſport is at the beſt," or at the faireſt, meant, *we have had enough of it*. Hence it is that Romeo ſays, " I am done."

Dun is the mouſe, I know not why, ſeems to have meant, *Peace*; *be ſtill!* and hence it is ſaid to be " the conſtable's own word;" who may be ſuppoſed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noiſe. So, in the comedy of *Patient Griſſel*, 1603: " What, Babulo! ſay you. Heere, maſter, ſay I, and then this eye opens; yet *don is the mouſe*, LIE STILL. What, Babulo! ſays Griſſel. Anone, ſay I, and then this eye lookes up; yet downe I ſnúg againe." MALONE.

[4] *I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—*
The game was ne'er ſo fair, &c.] An alluſion to an old proverbial ſaying, which adviſes to give over when the game is at the faireſt. ANONYMUS.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word[5]: If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire[6]

Of

[5] *Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word,* &c.] This poor obſcure ſtuff ſhould have an explanation in mere charity. It is an anſwer to theſe two lines of Romeo:

For I am proverb'd with a grandſire phraſe;—*and*
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.

Mercutio, in his reply, anſwers the laſt line firſt. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I'll be a candle-holder* (ſays Romeo) *and look on.* It is true, if I could play myſelf, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done.* I have nothing to play with: I have loſt my heart already. Mercutio catches at the word *done*, and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had ſaid, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And ſo replies, *Tut! dun's the mouſe*; a proverbial expreſſion of the ſame import with the French, *La nuit tout les chats ſont gris*: as much as to ſay, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike. And becauſe Romeo had introduced his obſervations with,

I am *proverb'd with a grandſire phraſe,*

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the conſtable's own word*: as much as to ſay, If you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one; *'tis the conſtable's own word*; whoſe cuſtom was, when he ſummoned his watch, and aſſigned them their ſeveral ſtations, to give them what the ſoldiers call, *the word.* But this night-guard being diſtinguiſhed for their pacific character, the conſtable, as an emblem of their harmleſs diſpoſition, choſe that domeſtic animal for his *word*, which, in time, might become proverbial. WARBURTON.

[6] *If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire*—] A proverbial ſaying uſed by Mr. Thomas Heywood, in his play intitled *The Dutcheſs of Suffolk*, Act III.

" A rope for Biſhop Bonner; Clunce, run,
" Call help, a rope, or we are all undone;
" Draw *dun* out of the *ditch*." GREY.

Draw dun out of the mire, ſeems to have been a game. In an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other paſtimes:

" At ſhove-groate, venter-point, or croſſe and pile,
" At leaping o'er a Midſommer bone-fier,
" Or at the *drawing dun out of the myer*."

Dun's the mouſe is a proverbial phraſe, which I have likewiſe met with frequently in the old comedies. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

" If my hoſt ſay the word, *the mouſe ſhall be dun*."

It is alſo found among Ray's proverbial ſimilies. Again, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620: " Why then, 'tis done, and *dun*'s *the mouſe*, and undone all the courtiers."

Of this cant expreſſion I cannot determine the preciſe meaning. It is uſed again in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607, but apparently in a ſenſe different from that which Dr. Warburton would affix to it. STEEVENS.

Theſe

Of this (ſave reverence) love, wherein thou ſtick'ſt?
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho[8].
Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.
Mer. I mean, ſir, in delay
We waſte our lights in vain, like lamps by day[9].
Take our good meaning; for our judgment ſits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits[1].

Rom.

Theſe paſſages ſerve to prove that Dr. Warburton's explanation is ill founded, without tending to explain the real ſenſe of the phraſe, or ſhewing why it ſhould be *the conſtable's own word.* MASON.

[7] *Of this (ſave reverence) love, wherein thou ſtick'ſt*—] I have followed the firſt quarto, 1597, except that it has *ſur-reverence*, inſtead of *ſave-reverence.* It was only a different mode of ſpelling the ſame word; which was derived from the Latin, *ſalva reverentia.* See Blount's Gloſſographia. 8vo. 1681, in v. *ſa-reverence.*

So, in Maſſinger's *Very Woman:*

"The beaſtlieſt man,—
"*(Sir-reverence* of the company) a rank whore-maſter."

Again, in the *Puritan*, 1607:—"ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay, *(ſir-reverence,)* untruſs'd."

In *Cymbeline* we have the ſame thing more delicately expreſſed: "Why ſhould his miſtreſs not be fit too? The rather, *ſaving reverence* of the word, for 'tis ſaid a woman's fitneſs comes by fits."

In the *Comedy of Errors* the word is written as in the firſt copy of this play, and is uſed in the ſame ſenſe: "—ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay *ſir-reverence*,"—And in *Much ado about Nothing*, it occurs as now printed in the text: "I think you will have me ſay *(ſave reverence)* a huſband."

The printer of the quarto, 1599, exhibited the line thus unintelligibly:

Or, ſave *you* reverence, love—

which was followed by the next quarto, of 1609, and by the folio with a ſlight variation. The editor of the folio, whenever he found an error in a later quarto, ſeems to have corrected it by caprice, without examining the preceding copy. He reads,—*Or*, ſave *your* reverence, &c.

MALONE.

[8] —*we* burn day-light, ho.] To *burn day-light*, is a proverbial expreſſion, uſed when candles, &c. are lighted in the day-time.

STEEVENS.

[9] —*like lamps by day.*] *Lamps* is the reading of the oldeſt quarto. The folio and ſubſequent quartos read—*lights lights by day.* STEEVENS.

[1] —— *for our judgment ſits*
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.] The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—our *fine* wits. Shakſpeare is on all occaſions ſo fond of antitheſis, that I have no doubt he wrote *five*, not *fine.* The error has happened ſo often in theſe plays, and the emendation is ſo ſtrongly confirmed by comparing theſe lines as exhibited in the enlarged copy of this play, with the paſſage as it ſtood originally, that I have not heſitated to give the reading which I propoſed ſome time ago, a place in the text.

The

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this maſk;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one aſk?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And ſo did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, aſleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then[2], I ſee, queen Mab hath been with you. She is the fairies' midwife[3]; and ſhe comes

In

The ſame miſtake has happened in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, where we find in all the old copies—"of theſe *fine* the ſenſe," inſtead of "—theſe *five*." Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I: "Deck'd with *fine* flower-de-luces," inſtead of—"*five*," &c. In *Coriolanus*, the only authentick ancient copy has—"the *five* ſtrains of honour," for "the *fine* ſtrains of honour." Indeed in the writing of Shakſpeare's age, the *u* and *n* were formed exactly in the ſame manner: we are not to wonder therefore that ignorant tranſcribers ſhould have confounded them. In the modern editions theſe errors have all been properly amended.

Shakſpeare has again mentioned the *five wits* in *Much ado about Nothing*; in *K. Lear*, and in one of his ſonnets. Again, in the play before us: "Thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy *wits*, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole *five*." Mercutio is here alſo the ſpeaker.

In the firſt quarto the line ſtands thus:

"*Three* times in that, ere once in our *right* wits."

When the poet altered "*three* times" to "*five* times," he, without doubt, for the ſake of the jingle, diſcarded the word *right*, and ſubſtituted *five* in its place. The alteration, indeed, ſeems to have been made merely to obtain the antitheſis.

Notwithſtanding all theſe concurring circumſtances, Mr. Steevens thinks *fine* may be the true reading, becauſe "they would whip me with their *fine wits*," occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*.

MALONE.

[2] *O, then*, &c.] In the quarto 1597, after the firſt line of Mercutio's ſpeech, Romeo ſays, *Queen Mab, what's ſhe?* and the printer, by a blunder, has given all the reſt of the ſpeech to the ſame character.

STEEVENS.

[3] —*I ſee, queen Mab hath been with you.*

She is the fairies' midwife;] The *fairies' midwife* does not mean the midwife *to* the fairies, but that ſhe was the perſon *among* the fairies, whoſe department it was to deliver the fancies of ſleeping men of their dreams, thoſe *children of an idle brain*. When we ſay the *king's judges*, we do not mean perſons who are to judge the king, but perſons appointed by him to judge his ſubjects. STEEVENS.

I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by "the fairies' midwife," the poet means, *the midwife among the fairies*, becauſe it was her peculiar employment to ſteal the new-born babe in the night,

and

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In ſhape no bigger than an agat-ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman[4],
Drawn with a team of little atomies[5]
Athwart men's noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of graſhoppers;

and to leave another in its place. The poet here uſes her *general* appellation, and character, which yet has ſo far a proper reference to the preſent train of fiction, as that her illuſions were practiſed on perſons in bed or aſleep; for ſhe not only haunted women in childbed, but was likewiſe the incubus or nightmare: Shakſpeare, by employing her here, alludes at large to her midnight pranks performed on ſleepers; but denominates her from the moſt notorious one, of her perſonating the drowſy midwife, who was inſenſibly carried away into ſome diſtant water, and ſubſtituting a new birth in the bed or cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife*.—The poet avails himſelf of Mab's appropriate province, by giving her this nocturnal agency. T. WARTON.

[4] *On the fore-finger of an alderman,*] The quarto, 1597, reads, *of a burgomaſter*. The alteration was probably made by the poet himſelf, as we find it in the ſucceeding copy, 1599: but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminiſhed its propriety. In the pictures of *burgomaſters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a paſſage in *The firſt Part of Henry IV.* we may ſuppoſe the citizens in Shakſpeare's time to have worn this ornament on the *thumb*. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639: "—and an *alderman*, as I may ſay to you, he has no more wit than the reſt o' the bench; and that lies in his *thumb-ring*." STEEVENS.

[5] —*of* atomies—] *Atomy* is no more than an obſolete ſubſtitute for *atom*. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"I'll tear thy limbs into more *atomies*
"Than in the ſummer play before the ſun."

In *Drayton's Nimphidia* there is likewiſe a deſcription of Queen *Mab's* chariot:

"*Four nimble gnats the horſes were,*
"*Their harneſſes of goſſamere,*
"*Fly cranion, her chariotеer,*
"*Upon the coach-box getting:*
"*Her chariot of a ſnail's fine ſhell,*
"*Which for the colours did excell,*
"*The fair Queen Mab becoming well,*
"*So lively was the limning:*
"*The ſeat, the ſoft wool of the bee,*
"*The cover (gallantly to ſee)*
"*The wing of a py'd butterflee,*
"*I trow, 'twas ſimple trimming:*
"*The wheels compos'd of cricket's-bones,*
"*And daintily made for the nonce,*
"*For fear of rattling on the ſtones,*
"*With thiſtle-down they ſhod it.*" STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Nimphidia* was written ſeveral years after this tragedy. MALONE.

The

The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moonſhine's watry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film:
Her waggoner, a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ſies ſtraight:
O'er lawyer's fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who ſtraight on kiſſes dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues.
Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats * tainted are.
Sometime ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit[6]:

And

* —*with* ſweet-meats—] i. e. kiſſing-comfits. Theſe artificial aids to perfume the breath, are mentioned by Falſtaff in the laſt act of *the Merry Wives of Windſor*. MALONE.

[6] *Sometime ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,*
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:] Dr. Warburton has juſtly obſerved, that in Shakſpeare's time "a court-ſolicitation was called ſimply a *ſuit*, and a proceſs, *a ſuit at law*, to diſtinguiſh it from the other. 'The king (ſays an anonymous contemporary writer of the life of Sir William Cecil,) called him (Sir William Cecil,) and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his anſwers, wiſhed his father to find [i. e. *to ſmell out*] *a ſuit* for him. Whereupon he became *ſuitor* for the reverſion of the *cuſtos brevium* office in the Common Pleas; which the king willingly granted, it being the firſt *ſuit* he had in his life.'

As almoſt every book of that age furniſhes proofs of what Dr. Warburton has obſerved, I ſhall add but one other inſtance, from Decker's *Guls Hornebooke*, 1609: "If you be a *courtier*, diſcourſe of the obtaining of *ſuits*."

To avoid the repetition of the word *courtiers* in this ſpeech, Mr. Tyrrwhitt propoſed to read—O'er *countiers*' knees, i. e. the knees of *counts*; for in old language *county* ſignified a *nobleman*. So, as he obſerves, in Holinſhed, p. 1150, "the *Countie* Egmond," and in the Burleigh papers, I. p. 7, "The *Countie* Palatine, Lowys." Paris, he adds, who, in one place is called *earl*, is moſt commonly ſtyled the *county* in this play. He, however, candidly acknowledges that "the repetition of the *courtier*, which offends us in this paſſage, may be owing to the players having jumbled together the varieties of ſeveral editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play."

In the *preſent* inſtance I think it is more probable that the repetition aroſe from the cauſe aſſigned by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

This

And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parſon's noſe as 'a lies aſleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades[7],
Of healths five fathom deep[8]; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he ſtarts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horſes in the night;
And bakes the elf locks[9] in foul ſluttiſh hairs,

Which,

This ſpeech at different times received much alteration and improvement. The part of it in queſtion, ſtands thus in the quarto, 1597:

And in this ſort ſhe gallops up and down
Through lovers braines, and then they dream of love:
O'er courtiers knees, who ſtrait on curſies dream:
O'er ladies lips, who dream on kiſſes ſtrait;
Which oft the angrie Mab with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,
And then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's taile,
Tickling a parſon's noſe that lies aſleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a ſouldier's noſe,
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, countermines,
Of healths five fadome deepe, &c.

Shakſpeare, as I obſerved before, did not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. STEEVENS.

7 — *Spaniſh blades,*] A ſword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan ſteel. So Grotius:

Gladius Toletanus.

" Unda Tagi non eſt uno celebranda metallo;
" Utilis in cives eſt ibi lamna ſuos." JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1597, inſtead of *Spaniſh blades*, reads *countermines*. STEEVENS.

In the paſſage quoted from Grotius, *alio* has been conſtantly printed inſtead of *uno*, which makes it nonſenſe; the whole point of the couplet depending on that word. I have corrected it from the original. MALONE.

8 *Of healths five fathom deep;*] So, in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: " — troth, ſir, my maſter and ſir Goſſin are guzzling; they are dabbling together *fathom deep*. The knight has *drunk* ſo much *health* to the gentleman yonder, on his knees, that he hath almoſt loſt the uſe of his legs." MALONE.

9 *And bakes the elf-locks*, &c.] This was a common ſuperſtition; and ſeems to have had its riſe from the horrid diſeaſe called the Plica Polonica. WARBURTON.

So,

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Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs [1],
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is ſhe—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams:
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantaſy;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air;
And more inconſtant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen boſom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence [2],
Turning his face * to the dew-dropping ſouth.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the ſtars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life [3], clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"And when I ſhook theſe *locks*, now *knotted* all,
"As *bak'd* in blood,"—. MALONE.

[1] —*when maids*, &c.] So, in Drayton's *Nimphidia*:

"*And Mab, his merry queen, by night*
"*Beſtrides young folks that lie upright,*
"*(In elder times the mare that hight)*
"*Which plagues them out of meaſure.*"

So, in *Gervaſe of Tilbury*, Dec. 1. c. 17. "Vidimus quoſdam dæmones tanto zelo mulieres amare, quod ad inaudita prorumpunt ludibria, et cum ad concubitum earum accedunt, *mirâ mole eas opprimunt*, nec ab aliis videntur." ANONYMUS.

—*of good* carriage.] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act I. ſc. ii.

"—let them be men of good repute and *carriage*."

Moth. Sampſon, maſter; he was a man of good *carriage*; great *carriage*; for he *carried* the town-gates," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] —*from thence,*] The quarto, 1597, reads:—in haſte. STEEVENS.

* —*his* face—] So the quarto, 1597. The other ancient copies have *ſide*. MALONE.

[3] —*and* expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life,] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun." MALONE.

Direct

Direct my my fail[4]!—On, lusty gentlemen.
Ben. Strike, drum[5]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V[6].

A Hall in Capulet's *House.*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1. *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher[7]! he scrape a trencher!

2. *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1. *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard[8], look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece

[4] *Direct my* fail!] I have restored this reading from the elder quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceding line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

Suit is the corrupt reading of the quarto 1599, from which it got into all the subsequent copies. MALONE.

[5] *Strike, drum.*] Here the folio adds: *They march about the stage, and serving men come forth with their napkins.* STEEVENS.

[6] This scene is added since the first copy. STEEVENS.

[7] — *he shift a* trencher!] *Trenchers* were still used by persons of good fashion in our author's time. In the household-book of the earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility. PERCY.

They were common even in the time of Charles I. MALONE.

They continued common much longer in many public societies, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are still retained at Lincoln's-Inn. NICHOLS.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1554, is the following entry: "Item, pay'd for x dosyn of trenchers. xxi d. STEEVENS.

[8] — *court-cupboard,*] I am not very certain that I know the exact signification of *court-cupboard.* Perhaps it is what we call at present the *side-board.* It is however frequently mentioned in the old plays: So, in a *Humorous Day's Mirth,* 1599: "— shadow these tables with their white veils, and accomplish the *court-cupboard.*" Again, in the *Roaring Girl,* 1611: "Place that in the *court-cupboard.*" Again, in Chapman's *May-Day,* 1611: "*Court-cupboards* planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers," &c.

Two of these *court-cupboards* are still in Stationers' Hall. STEEVENS.

By

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piece of march-pane[9]; and, as thou loveſt me, let the porter let in Suſan Grindſtone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2. *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1. *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, aſk'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2. *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be briſk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*

By "*remove* the court-cupboard," the ſpeaker means, I think, remove the flaggons, cups, ewers, &c. contained in it.—A *court-cupboard* was not ſtrictly what we now call a *ſide-board*, but a receſs fitted up with ſhelves to contain plate, &c. for the uſe of the table. It was afterwards called a *buffet*, and continued to be uſed to the time of Pope:

"The rich *buffet* well colour'd ſerpents grace,
"And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face."

The *ſide-board* was, I apprehend, introduced in the preſent century. MALONE.

The uſe which to this day is made of thoſe *cupboards* is exactly deſcribed in the above-quoted line of Chapman; to diſplay at public feſtivals the *flaggons*, *cans*, *cups*, *beakers*, and other antique ſilver veſſels of the company, ſome of which (with the names of the donors inſcribed on them) are remarkably large. NICHOLS.

[9] *Save me a piece of march-pane*;] March-pane was a confection made of piſtacho-nuts, almonds, and ſugar, &c. and in high eſteem in Shakſpeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is ſaid that the univerſity preſented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *march-pane*, and two ſugar-loaves. *Peck's Deſiderata Curioſa*, Vol. II. p. 29. GREY.

March pane was a kind of ſweet bread or biſcuit: called by ſome almond-cake. *Hermolaus Barbarus* terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *Martius panis*. G. *marcepain* and *maſſepan*. It. *marzapane*. H. *il maçapan*. B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *maſſa pura*. But, as few underſtood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally though corruptly called *maſſepeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *martſepeyn*; and in conſequence of this miſtake of theirs, it ſoon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Junius*. HAWKINS.

March-pane was a conſtant article in the deſerts of our anceſtors. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "—ſeeing that the iſſue of the table, fruits and cheeſe, or wafers, hypocras, and *marchpanes*, or comfytures, be brought in." See Dugdale's Orig. Jurid. p. 133.

In the year 1560, I find the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company: "Item, payd for ix *marſhe paynes*, xxvi s. viii. d. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter CAPULET, *&c. with the Gueſts, and the Maſkers.*

1. *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes *
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my miſtreſſes! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty, ſhe,
I'll ſwear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have ſeen the day,
That I have worn a viſor; and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen [1]!—Come, muſicians, play.
A hall! a hall [2]! give room, and foot it, girls.
[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, ſirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit, nay, ſit, good couſin Capulet [3];

For

* —*their* toes—] Thus all the ancient copies. The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read, with more delicacy, their *feet*.—An editor by ſuch capricious alterations deprives the reader of the means of judging of the manners of different ages; for the word employed in the text undoubtedly did not appear indelicate to the audiences of Shakſpeare's time, though perhaps it would not be endured at this day. MALONE.

[1] *You are welcome, gentlemen!*] Theſe two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio. JOHNSON.

[2] *A hall! a hall!*] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and ſignifies, *make room*. So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

"Room! room! *a hall! a hall!*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*:

"Then cry, *a hall! a hall!*"

and numberleſs other paſſages. STEEVENS.

[3] —*good couſin Capulet*,] This *couſin* Capulet is *unkle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is deſcribed as old, *couſin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very diſproportionate; he has been paſt maſking for thirty years, and her age, as ſhe tells Juliet, is but eight and twenty. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare and other contemporary writers uſed the word *couſin* to denote any collateral relation, of whatever degree, and ſometimes even to denote thoſe of lineal deſcent.

The king calls Hamlet frequently his couſin, though his nephew and ſtep-ſon:

"But now, my *couſin* Hamlet, and my ſon."

Richard

For you and I are paſt our dancing days[4]:
How long is't now, ſince laſt yourſelf and I
Were in a maſk?

2. *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much:
'Tis ſince the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we maſk'd.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his ſon is elder, ſir;
His ſon is thirty.

1. *Cap.* Will you tell me that[5]?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight[6]?

Serv. I know not, ſir.

Rom. O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Richard III. during a whole ſcene calls his nephew York, *couſin*; who in his anſwer conſtantly calls him *uncle*. And the old Dutcheſs of York in the ſame play calls her grandſon, couſin.

"Why, my young *couſin*, it is good to grow.

"*York. Grandam*, one night, as he did ſit at ſupper," &c.

In this very play Lady Capulet ſays,

"Tybalt, my *couſin*, O, my brother's child!"

and in Fletcher's *Woman Pleaſed*, Sylvio ſtyles Rhodope at one time his *aunt*, at others his *couſin*, to the great annoyance of Mr. Sympſon, the editor. MASON.

[4] — *our* dancing *days:*] Thus the folio: the quarto reads, our *ſtanding* days. STEEVENS.

[5] *Will you tell me*, &c.] This ſpeech ſtands thus in the firſt copy:

Will you tell me that? it cannot be ſo:
His ſon was but a ward three years ago;
Good youths i'faith!—Oh, youth's a jolly thing!"

There are many trifling variations in almoſt every ſpeech of this play; but when they are of little conſequence I have forborne to encumber the page by the inſertion of them. The laſt, however, of theſe three lines is natural, and worth preſerving. STEEVENS.

[6] *What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand*
Of yonder knight?] Here is another proof that our authour had the poem, and not Painter's Novel, in his mind. In the novel we are told, "A certain *lord* of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance." In the poem of *Romeus* and *Juliet*, as in the play, her partner is a *knight*:

"With torch in hand a comely *knight* did fetch her forth to dance." MALONE.

It

It ſeems ſhe hangs upon the cheek of night[7]
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear[8]:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhews a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of ſtand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forſwear it, ſight!
For I ne'er ſaw true beauty till this night[9].

Tyb. This, by his voice, ſhould be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the ſlave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now, by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

1. *Cap.* Why, how now, kinſman? wherefore ſtorm you ſo?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.

1. *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1. *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to ſay truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill-beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.

Tyb. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt;
I'll not endure him.

[7] — *upon the cheek of night*—] Shakſpeare has the ſame thought in his 27th ſonnet:

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghaſtly night,
"Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new."

STEEVENS.

[8] *Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:*] So, in *Lily's Euphues:* "A fair pearl in a Morian's ear." T. H. W.

[9] *For I ne'er ſaw true beauty till this night.*] Thus *K. Henry VIII.*

"——o beauty,
"Till now I never knew thee!" STEEVENS.

1. *Cap.*

1. *Cap.* He shall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1. *Cap.* Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scathe you[1];—I know what.
You must contrary me[2]! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox; go[3]:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce[4] with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [*to* Juliet.
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims[5], ready stand

To

[1] *To scathe you*;] i. e. to do you an injury. STEEVENS.

[2] *You must* contrary *me!*] The use of this verb is common to our old writers. So, in *Tully's Love* by *R. Greene*, 1616: "—rather wishing to die than to *contrary* her resolution." Many instances more might be selected from *Sidney's Arcadia*.

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, B. 10. Chap. 59.

"—his countermand should have *contraried* so."

The same verb is used in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

[3] *You are a* princox; *go:*—] A *princox* is a coxcomb, a conceited person. The word is used by Ben Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609; by Chapman in his comedy of *May-Day*, 1610; in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606: "Your proud university *Princox*;" again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633: "That *Princox* proud;" and indeed by most of the old dramatick writers. Cotgrave renders *un jeune effoudeau superbe*—a young *princox* boy. STEEVENS.

The etymology of the word *princox* may be found in Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. *Pinchino*. It is rather a cockered or spoilt child, than a coxcomb. MALONE.

[4] *Patience perforce*—] This expression is in part proverbial: the old adage is,

"*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog." STEEVENS.

[5] *If I profane with my unworthy hand*
This holy shrine, the gentle fine *is this,—*
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, &c.] The old copies read *sin*. MALONE.

All

To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſs.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For ſaints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiſs.
Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou[6], leſt faith turn to deſpair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' ſake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my ſin is purg'd. [*kiſſing her*[7].
Jul. Then have my lips the ſin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O treſpaſs ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.
Jul. You kiſs by the book[8].
Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurſe. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks[9].

All profanations are ſuppoſed to be expiated either by ſome meritorious action, or by ſome penance undergone, and puniſhment ſubmitted to. So Romeo would here ſay, if I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips ſtand ready, as two bluſhing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a ſweet penance. Our poet therefore muſt have wrote,—the gentle *fine* is this. WARBURTON.

[6] *O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do;*
They pray, grant thou, &c.] Juliet had ſaid before, that *palm to palm* was holy palmers' *kiſs*; ſhe afterwards ſays that palmers have lips that they muſt uſe in prayer. Romeo replies, that "the prayer of his lips was, that they might do what hands do;" that is, that they might kiſs. MASON.

[7] — kiſſing *her.*] Our poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time: and kiſſing a lady in a publick aſſembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous. In *K. Henry VIII.* he in like manner makes Lord Sands kiſs Anne Boleyn, next to whom he ſits at the ſupper given by Cardinal Wolſey. MALONE.

[8] *You kiſs by the book.*] In *As you Like it*, we find it was uſual *to quarrel by the book*, and we are told in the note, that there were books extant for good manners. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing the *art of courtſhip*, an example from which it is probable that Roſalind has adduced. HENLEY.

[9] — *the* chinks.] Thus the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors have ſubſtituted *chink*. MALONE.

Rom.

Rom. Is ſhe a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, begone; the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. Ay, ſo I fear; the more is my unreſt.
1. *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards[1].—
Is it e'en ſo? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honeſt gentlemen*; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, ſirrah, [*to* 2. Cap.] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my reſt. [*Exeunt all but* Juliet *and* Nurſe.
Jul. Come hither, nurſe†: What is yon gentleman?
Nurſe. The ſon and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurſe. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurſe. I know not.
Jul. Go, aſk his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſe. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only ſon of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate!
Too early ſeen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed enemy.

[1] *We have a trifling fooliſh banquet* towards.] *Towards* is ready at hand. So, in *Hamlet:*

"What might be *towards*, that this ſweaty haſte
"Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?"

Again, in the *Phœnix*, by Middleton, 1607:—"here's a voyage *towards*, will make us all." STEEVENS.

It appears from the former part of this ſcene that Capulet's company had ſupped. A *banquet*, it ſhould be remembered, often meant in old times nothing more than a collation of fruit, wine, &c. So, in *The Life of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"Their dinner is our *banquet after dinner*."

Again, in Heath's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661, p. 662: "*After dinner*, he was ſerved with a *banquet*." MALONE.

* — *honeſt gentlemen*;] Here the quarto, 1597, adds:

"I promiſe you, but for your company,
"I would have been in bed an hour ago:
"Light to my chamber, ho!" STEEVENS.

† *Come hither, nurſe: What is yon gentleman?*] This and the following queſtions are taken from the novel. STEEVENS.

See the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*. MALONE.

Nurſe.

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Nurſe. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* Juliet.
Nurſe. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the ſtrangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS[2].

Now old deſire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair[3], for which love groan'd for*, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe as much in love, her means much leſs
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But paſſion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme ſweet. [*Exit.*

[2] This chorus added ſince the firſt edition. POPE.
The uſe of this chorus is not eaſily diſcovered; it conduces nothing to the progreſs of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next ſcene will ſhew; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral ſentiment. JOHNSON.

[3] *That* fair—] *Fair* it has been already obſerved, was formerly uſed as a ſubſtantive, and was ſynonymous to beauty. MALONE.

* —*for which love groan'd* for,] Thus the ancient copies, for which all the modern editors, adopting Mr. Rowe's alteration, read—groan'd *ſore*. This is one of the many changes that have been made in the text from not attending to ancient phraſeology; for this kind of duplication was common in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*: "*In* what enormity is Marcius poor *in*, that you two have not in abundance?" In *As you Like it*, Act II. ſc. vii: "—the ſcene *wherein* we play *in*." MALONE.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Place, adjoining Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down.*

Enter BENVOLIO, *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my couſin Romeo!
Mer. He is wiſe;
And, on my life, hath ſtolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a ſigh;
Speak but one rhyme, and I am ſatisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove[4];
Speak to my goſſip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind ſon and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that ſhot ſo trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid[5].—

He

[4] —pronounce *but love and dove*;] Thus the firſt quarto, 1597. *Pronounce* in the quartos of 1599 and 1609 was made *provaunt*.

In the firſt folio, which appears to have been printed from the latter of theſe copies, the ſame reading is adopted. The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily ſubſtituted *couply*, meaning certainly *couple*, and all the modern editors have adopted his innovation. *Provant*, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, means *proviſion*; but I have never met with the verb *To provant*, nor has any example of it been produced. I have no doubt therefore that it was a corruption, and have adhered to the firſt quarto.

In this very line, love and *dove*, the reading of the original copy of 1597, was corrupted in the two ſubſequent quartos and the folio, to—love and *day*; and *heir* in the next line corrupted into *her*. MALONE.

[5] *Young* Adam *Cupid, he that ſhot ſo* trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.] Cupid is called *Adam* with alluſion to the celebrated archer Adam Bell, (ſee Percy's *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 7.) whom Shakſpeare has again alluded to in *Much ado about nothing*: "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,

He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead [6], and I muſt conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Roſaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead [7], and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeſnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;

cat, and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the ſhoulder, and call'd *Adam*."—The old copies read *Abraham*, the initial letter only being probably ſet down in the manuſcript. The foregoing paſſage fully ſupports the emendation, which was ſuggeſted by Mr. Upton. Of this kind of ignorance the old copies of the play before us furniſh a remarkable inſtance in the next ſcene. In the original copy of 1597 we have this line:

And follow thee, my *lord*, throughout the world.

In the two next quartos the word *lord* being abbreviated, according to a common faſhion of that time,—

And follow thee, my L. throughout the world.

the printer of the quarto publiſhed in 1637, exhibited the line thus:

And follow thee, my *love*, throughout the world.

and Mr. Pope, Mr. Theobald, and Dr. Warburton, adopted this arbitrary change.

The ballad here alluded to, is *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid*, or, as it is called in ſome old copies, *The ſong of a beggar and a king*. The following ſtanza, which Shakſpeare had particularly in view,

"The *blinded* boy that *ſhoots ſo trim*,
"From heaven down did hie,
"He drew a dart and ſhot at him,
"In place where he did lie;"

ſupports (as Dr. Percy has obſerved,) the reading *trim*, which is found in the firſt quarto 1597, and which in the ſubſequent copies was changed to *true*. The change was certainly not accidental; and this is one of a great many inſtances in which I have obſerved changes to have been made by the printer or editor, in the later quartos, and even in the firſt folio, for the ſake of ſome imaginary improvement, and without authority. MALONE.

[6] *The ape is dead,—*] This phraſe appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our authour's time, without any reference to the mimickry of that animal. It was an expreſſion of tenderneſs, like *poor fool*. Naſhe, in one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read Lily's *Euphues*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge. MALONE.

[7] *By her* high *forehead,—*] It has already been obſerved that a high forehead was in Shakſpeare's time thought eminently beautiful. MALONE.

That were ſome ſpight: my invocation
Is fair and honeſt, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among thoſe trees,
To be conſorted with the humorous night[8]:
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar-tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Ah, Romeo[9], that ſhe were, ah, that ſhe were

An

[8] —*the* humorous *night?*] I ſuppoſe *Shakſpeare* means humid, the moiſt *dewy* night. *Chapman* uſes the word in that ſenſe in the tranſlation of *Homer*, book II. edit. 1598:

"The other gods and knights at arms ſlept all the *humerous* night." STEEVENS.

In *Meaſure for Meaſure* we have "the *vaporous* night approaches;" which ſhews that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted the word in the text. MALONE.

[9] *Ah, Romeo*, &c.] Theſe two lines, which are found in the quartos of 1597, 1599, and in the folio, were rejected by Mr. Pope, who in like manner has rejected *whole ſcenes* of our authour; but what is more ſtrange, his example has in this inſtance been followed by the ſucceeding editors.

However improper any lines may be for recitation on the ſtage, an editor in my apprehenſion has no right to omit any paſſage that is found in all the authentick copies of his authour's works. I know not on what authority it has been ſaid, that theſe lines are a proof that "either the poet or his friends knew ſometimes how to blot." They appear not only in the editions already mentioned, but alſo in that copy which has no date, and in the edition of 1637.

I have adhered to the original copy. The two ſubſequent quartos and the folio read, with a ſlight variation,

An open—*or* thou a poperin pear.

Shakſpeare followed the faſhion of his own time, which was, when ſomething indecent was meant to be ſuppreſſed, to print *et cætera*, inſtead of the word. See Minſheu's Dictionary, p. 112. col. 2. Our poet did not conſider, that however ſuch a practice might be admitted in a printed book, it is abſurd where words are intended to be recited. When theſe lines were ſpoken, as undoubtedly they were to our anceſtors, who do not appear to have been extremely delicate, the actor muſt have evaded the difficulty by an abrupt ſentence.

The unſeemly name of the apple here alluded to, is well known.

Poperingue is a town in French Flanders, two leagues diſtant from Ypres. From hence the *Poperin* pear was brought into England. What were the peculiar qualities of a *Poperin* pear, I am unable to aſcertain. The word was choſen, I believe, merely for the ſake of a quibble, which it is not neceſſary to explain. Probably for the ſame reaſon the

Popering

An open—*etcætera*, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jeſts at ſcars[1], that never felt a wound.—
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
But, ſoft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the eaſt, and Juliet is the ſun!—
Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than ſhe:
Be not her maid[2], ſince ſhe is envious;
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that ſhe knew ſhe were[3]!—
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; What of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars in all the heaven,
Having ſome buſineſs, do entreat her eyes

Popering tree was preferred to any other by the authour of the mock poem of *Hero and Leander*, ſmall 8vo. 1653:

" She thought it ſtrange to ſee a man
" In privy walk, and then anan
" She ſtepp'd behind a *Popering* tree,
" And liſten'd for ſome novelty."

Of the pariſh of Poperin, or Poperling (as we called it) which was in the Marches of Calais, John Leland the Antiquary was parſon in the time of King Henry the Eighth. By him the Poperin pear may have been introduced into England. MALONE.

[1] *He jeſts at ſcars,*] That is, Mercutio jeſts, whom he overheard. JOHNSON.

[2] *Be not her maid,*] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana. JOHNSON.

[3] *It is my lady*; &c.] This line and half I have replaced. JOHNSON.

To twinkle in their ſpheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night.
See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand[4],
That I might touch that cheek[5]!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks:—
O, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night[6], being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds[7],
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this? [*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyſelf though, not a Montague[8].

What's

[4] *O, that I were a glove upon that hand,*] This paſſage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637:

" Oh that I were a flea upon that lip," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] — touch *that cheek!*] The quarto 1597, reads—*kiſs* that cheek. STEEVENS.

[6] *O, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art*
As glorious to this night, &c.] The ſenſe is, that Juliet appeared as ſplendid an object in the vault of heaven obſcured by darkneſs, as an angel could ſeem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back to gaze upon him.

As glorious to this night, means *as glorious an appearance in this dark night*, &c. STEEVENS.

[7] — *the* lazy-pacing *clouds*,] Thus corrected from the firſt edition: in the others *lazy-puffing*. POPE.

[8] *Thou art thyſelf* though, *not a Montague.*] For the preſent punctuation I am accountable. It appears to me to afford a clear ſenſe, which the line as printed in the old copies, where we have a comma after *thyſelf*, and no point after *though*, does not in my apprehenſion afford.

Thou

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What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

Thou art, *however*, says Juliet, a being *sui generis*, amiable and perfect, not tainted by the enmity which your family bears to mine.

According to the common punctuation, the adversative particle is used without any propriety, or rather makes the passage nonsense. "*Although* thou art *not* a Montague, not actuated by any of those unjustifiable prejudices that actuate your family, you are most amiable and virtuous." The lady might with as much propriety have observed, that *though* it was summer, it was hot; or, *though* it was night, the sun did not shine.

According to Mr. Steevens, the meaning is—"Thou art thyself, i. e. a being of distinguished excellence, though thou art *not* (what thou appearest to others,) akin to thy family in malice." If he was NOT a Montague, or, as it is rightly explained, NOT *akin to his family in malice*, whence is the wonder that he is a being of distinguished excellence? or what the need of an *adversative* particle in such a proposition? If indeed the lady had said, that Romeo was a being of uncommon excellence, *though he was a* Montague, she would have talked with precision.

Though is again used by Shakspeare in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. last, in the same sense:

"My legs are longer *though*, to run away."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"Would Catharine had never seen him *though*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"I would not be so sick *though*, for his place."

Other writers frequently use *though* for *however*. So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, by Massinger, 1632:

"Would you have him your husband that you love,
"And can it not be?—He is your servant, *though*,
"And may perform the office of a husband."

Again, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by B. and Fletcher:

"— O dissembling woman,
"Whom I must reverence *though*.

Again, in the last speech of *the Maid's Tragedy* by B. and Fletcher, 1619:

"Look to him *though*, and bear those bodies in."

Again, in Otway's *Venice Preserved*:

"I thank thee for thy labour *though*, and him too."

Dr. Warburton's interpretation is wholly inadmissible. "You *would* be just what you are, [i. e. not *more* excellent,] although you were not of the house of Montague."—Juliet is not here speculating whether, if Romeo were not, or ceased to be, of the hostile faction, his excellence was or was not capable of *increase*; nor does she say, "thou *would'st* be thyself," (as Dr. Warburton makes her say,) but "thou *art* thyself." This, I say, is not the subject of her speculation. She is simply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he *is* a Montague. And, to prove this, she asserts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that house.

MALONE.

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What's in a name[9] ? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name [1] would ſmell as ſweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title :—Romeo, doff thy name ;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myſelf[2].

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus beſcreen'd in night,
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel ?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to myſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance[3], yet I know the ſound ;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom.

[9] — *nor any other part*
Belonging to a man. O, be ſome other name !
What's in a name ? &c.] The middle line is not found in the original copy of 1597, being added, it ſhould ſeem, on a reviſion. The paſſage in the firſt copy ſtands thus :

Nor arm, nor face, *nor any other part :*
What's in a name ? That which we call a roſe, &c.

In the copy of 1599 and all the ſubſequent ancient copies, the words *nor any other part* were omitted by the overſight of the tranſcriber or printer, and the lines thus abſurdly exhibited :

Nor arm nor face, *O be ſome other name !*
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name, &c.

Belonging, &c. evidently was intended to begin a line, as it now does ; but the printer having omitted the words *nor any other part*, took the remainder of the ſubſequent line, and carried it to that which preceded. The tranſpoſition now made needs no note to ſupport it : the context in this and many other places ſuperſedes all arguments. MALONE.

[1] *By any other name*—] Thus the quarto, 1597. All the ſubſequent ancient copies read—By any other *word*. MALONE.

[2] *Take all myſelf.*] The elder quarto reads, *Take all I have.* STEEVENS.

[3] *My* ears *have not yet* drunk *a hundred words*
Of that tongue's utterance,] Thus the quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies read—of *thy* tongue's *uttering*. We meet with almoſt

Rom. Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee diſlike[4].

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls[5];
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinſmen are no let to me[6].

Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords[7]; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they ſaw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their ſight[8];

almoſt the ſame words as thoſe here attributed to Romeo, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

"I might perceive his eye in her eye loſt,
"*His ear to drink her ſweet tongue's utterance.*" MALONE.

[4] *Neither, fair* ſaint, *if either thee* diſlike.] Thus the original copy. The ſubſequent ancient copies read—fair *maid.* "If either thee *diſlike*" was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, it *likes* me well; for it pleaſes me well. MALONE.

[5] *With love's light wings did I* o'er-perch theſe walls;] Here alſo we find Shakſpeare following the ſteps of the authour of *The Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Approaching near the place from whence his heart had life,
"So light he wox, he *hap'd the wall*, and there he ſpy'd his wife,
"Who in the *window* watch'd the coming of her lord,—."
MALONE.

[6] —*no* let *to me.*] i. e. no ſtop or hinderance. So, in *Hamlet:*

"By heaven I'll make a ghoſt of him that *lets* me."

Thus the original edition. The ſubſequent copies read—no *ſtop* to me. MALONE.

[7] —*there lies more peril in thine eye,*
Than twenty of their ſwords;] B. and Fletcher have copied this thought in *The Maid of the Mill:*

"—The lady may command, ſir;
"She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon."
STEEVENS.

[8] —*from their* ſight;] So the firſt quarto. All the other ancient copies have—from their *eyes.* MALONE.

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And, but thou love me, let them find me here[9]:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued[1], wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who firſt did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.

Jul. Thou know'ſt, the maſk of night is on my face;
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have ſpoke; but farewel compliment[2]!
Doſt thou love me? I know, thou wilt ſay—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'ſt I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my haviour light:
But truſt me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange[3].

I ſhould

[9] *And*, but *thou love me, let them find me here:*] And ſo thou do but love me, I care not what may befall me: Let me be found here. Such appears to me to be the meaning.

Mr. Maſon thinks that "*but* thou love me," means, *unleſs* thou love me; grounding himſelf, I ſuppoſe, on the two ſubſequent lines. But thoſe contain, in my apprehenſion, a diſtinct propoſition. He firſt ſays, that he is content to be diſcovered, if he be but ſecure of her affection; and then adds, that death from the hands of her kinſmen would be preferable to life without her love. *But*, however, it muſt be acknowledged, has often in old Engliſh the meaning which Mr. Maſon would here affix to it. MALONE.

[1] *Than death* prorogued,] i. e. delayed, deferred to a more diſtant period. So in Act IV. ſc. i.

"I hear thou muſt, and nothing may *prorogue* it,
"On thurſday next be married to this county." MALONE.

[2] —*farewell compliment!*] That is, farewell attention to forms. MASON.

[3] *Than thoſe that have more* cunning *to be* ſtrange.] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the ſubſequent ancient copies *cunning* was changed to—*coying*. MALONE.

To

I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was ware,
My true love's paſſion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I ſwear,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, ſwear not by the moon, the inconſtant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.

Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?

Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not ſwear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,
Ere one can ſay—It lightens[4]. Sweet, good night[5]!
This bud of love, by ſummer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?

Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

To be ſtrange, is to put on affected coldneſs, to appear ſhy. So, in Greene's *Menaphia*, 1593: "Is it the faſhion in Padua to be ſo *ſtrange* with your friends?" STEEVENS.

[4] *Ere one can ſay—It lightens.*] So, in the *Miracles of Moſes*, by Drayton:

"—lightning ceaſeleſsly to burn,
"Swifter than thought from place to place to paſs,
"And being gone, doth ſuddenly return
"*Ere you could ſay preciſely what it was.*"

The ſame thought occurs in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*.
STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Miracles of Moſes* was firſt printed in quarto, in 1604.
MALONE.

[5] *Sweet, good night!*] All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night*, to *Stay but a little*, &c. were added after the firſt copy.
STEEVENS.

Rom.

Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Nurſe *calls within.*
I hear ſome noiſe within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurſe!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O bleſſed bleſſed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable[6],
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nurſe. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee,—

Nurſe. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—

[6] *If that thy* bent *of love be honourable*, &c.] In *The Tragical Hyſtory* already quoted Juliet uſes nearly the ſame expreſſions:

" —if your thought be chaſte, and have on virtue ground,
" If wedlock be the end and *mark* which your deſire hath found,
" Obedience ſet aſide, unto my parents due,
" The quarrel eke that long ago between our houſholds grew,
" *Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake*,
" And *following you whereſo you go*, my father's houſe forſake:
" But if by wanton love and by unlawful *ſuit*
" You think in ripeſt years to pluck my maidenhood's dainty fruit.
" You are beguil'd, and now your Juliet you *beſeeks*,
" To *ceaſe your ſuit*, and ſuffer her to live among her likes."

MALONE.

To

To ceaſe thy ſuit[7], and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I ſend.

Rom. So thrive my ſoul,—

Jul. A thouſand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as ſchool-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward ſchool with heavy looks.
[*retiring ſlowly.*

Re-enter JULIET *above.*

Jul. Hiſt! Romeo, hiſt!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this taſſel-gentle back again[8]!
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my ſoul, that calls upon my name:
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſick to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

[7] *To ceaſe thy* ſuit,—] So the quarto, 1597. The two ſubſequent quartos and the folio have—thy *ſtriſe*. MALONE.

[8] *To lure this* taſſel-gentle *back again!*] The *taſſel* or *tiercel* (for ſo it ſhould be ſpelt) is the male of the *goſhawk*; ſo called, becauſe it is a *tierce* or *third* leſs than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In the *Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turberville, gent. printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in *The Guardian*, by Maſſinger:

" —then for an evening flight,
" A *tiercel-gentle*."

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

" Your *taſſel-gentle*, ſhe's lur'd off and gone."

This ſpecies of hawk had the epithet of gentle annexed to it, from the eaſe with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. STEEVENS.

It appears from the old books on this ſubject, that certain hawks were conſidered as appropriated to certain ranks. The *tercel-gentle* was appropriated to the prince; and thence, we may ſuppoſe, was choſen by Juliet as an appellation for her beloved Romeo. In an ancient treatiſe entitled *Hawking, Hunting, and Fiſhing, with the true meaſures of blowing*, is the following paſſage:

" The names of all manner of hawkes, and to whom they belong:
For a PRINCE.
There is a falcon gentle, and a *tercel* gentle; and theſe are for a prince." MALONE.

Rom.

Rom. Madam[9].
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay, to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I:
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night! parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay—good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!—
'Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell[1]. [*Exit.*

[9] — *Madam.*] Thus the original copy of 1597. In the two ſubſequent copies and the folio we have—My *niece.* What word was intended it is difficult to ſay. The editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted—My *ſweet.* I have already ſhewn, that all the alterations in that copy were made at random; and have therefore preſerved the original word, though leſs tender than that which was arbitrarily ſubſtituted in its place. MALONE.

[1] *Hence will I to my* ghoſtly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.] Thus the quarto, 1597, except that it has *good* inſtead of *dear.* That of 1599, and the folio, read:

Hence will I to my ghoſtly *frier's cloſe* cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Friar Lawrence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, *with a baſket.*

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night[2],
Checkering the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light;
And flecked darkneſs[3] like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's firy wheels[4]:
Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt up-fill this oſier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers,
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb[5];
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind

[2] *The grey ey'd morn, &c.*] So the firſt edition. The firſt four lines of this ſpeech, as has been obſerved by Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnſon, are inadvertently printed twice over in the ſubſequent ancient copies, and form the concluſion of Romeo's preceding ſpeech as well as the commencement of the friar's in the preſent ſcene. MALONE.

[3] *And* flecked *darkneſs*—] *Flecked* is ſpotted, dappled, ſtreak'd, or variegated. In this ſenſe it is uſed by Churchyard, in his *Legend of Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk.* Mowbray, ſpeaking of the Germans, ſays:

" All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,
" They ſwear, they curſe, and drink till they be *fleck'd.*"

Lord Surrey uſes the ſame word in his tranſlation of the 4th Æneid:

" Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly ſtraine."

The ſame image occurs in *Much ado about Nothing:* Act V. ſc. iii.

" *Dapples* the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey." STEEVENS.

The word is ſtill uſed in Scotland, where a *flecked* cow" is a common expreſſion. See the Gloſſary to Gawin Douglas's tranſlation of Virgil, in v. *fleckit.* MALONE.

[4] *From forth day's* path, *and Titan's firy wheels:*] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio have—*burning* wheels.

The modern editions read corruptly, after the ſecond folio:

From forth day's *path-way made by* Titan's wheels. MALONE.

[5] *The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;*]

" Omniparens, eadem rerum commune ſepulchrum."
Lucretius.

" The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave." *Milton.*
STEEVENS.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* 1609:

" —Time's the king of men,
" *For he's their parent, and he is their grave.*" MALONE.

We

We ſucking on her natural boſom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace [6], that lies
In herbs, plants, ſtones [7], and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live [8],
But to the earth [9] ſome ſpecial good doth give;
Nor aught ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe:
Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapply'd;
And vice ſometime's by action dignify'd.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower [1]
Poiſon hath reſidence, and med'cine power:
For this, being ſmelt, with that part [2] cheers each part;
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes encamp them ſtill
In man [3] as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;

[6] —*powerful grace,*] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

[7] *O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies*
In herbs, plants, ſtones, &c.] This affords a natural introduction to the friar's furniſhing Juliet with the ſleepy potion in Act IV. In the paſſage before us Shakſpeare had the poem in his thoughts:

"But not in vain, my child, hath all my wand'ring been;—
"What force the *ſtones*, the *plants*, and *metals*, have to work,
"And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do lurk,
"With care I have ſought out, with pain I did them prove."
MALONE.

[8] *For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live,*] The quarto, 1597, reads:

For nought ſo vile that *vile* on earth doth live. STEEVENS.

[9] —*to the earth*—] i. e. to the inhabitants of the earth. MALONE.

[1] —*of this* ſmall *flower*—] So the quarto 1597. All the ſubſequent ancient copies have—this *weak* flower. MALONE.

[2] —*with that part*—] i. e. with the part which ſmells; with the olfactory nerves. MALONE.

[3] *Two ſuch oppoſed* foes encamp *them ſtill*
In man—] So, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint:*

"—terror, and dear modeſty,
"*Encamp'd in hearts*, but *fighting* outwardly."

Thus the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1599, and all the ſubſequent ancient copies read—ſuch oppoſed *kings*.—Our authour has more than once alluded to theſe *oppoſed foes*, contending for the dominion of man.—So, in *Othello:*

"Yea, curſe his *better angel* from his ſide."

Again, in his 144th Sonnet:

"To win me ſoon to hell, my female evil
"Tempteth my *better angel* from my ſide:
"Yet this I ne'er ſhall know, but live in doubt,
"Till my *bad angel* fire my *good one* out." MALONE.

And

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And, where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoon the canker death eats up that plant[4].

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!
Fri. Benedicite!
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?—
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head,
So ſoon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, ſleep will never lie;
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuff'd brain[5]
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art up-rous'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with Roſaline?
Rom. With Roſaline, my ghoſtly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good ſon: But where haſt thou been then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou aſk it me again.
I have been feaſting with mine enemy;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies[6]:
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man; for, lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.

[4] *Full ſoon the* canker death eats up *that plant.*] So, in our authour's 99th Sonnet:
"A vengeful *canker eat* him *up* to *death.*" MALONE.

[5] — *with unſtuff'd brain*, &c.] The copy, 1597, reads:
— with unſtuff'd *brains*
Doth couch his limmes, there golden ſleep *remaines.*
STEEVENS.

[6] — *both our* remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies:] See Vol. XIII. p. 46, n. 4.
MALONE.

Rom.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd, ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy ſaint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Roſaline, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jeſu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath waſh'd thy ſallow cheeks for Roſaline!
How much ſalt water thrown away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love, that of it doth not taſte!
The ſun not yet thy ſighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear that is not waſh'd off yet:
If e'er thou waſt thyſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for Roſaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'ſt me oft for loving Roſaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'ſt me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: ſhe, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not ſo.

Fri. O, ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not ſpell[7].
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be;

[7] — and *could not ſpell.*] Thus the quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies all have—

Thy love did read by rote *that* could not ſpell.

I mention theſe minute variations only to ſhew, what I have ſo often urged, the very high value of firſt editions. MALONE.

For

For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſholds' rancour to pure love[8].

Rom. O, let us hence; I ſtand on ſudden haſte.

Fri. Wiſely, and ſlow; They ſtumble, that run faſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO, *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil ſhould this Romeo be?—Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that Roſaline,
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinſman of old Capulet,
Hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may anſwer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye; ſhot through the ear with a love-ſong; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft[9]; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

[8] The two following lines were added ſince the firſt copy of this play. STEEVENS.

[9] —*the very* pin *of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft*;] The alluſion is to archery. The clout, or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was faſtened by a black *pin* placed in the center of it. To hit this was the higheſt ambition of every markſman. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"They have ſhot two arrows without heads,
"They cannot ſtick i' the but yet: hold out, knight,
"And I'll *cleave* the black *pin* i' the midſt of the *white*."

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"For kings are clouts that every man ſhoots at;
"Our crown the *pin* that thouſands ſeek to *cleave*." MALONE.

Mer.

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Mer. More than prince of cats[1], I can tell you[2]. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments[3]. He fights as you ſing prick-ſong, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion[4]; reſts me his minim reſts[5], one, two, and the third in your boſom: the very butcher of a ſilk button[6], a duelliſt, a duelliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe, —of the firſt and ſecond cauſe[7]: Ah, the immortal paſſado! the punto reverſo! the hay[8]!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antick, liſping, affecting fantaſticoes[9]; theſe new tuners of accents!—*By Jeſu, a very*

[1] *More than prince of cats,*—] *Tybert*, the name given to the *cat*, in the ſtory-book of *Reynard the Fox*. WARBURTON.

So, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "—not *Tibalt* prince of *cats*," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] —*I can tell you.*] So the firſt quarto. Theſe words are omitted in all the ſubſequent ancient copies. MALONE.

[3] —*courageous captain of* compliments.] A complete maſter of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio.

"A *man of compliments*, whom right and wrong
"Have choſe as umpire;"

ſays our authour of Don *Armado*, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*. JOHNSON.

[4] —*keeps time, diſtance, and proportion*;] So *Jonſon's Bobadil*:

"Note your *diſtance*, keep your due *proportion of time*."
STEEVENS.

[5] —*his* minim *reſts*—] A *minim* is a note of ſlow time in muſick, equal to two crotchets. MALONE.

[6] —*the very butcher of a ſilk button*,] So, in the *Return from Parnaſſus*:

"Strikes his poinado at a *button's* breadth." STEEVENS.

[7] *A gentleman of the very firſt houſe,—of the firſt and ſecond cauſe*;] "A gentleman of the *firſt houſe*;—of the *firſt* and *ſecond cauſe*," is a gentleman of the firſt rank, of the firſt eminence among theſe duelliſts; and one who underſtands the whole ſcience of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *firſt cauſe*, and the *ſecond cauſe*, for which a man is to fight.—The *Clown*, in *As you like it*, talks of the *ſeventh cauſe* in the ſame ſenſe. STEEVENS.

We find the firſt of theſe expreſſions in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*:

"—a gentleman's gone then;
"*A gentleman of the firſt houſe*; there's the end of't."
MALONE.

[8] —*the hay!*] All the terms of the modern fencing-ſchool were originally Italian; the rapier, or ſmall thruſting ſword, being firſt uſed in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you *have* it, uſed when a thruſt reaches the antagoniſt, from which our fencers, on the ſame occaſion, without knowing, I ſuppoſe, any reaſon for it, cry out, *ha!* JOHNSON.

[9] —*affecting fantaſticoes*;] Thus the old copies, and rightly. The modern editors read, *phantaſies*. Naſh, in his *Have with you to Saffron*

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very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore! —Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire[1], that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe pardon-mes[2], who ſtand ſo much on the new form, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*[3]!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified!—Now is he for the numbers

Saffron Walden, 1596, ſays—"Follow ſome of theſe new-fangled Galiardo's and Signor Fantaſtico's," &c. Again, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—"I have danc'd with queens, dallied with ladies, worn ſtrange attires, ſeen *fantaſticoes*, convers'd with humouriſts," &c. STEEVENS.

Fantaſticoes is the reading of the firſt quarto, 1597; all the ſubſequent *ancient* copies read arbitrarily and corruptly—*plantacies*. MALONE.

[1] *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire,*] Humorouſly apoſtrophiſing his anceſtors, whoſe ſober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. WARBURTON.

[2] —*theſe* pardon-mes,] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or heſitation among men of the ſword, when the point of honour was grown ſo delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. JOHNSON.

The old copies have—theſe *pardon-mees*, not, theſe pardon *nez-mois*. Theobald *firſt* ſubſtituted the French word, without any neceſſity. MALONE.

[3] *O, their* bons, *their* bons!] Mercutio is here ridiculing thoſe frenchified fantaſtical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnezmoi's*: and therefore, I ſuſpect here he meant to write French too.

O, their *bon's!* their *bon's!*

i. e. how ridiculous they make themſelves in crying out *good*, and being in ecſtacies with every trifle; as he had juſt deſcribed them before:

"——a very good blade!" &c. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—O, their *bones*, their *bones!* Mr. Theobald's emendation is confirmed by a paſſage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, from which we learn that *bon jour* was the common ſalutation of thoſe who affected to appear fine gentlemen in our authour's time: "No, I want the *bon jour* and the *tu quoque*, which yonder gentleman has." MALONE.

They ſtand ſo much on the new form, *that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the* old bench.] This conceit is loſt, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to. FARMER.

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act I. ſc. ii: "—ſitting with her on the *form*, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and *form* following." STEEVENS.

that

that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, ſhe had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipſy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thiſbé, a grey eye or ſo[4], but not to the purpoſe.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French ſalutation to your French ſlop[5]. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, ſir, the ſlip[6]; Can you not conceive?

Rom.

[4] *Thiſbé a* grey *eye or ſo,*] He means to allow that Thiſbé had a very fine eye; for from various paſſages it appears that a grey eye was in our authour's time thought eminently beautiful. This may ſeem ſtrange to thoſe who are not converſant with ancient phraſeology; but a *grey* eye undoubtedly meant what we now denominate a *blue* eye. Thus, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Her two *blue* windows faintly ſhe upheaveth,"—

i. e. the windows or lids of her *blue* eyes. In the very ſame poem the eyes of Venus are termed *grey*:

"Mine eyes are *grey* and bright, and quick in turning."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"To ſee the incloſed lights, now canopy'd
"Under theſe windows: white and *azure* lac'd;
"With *blue* of heaven's own tinct."

In *Twelfth Night*, Olivia ſays, "I will give out divers ſchedules of my *beauty*;—as *item*, two lips, indifferently red; *item*, two *grey* eyes, with lids to them," &c. So Julia, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ſpeaking of her rival's eyes, as eminently beautiful, ſays,

"Her eyes are *grey* as glaſs, and ſo are mine."

And Chaucer has the ſame compariſon:

"—hire eyes *gray* as *glas*."

This compariſon proves deciſively what I have aſſerted; for clear and tranſparent glaſs is not what we now call grey, but blue, or azure.

MALONE.

[5] —*your French ſlop.*] *Slops* are large looſe *bretches* or *trowſers*, worn at preſent only by ſailors. STEEVENS.

[6] —*What* counterfeit, &c.

Mer. The ſlip, *ſir, the* ſlip;] To underſtand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *ſlip*, it ſhould be obſerved that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money diſtinguiſhed by the name of a *ſlip*. This will appear in the following inſtances: "And therefore he went and got him certain *ſlips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being braſſe, and covered over with ſilver, which the common people call *ſlips*." *Thieves falling out, true men come by their goods*; by Robert Greene.

Again:

"——I had like t' have been
"Abus'd i' the buſineſs, had the *ſlip* flurr'd on me;
"A *counterfeit*." *Magnetick Lady*, A. III. S. vi. REED.

The

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my buſineſs was great; and, in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay—ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'ſy.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd[7].

Mer. Well ſaid[8]: follow me this jeſt now, till thou haſt worn out thy pump; that, when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſolely ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſoled jeſt[9], ſolely ſingular for the ſingleneſs!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and ſpurs, ſwitch and ſpurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I have done; for thou haſt more of the wild gooſe in one of thy

The ſlip is again uſed equivocally in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657: "*Clown.* Becauſe you ſhall be ſure on't you have given me a *nine-pence* here, and I'll give you *the ſlip* for it." [*Exit.* MALONE.

[7] *—then is my pump well flower'd.*] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be eaſily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. JOHNSON.

See the ſhoes of the *morris-dancers* in the plate at the concluſion of the firſt part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it.

It was the cuſtom to wear ribbons in the ſhoes formed into the ſhape of roſes, or of any other flowers. So, in the *Maſque* by the gent. of Gray's-Inn, 1614: "Every maſker's *pump* was faſtened with a *flower* ſuitable to his cap." STEEVENS.

[8] *Well ſaid:*] So the original copy. The quarto of 1599, and the other ancient copies have—*Sure wit*, follow, &c. What was meant, I ſuppoſe, was—*Sheer* wit! follow, &c. and this corruption may ſerve to juſtify an emendation that I have propoſed in a paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where I am confident *ſure* was a printer's blunder. MALONE.

[9] *O* ſingle-ſoled *jeſt*,] This epithet is here uſed equivocally. It formerly ſignified mean or contemptible; and that is one of the ſenſes in which it is uſed here. So, in Holinſhed's Deſcription of Ireland, p. 23:—"which was not unlikely, conſidering that a meane tower might ſerve ſuch *ſingle-ſcale* kings as were at thoſe daies in Ireland." MALONE.

wits

wits, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear [1] for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe, bite not [2].

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting [3]; it is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerved in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel [4], that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou ſociable, now art thou Romeo? now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole [5].

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

1 *I will* bite thee by the ear—] So Sir Epicure Mammon to Face in Jonſon's *Alchymiſt*:

"Slave, I could *bite thine ear.*" STEEVENS.

2 —*good gooſe, bite not.*] is a proverbial expreſſion, to be found in Ray's Collection; and is uſed in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599. STEEVENS.

3 —*a very bitter ſweeting*;] A bitter *ſweeting*, is an apple of that name. So, in *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600:

"—as well crabs as *ſweetings* for his ſummer fruits."

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

"—what, in diſpleaſure gone!

"And left me ſuch a *bitter ſweet* to gnaw upon?" STEEVENS.

4 —*a wit of* cheverel,] *Cheverel* is ſoft leather for gloves. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609:

"Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,

"Not *cheveril* ſtretching to ſuch prophanation."

Again, in *The Owl*, by Drayton:

"*A cheverell* conſcience, and a ſearching wit." STEEVENS.

Cheveril is from Chevreuil, roebuck. MUSGRAVE.

5 —*to hide his* bauble *in a hole.*] It has been already obſerved by Sir *J. Hawkins*, in a note on *All's Well*, &c. that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licenſed fool or jeſter. So again, in Sir *W. D'Avenant's Albovine*, 1629: "For ſuch rich widows there love *court fools*, and uſe to play with their *baubles*."

See the plate at the end of *K. Henry IV.* P. I. with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEVENS.

Mer.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the hair[6].

Ben. Thou would'ſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it ſhort: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer[7].

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurſe, *and* PETER.

Mer. A ſail, a ſail, a ſail[8]!

Ben. Two, two; a ſhirt and a ſmock.

Nurſe. Peter!

Peter. Anon.

Nurſe. My fan, Peter[9].

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den[1], fair gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial[2] is now upon the prick of noon.

[6] — *againſt the hair.*] *A contrepoil:* Fr. An expreſſion equivalent to one which we now uſe,—"againſt the grain." STEEVENS.

[7] — *to* occupy *the argument no longer.*] Here we have another wanton alluſion. MALONE.

[8] Mer. *A ſail, a ſail, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the ſubſequent ancient copies theſe words are erroneouſly given to Romeo. MALONE.

[9] *My fan, Peter.*] The buſineſs of *Peter* carrying the *Nurſe's fan*, ſeems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find ſuch was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet, called "*The Serving-man's Comfort*," 1598, we are informed, "The miſtreſs muſt have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*." FARMER.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

To ſee him walk before a lady, and to *bear a fan.*

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman-uſher, &c. who can hide his face with her fan." &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *God ye good den.*] i. e. God give you a good even. The firſt of theſe contractions is common among the ancient comic writers. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Laſs*, 1633:

"*God you good even* ſir." STEEVENS.

[2] — *the hand of the dial*—] In the *Puritan Widow*, 1607, which has been attributed to our author, is a ſimilar expreſſion: "— the feſkewe of the diall is upon the chriſſe-croſſe of noon." STEEVENS.

Nurſe. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himſelf to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth, it is well ſaid;—For himſelf to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for 'fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well? very well look, i'faith; wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If you be he, ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare, ſir[3]; unleſs a hare, ſir, in a lenten pye, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoar[4],
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be ſpent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

[3] *No hare, ſir;*] Mercutio having roared out, *So, ho!* the cry of the ſportſmen when they ſtart a hare, Romeo aſks *what he has found.* And Mercutio anſwers, *No hare,* &c. The reſt is a ſeries of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not underſtand, needs not lament his ignorance. JOHNSON.

So ho! is the term made uſe of in the field when the hare is found in her ſeat, and not when ſhe is *ſtarted.* A. C.

[4] *An old hare hoar,*] *Hoar* or *hoary*, is often uſed for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. So, in *Pierce Pennyleſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "—as *leary* as Dutch butter." Again, in F. Beaumont's letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer, 1602: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were vineW'd and *hoarie* with over-long lying." STEEVENS.

Theſe lines appear to have been part of an old ſong. In the quarto 1597, we have here this ſtage direction: "*He walks between them,* [i. e. the nurſe and Peter,] *and ſings.*" MALONE.

Mer.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady; farewel, lady, lady, lady[5].

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO, *and* BENVOLIO.

Nurſe. Marry, farewel[6]!—I pray you, ſir, what ſaucy merchant was this[7], that was ſo full of his ropery[8]?

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk; and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurſe. An 'a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an 'a were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his ſkains-mates[1]:—And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure?

Peter. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure; if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you; I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

[5] —*lady, lady, lady.*] The burthen of an old ſong. STEEVENS.

[6] *Marry, farewell!*] Theſe words I have recovered from the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

[7] —*what ſaucy merchant was this*, &c.] The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the loweſt ſort of dealers, ſeems anciently to have been uſed on theſe familiar occaſions in contradiſtinction to *gentleman*; ſignifying that the perſon ſhewed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the ſame import with *merchant* in its leſs reſpectable ſenſe, is ſtill in common uſe among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any perſon of whom they mean to ſpeak with freedom or diſreſpect. STEEVENS.

[8] —of his *ropery?*] *Ropery* was anciently uſed in the ſame ſenſe as *roguery* is now. So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" Thou art very pleaſant and full of thy *roperye*."

Rope tricks are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS.

[1] —*none of his* ſkains-*mates?*] *None of his ſkains-mates* means, I apprehend, none of his cut-throat companions. MALONE.

A *ſkein* or *ſkain* was either a knife or *a ſhort dagger*. By *ſkains-mates* the nurſe means none of his looſe companions who frequent the fencing-ſchool with him, where we may ſuppoſe the exerciſe of this weapon was taught.

The word is uſed in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

" Againſt the light-foot Iriſh have I ſerv'd,
" And in my ſkin beare tokens of their *ſkeins*."

Green, in his *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, deſcribes " an ill-favour'd knave, who wore by his ſide a *ſkeine* like a brewer's bung-knife."

Skein is the Iriſh word for a *knife*. STEEVENS.

Swift has the word in his deſcription of an Iriſh feaſt:

" A cubit at leaſt
" The length of their *ſkains*." NICHOLS.

Nurſe. Now, afore God, I am ſo vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, ſir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what ſhe bade me ſay, I will keep to myſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay[2], it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs. I proteſt unto thee,—

Nurſe. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, ſir,—that you do proteſt[3]; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhriſt
This afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at friar Lawrence' cell
Be ſhriv'd, and marry'd. Here is for thy pains[4].

Nurſe. No, truly, ſir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I ſay, you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, ſir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee;

[2] —*if ye ſhould lead her into* a fool's paradiſe, *as they ſay,*] So, in *A Handfull of pleaſant delightes, containing ſundrie new ſonets,* &c. 1584:

"When they ſee they may her win,
"They leave then where they did begin:
"They prate, and make the matter nice,
"And leave her *in fooles paradiſe.*" MALONE.

[3] —*proteſt*;] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comic to Shakſpeare's audience, is not at preſent to be determined. The uſe of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:

"There is not the beſt duke's ſon in France dares ſay, *I proteſt*, till he be one and thirty years old at leaſt; for the inheritance of that word is not to be poſſeſſed before." STEEVENS.

[4] —*Here is for thy pains.*] So, in *The Tragical Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Then he vi crowns of gold out of his pocket drew,
"And gave them her;—a ſlight reward, quoth he;—and ſo
"adieu." MALONE.

And

And bring thee cords made like a tackled ſtair[5];
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy[6]
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewel!—Be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewel!—Commend me to thy miſtreſs.

Nurſe. Now God in heaven bleſs thee!—Hark you, ſir.

Rom. What ſay'ſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? Did you ne'er hear ſay—Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee[7]: my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurſe. Well, ſir; my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prattling thing[8],—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him. I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the varſal world. Doth not roſemary and Romeo begin both with a letter[9]?

Rom.

[5] —*like a tackled ſtair*;] Like ſtairs of rope in the tackle of a ſhip. JOHNSON.

A ſtair, for a flight of ſtairs, is ſtill the language of Scotland, and was probably once common to both kingdoms. MALONE.

[6] —*top-gallant of my joy*—] The *top-gallant* is the higheſt extremity of the maſt of a ſhip.

The expreſſion is common to many writers; among the reſt, to Markham in his *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607: "—beholding in the high *top-gallant* of his valour—." STEEVENS.

[7] *I warrant thee*:] *I*, which is not in the quartos or firſt folio, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] *Well, ſir*; *my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady*:—Lord, lord!—*when 'twas a little* prating *thing*,—] So, in the poem:

"And how ſhe gave her ſuck in youth, ſhe leaveth not to tell.
"A pretty babe, quoth ſhe, it was, when it was young;
"*Lord*, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue," &c.

This dialogue is not found in Painter's *Rhomeo and Julietta*. MALONE.

[9] *Doth not* roſemary *and Romeo begin both with a letter?*] By this queſtion the nurſe means to inſinuate that Romeo's image was ever in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Roſemary being conceived to have the power of ſtrengthening the memory, was an emblem of remembrance, and of the affection of lovers, and (for this reaſon probably,) was worn at weddings. So, in *A Handfull of pleaſant Delites*, &c. 1584:

"Roſemary is for remembrance,
"Betweene us daie and night,

Rom. Ay, nurſe; What of that? both with an R.

Nurſe. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with ſome other letter[1]: and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurſe. Ay, a thouſand times.—Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurſe. Peter, take my fan, and go before[2]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock ſtruck nine, when I did ſend the nurſe;
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance, ſhe cannot meet him:—that's not ſo.—

" Wiſhing that I might alwaies have
" You preſent in my ſight."

Again, in our authour's *Hamlet*:

" There's *roſemary*, that's for *remembrance*."

That roſemary was much uſed at weddings, appears from many paſſages in the old plays. So, in the *Noble Spaniſh Soldier*, 1634: " I meet few but are ſtruck with roſemary; every one aſk'd me, who was to be *married?*" Again, in the *Wit of a Woman*, 1604: " What is here to do? Wine and cakes, and *roſemary*, and *noſegaies?* What, a *wedding?*" MALONE.

[1] *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for the* dog. *No; I know it begins with ſome other letter:*] This paſſage is not in the original copy of 1597. The quarto 1599, and folio read—Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name. R is for *the no*, I know it begins, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

Dr. Warburton obſerves that Ben Jonſon in his *Engliſh Grammar*, ſays, that R is the dog's name, and hirreth in the ſound.

" Irritata canis quod R R quam plurima dicat." *Lutil.*

I am not ſure that Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is neceſſary. An abrupt ſentence may have been intended. R. is for the—No; I know it begins, &c. The ſame remark, I have lately obſerved, has been made by an anonymous writer. MALONE.

[2] *Peter, take my fan, and go before.*] Thus the firſt quarto. The ſubſequent ancient copies inſtead of theſe words have—Before, and apace. MALONE.

O, ſhe

O, ſhe is lame! love's heralds ſhould be thoughts [3],
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun's beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift Cupid wings.
Now is the ſun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet ſhe is not come.
Had ſhe affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, ſlow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe, *and* Peter.

O God, ſhe comes!—O honey nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? Send thy man away.
Nurſe. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.
Jul. Now, good ſweet nurſe,—O lord! why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though news be ſad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news
By playing it to me with ſo ſour a face [4].
Nurſe. I am weary, give me leave a while;—

[3] —*ſhould be thoughts*, &c.] The ſpeech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

——— ſhould be thoughts,
And run more ſwift than haſty powder fir'd,
Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.
Oh, now ſhe comes! Tell me, gentle nurſe,
What ſays my love?—

The greateſt part of the ſcene is likewiſe added ſince that edition. STEEVENS.

[4] *If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news,*
By playing it to me with ſo ſour a face.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —— needs ſo tart a favour,
" To trumpet ſuch good tidings!"

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" —— if it be ſummer-news,
" Smile to it before." MALONE.

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had[5]!
Jul. I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak;—good, good nurſe, ſpeak.
Nurſe. Jeſu, what haſte? can you not ſtay awhile?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good, or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, Is't good or bad?
Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chooſe a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare: He is not the flower of courteſy,—but I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; ſerve God:—What, have you dined at home?
Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that[6]?
Nurſe. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other ſide,—O, my back, my back!—
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
Jul. I'faith, I am ſorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me, what ſays my love?

[5] *What a* jaunt *have I had!*] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads:

— what a *jaunce* have I had!

The two words appear to have been formerly ſynonymous. See *King Richard II.*

"Spurr-gall'd and tir'd by *jauncing* Bolingbroke." MALONE.

[6] *No, no: But all this did I know before;*
What ſays he of our marriage? *what of that?*] So, in *The Tragicall Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Tell me elſe what, quod ſhe, this evermore I thought;
"But of *our marriage*, ſay at once, what anſwer have you brought?" MALONE.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother?—why, ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? How oddly thou reply'ſt?
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,—
Where is your mother?
Nurſe. O, God's lady dear!
Are you ſo hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meſſages yourſelf.
Jul. Here's ſuch a coil;—Come, what ſays Romeo?
Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurſe. Then hie you hence to friar Lawrence' cell,
There ſtays a huſband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church; I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's neſt ſoon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you ſhall bear the burden ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honeſt nurſe, farewel.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Friar Lawrence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, *and* ROMEO[7].

Fri. So ſmile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!
Rom.

[7] This ſcene was entirely new formed: the reader may be pleaſed to have it as it was at firſt written:

Rom. Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant
Conſiſts the good of me and Juliet.
Friar. Without more words, I will do all I may
To make you happy, if in me it lie.
Rom. This morning here ſhe 'pointed we ſhould meet,
And conſummate thoſe never-parting bands,

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends [8],
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiſs, conſume: The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth ſo;
Too ſwift arrives [9] as tardy as too ſlow.

Witneſs of our hearts' love, by joining hands;
And come ſhe will.

Friar. I gueſs ſhe will indeed:
Youth's love is quick, ſwifter than ſwifteſt ſpeed.

Enter Juliet ſomewhat faſt, and embraceth Romeo.

See where ſhe comes!——
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;
Of love and joy, ſee, ſee the ſovereign power!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My Juliet, welcome! As do waking eyes
(Clos'd in night's miſts) attend the frolick day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet;
And thou art come.

Jul. I am (if I be day)
Come to my ſun; ſhine forth, and make me fair.

Rom. All beauteous fairneſs dwelleth in thine eyes.

Jul. Romeo, from thine all brightneſs doth ariſe.

Friar. Come, wantons, come, the ſtealing hours do paſs;
Defer embracements to ſome fitter time:
Part for a time, "you ſhall not be alone,
"'Till holy church hath join'd you both in one."

Rom. Lead, holy father, all delay ſeems long.

Jul. Make haſte, make haſte, this ling'ring doth us wrong.

Friar. O, ſoft and fair makes ſweeteſt work, they ſay;
Haſte is a common hind'rer in croſs-way. [*Exeunt.*

STEEVENS.

[8] *Theſe violent delights have violent ends,*] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Theſe violent vanities can never laſt." MALONE.

[9] *Too ſwift arrives*—] He that travels too faſt is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels ſlow. Precipitation produces miſhap. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady [1] :—O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint:
A lover may beſtride the goſſamours [2]
That idle in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall; ſo light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly confeſſor.

Fri. Romeo ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happineſs that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words [3],
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth [4];
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up half my ſum of wealth [5].

Fri.

[1] *Here comes the lady:* &c.] However the poet might think the alteration of this ſcene on the whole to be neceſſary, I am afraid, in reſpect of the paſſage before us, he has not been very ſucceſsful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlaſting flint* appears to me not only more reprehenſible, but even leſs beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightneſs of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the paſſion of love produced in her mind. STEEVENS.

[2] *A lover may beſtride the* goſſamours—] The *Goſſamer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in ſummer. So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, by *Nabbes*:

" Fine as Arachne's web, or *goſſamer*,
" Whoſe curls when garniſh'd by their dreſſing, ſhew
" Like that ſpun vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew?"

STEEVENS.

See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616: " *Goſſomer*. Things that flye like cobwebs in the ayre." MALONE.

[3] Conceit, *more rich*, &c.] Conceit here means imagination. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" — which the *conceited* painter drew ſo proud," &c.

[4] *They are but beggars that can count their worth*;] So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: " I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much." MALONE.

[5] *I cannot ſum up half my ſum of wealth.*] The quarto, 1599, reads:

I cannot ſum up *ſum* of half my wealth.

The

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *Page, and Servants.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot[6], the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl;
For now, theſe hot days, is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays *God ſend me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as ſoon moved to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs, in his beard, than thou haſt. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reaſon but becauſe thou haſt hazel eyes; What eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou haſt quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the ſtreet,

The undated quarto and the folio:
I cannot ſum up *ſome* of half my wealth.
The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[6] *The day is hot,*] It is obſerved, that in Italy almoſt all aſſaſſinations are committed during the heat of ſummer. JOHNSON.

becauſe

becauſe he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter? with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling[7]!

Ben. An I were ſo apt [8] to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? O ſimple!

Enter TYBALT, *and Others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them[9].—Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with ſomething; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, ſir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with Romeo,—

Mer. Conſort! what, doſt thou make us minſtrels? an thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords; here's my fiddleſtick; here's that ſhall make you dance. 'Zounds, conſort!

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men: Either withdraw into ſome private place,

[7] —*thou wilt tutor me* from *quarreling!*] Thou wilt endeavour to reſtrain me, by prudential advice, from quarreling.

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—thou wilt *forbid* me of quarreling. The modern editions, after Mr. Pope, read—Thou wilt tutor me *for* quarreling. MALONE.

[8] *An I were ſo apt*, &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches have been added ſince the firſt quarto, together with ſome few circumſtances in the reſt of the ſcene, as well as in the enſuing one. STEEVENS.

[9] Follow me cloſe, *for I will ſpeak to them.*] In the original copy this line is not found, Tybalt entering alone. In that of 1599 we find this ſtage direction: "Enter Tybalt, *Petruchio*, and others;" and the above line is inſerted; but I ſtrongly ſuſpect it to be an interpolation; for would Tybalt's partizans ſuffer him to be killed without taking any part in the affray? That they do not join in it, appears from the account given by Benvolio. In the original copy Benvolio ſays, on the entrance of Tybalt, "By my head, here comes *a Capulet.*" Inſtead of the two latter words, we have in the quarto 1599, *the Capulets.*" MALONE.

Or

Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee [1], can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewel; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata [2] carries it away.— [*draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats [3], nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the

[1] —*the* hate *I bear thee,*] So the quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies have—the *love,* &c. MALONE.

[2] *A la stoccata*—] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or a stab with a rapier. So, in the *Devil's Charter,* 1607:

"He makes a quick thrust; I with a swift passado
"Make quick avoidance, and with this *stoccata,*" &c.
STEEVENS.

[3] *Good king of cats,*] Alluding to his name. See p. 68, n. 1.
MALONE

ears?

ears[4]? make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, ſir, your paſſado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for ſhame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expreſsly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona ſtreets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[*Exeunt* Tybalt *and his Partizans.*

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both the houſes!—I am ſped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

[*Exit* Page.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: aſk for me to-morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man[5]. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houſes!—

[4] *Will you pluck your ſword out of his* pilcher *by the ears?*] We ſhould read *pilche*, which ſignifies a cloke or coat of ſkins, meaning the ſcabbard. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads *ſcabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, juſt. Nash, in *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication*, 1595, ſpeaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*: "Thou haſt forgot how thou ambled'ſt in a leather *pilch*, by a play-waggon on the highway, and took'ſt mad Jeronimo's part, to get ſervice among the mimics."

It appears from this paſſage, that *Ben Jonſon* acted the part of *Hieronimo* in *the Spaniſh Tragedy*, the ſpeech being addreſſed to *Horace*, under which character old *Ben* is ridiculed. STEEVENS.

[5] —*a* grave *man.*] After this, the quarto, 1597, continues Mercutio's ſpeech as follows:

—A pox o' both your houſes! I ſhall be fairly mounted upon four men's ſhoulders for your houſe of the Montagues and the Capulets: and then ſome peaſantly rogue, ſome ſexton, ſome baſe ſlave, ſhall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was ſlain for the firſt and ſecond cauſe. Where's the ſurgeon?

Boy. He's come, ſir.

Mer.

houſes!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, Benvolio,
Or I ſhall faint.—A plague o' both your houſes!
They have made worms meat of me:
I have it, and ſoundly too:—Your houſes!

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO, *and* BENVOLIO.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With Tybalt's ſlander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinſman:—O ſweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoften'd valour's ſteel*.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds[6],
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

Mer. Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other ſide.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o'both your houſes! STEEVENS.

—*you ſhall find me* a grave man.] This jeſt was better in old language, than it is at preſent; Lidgate ſays, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

"My maſter *Chaucer* now *is grave*." FARMER.

I meet with the ſame quibble in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where *Vindici* dreſſes up a lady's *ſcull*, and obſerves:

"—ſhe has a ſomewhat *grave* look with her." STEEVENS.

Again, in ſir Thomas Overbury's Deſcription of a Sexton, CHARACTERS, 1616: "At every church-ſtyle commonly there's an alehouſe; where let him bee found never ſo idle-pated, hee is ſtill a *grave* drunkard." MALONE.

* —ſoften'd *valour's* ſteel.] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"——When *ſteel* grows *ſoft*
"As the paraſite's ſilk—." MALONE.

[6] —*hath* aſpir'd *the clouds*,] So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:

"Her haughty mind is too lofty for me to *aſpire*."

We never uſe this verb at preſent without ſome particle, as, *to* and *after*. STEEVENS.

So alſo Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"Until our bodies turn to elements,
"And both our ſouls *aſpire* celeſtial thrones. MALONE.

Rom.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend[7];
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
Rom. Alive! in triumph[8]! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity[9],
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now[1]!—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight*; Tybalt *falls*.
Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

[7] *This day's black fate on more days does depend*;] This day's unhappy destiny *hangs over* the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief. JOHNSON.

[8] *Alive! in triumph! &c.*—] Thus the quarto, 1597: for which the quarto 1599 has:

He *gan* in triumph—

This in the subsequent ancient copies was made—He *gone*, &c. MALONE.

[9] —respective *lenity*—] Cool, considerate gentleness. *Respect* formerly signified consideration; prudential caution. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, Vol. X. p. 102:

"*Respect* and reason well beseem the sage." MALONE.

[1] *And fire-ey'd fury be my* conduct *now!*] *Conduct* for *conductor*. So, in a former scene of this play, quarto, 1597:

"Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
"Must be my *conduct* in the secret night."

Thus the first quarto. In that of 1599 *end* being corruptly printed instead of *ey'd*, the editor of the folio, according to the usual process of corruption, exhibited the line thus:

And fire *and* fury be my conduct now. MALONE.

Rom.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool[2]!
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay? [*Exit* ROMEO.

Enter Citizens, *&c.*

1. *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
1. *Cit.* Up, ſir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, *attended*; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their Wives, and Others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can diſcover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, ſlain by young Romeo,
That ſlew thy kinſman, brave Mercutio.
La. Cap. Tybalt, my couſin!—O my brother's child!
Unhappy fight! ah, the blood is ſpill'd[3]
Of my dear kinſman!—Prince, as thou art true[4],
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of Montague.—
O couſin, couſin!
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here ſlain, whom Romeo's hand did ſlay;
Romeo that ſpoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel[5] was, and urg'd withal[6]

[2] *O! I am fortune's fool!*] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, *like* the fool in the play. *Thou art death's fool*, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. See Dr. Warburton's note. JOHNSON.
In the firſt copy, O! I am *fortune's ſlave*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Unhappy fight! ah, the blood is ſpill'd*—] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quarto 1599, and the ſubſequent ancient copies, read:
O prince! O couſin! huſband! O, the blood is ſpill'd, &c.
The modern editors have followed neither copy. The word *me* was probably inadvertently omitted in the firſt quarto.
Unhappy fight! ah *me*, the blood is ſpill'd, &c. MALONE.

[4] —*as thou art true*,] As thou art *juſt* and *upright*. JOHNSON.

[5] *How* nice *the quarrel*—] How *ſlight*, how *unimportant*, how *petty*. So, in the laſt Act:
"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge,
"Of dear import." JOHNSON.

[6] —*and urg'd withal*—] The reſt of this ſpeech was new written by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the ſame ſcene. STEEVENS.

Your

Your high diſpleaſure:—all this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold Mercutio's breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to Tybalt, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from Tybalt hit the life
Of ſtout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout Tybalt ſlain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinſman to the Montague,
Affection makes him falſe[7], he ſpeaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all theſe twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for juſtice, which thou, prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew Tybalt, Romeo muſt not live.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law ſhould end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your hates' proceeding[8],

[7] *Affection makes him* falſe,] The charge of falſhood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very juſt. The authour, who ſeems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to ſhew, how the beſt minds in a ſtate of faction and diſcord, are detorted to criminal partiality. JOHNSON.

[8] —*in your* hates' *proceeding*;] This, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, is the reading of the original quarto, 1597. From that copy, in almoſt every ſpeech of this play, readings have been drawn by the modern editors, much preferable to thoſe of the ſucceeding ancient copies. The quarto of 1599 reads—*hearts* proceeding; and the corruption was adopted in the folio. MALONE.

My

My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes;
Nor tears, nor prayers, ſhall purchaſe out abuſes[9],
Therefore uſe none: let Romeo hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill[1].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's *houſe.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Towards Phœbus' manſion[2]; ſuch a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately[3].—
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night!

[9] *Nor tears, nor prayers, ſhall purchaſe out abuſes,*] This was probably deſigned as a ſtroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, inceſt, and all other crimes, were minutely ſettled, and as ſhameleſsly received. STEEVENS.

[1] *Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.*] So, in *Hale's Memorials:* "When I find myſelf ſwayed to mercy, let me remember likewiſe that there is a mercy due to the country."

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The ſentiment here enforced is different from that found in the firſt edition, 1597. There the prince concludes his ſpeech with theſe words:

Pity ſhall dwell, and govern with us ſtill;
Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.

MALONE.

[2] Gallop apace, *you fiery-footed ſteeds,*
Towards Phœbus' manſion; &c.] Our authour probably remembered Marlowe's *King Edward II.* which was performed before 1593:

"*Gallop apace,* bright Phœbus, through the ſkie,
"And duſky *night* in ruſty iron car;
"Between you both, ſhorten the time, I pray,
"That I may ſee that moſt deſired day." MALONE.

The ſecond quarto and folio read, Phœbus' *lodging.* STEEVENS.

[3] —*immediately.*] Here ends this ſpeech in the eldeſt quarto. The reſt of the ſcene has likewiſe received conſiderable alterations and additions. STEEVENS.

That

That run-away's eyes may wink[4]; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties[5]: or, if love be blind,

[4] *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!*

That run-away's *eyes may wink*;] Dr. Warburton reads—That *the* runaway's eyes may wink, i. e. the *sun's*. Mr. Heath justly observes on this emendation, that the sun is necessarily absent as soon as night begins, and that it is very unlikely that Juliet, who has just complained of his tediousness, should call him a *runaway*. In the *Merchant of Venice*, as Dr. Warburton has observed, that term is applied to night:

"For the close night doth play the *runaway*." MALONE.

The construction of this passage, however elliptical or perverse, I believe to be as follows:

May that run-away's eyes wink!

Or, *That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink!*

These ellipses are frequent in Spenser; and *that* for *oh! that*, is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer observes in a note on the first scene of the *Winter's Tale*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act. III. sc. vi.

That ever I should call thee cast-away!

Juliet first wishes for the absence of the sun, and then invokes the night to spread its curtain close around the world:

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!

next, recollecting that the night would seem short to her, she speaks of it as of a *run-away*, whose flight she would wish to retard, and whose eyes she would blind lest they should make discoveries. The *eyes of night* are the stars, so called in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakspeare terms *the night a run-away* in the *Merchant of Venice*: and in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, it is spoken of under the same character:

"The night hath play'd the swift-foot *run-away*."

Romeo was not expected by Juliet till the sun was gone, and therefore it was of no consequence to her that any eyes should wink but those of the night; for, as Ben Jonson says in *Sejanus*,

"——*night hath many eyes*,
"Whereof, tho' most do sleep, yet some are spies."

STEEVENS.

That seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pronoun *ista*. These lines contain no wish, but a reason for Juliet's preceding wish for the approach of *cloudy* night; for in such a night there may be no starlight to discover our stolen pleasures;

"That runaway eyes *may* wink, and Romeo
"Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen."

BLACKSTONE.

[5] *Lovers can see to do their amorous rites*
By their own beauties:] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

"—dark night is Cupid's day."

The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio read—*And* by their own beauties. In the text the undated quarto has been followed. MALONE.

It

It beſt agrees with night.—Come, civil night[6],
Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to loſe a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of ſtainleſs maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood [7] bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till ſtrange love, grown bold *,
Think true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new ſnow upon a raven's back [8].—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he ſhall die [9],
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars [1],
And he will make the face of heaven ſo fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the garniſh ſun [2].—

O, I have

[6] *Come, civil night,*] *Civil is grave, decently ſolemn.* JOHNSON.
So, in our poet's *Lover's Complaint*:

" —my white ſtole of chaſtity I daff'd,
" Shook off my ſober guards and *civil* fears." MALONE.

[7] — unmann'd *blood*—] *Hood my* unmann'd *blood* bating *in my cheeks.* Theſe are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed) is fluttering with the wings as ſtriving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Sad Shepherd*:

" A hawk yet half ſo haggard and *unmann'd*."

Again, in the *Book of hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date: " It is called *bating*, for ſhe *bateth* with herſelfe moſt often cauſeleſſe." STEEVENS.

To *hood* a hawk, that is, to cover its head with a hood, was an uſual practice, before the bird was ſuffered to fly at its quarry. MALONE.

* — grown *bold.*] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copies for *grown* have *grow.* MALONE.

[8] *Whiter than new ſnow upon a raven's back.*] Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The line is not in the firſt quarto. The editor of the ſecond folio, for the ſake of the metre, reads—*on* a raven's back; and ſo, many of the modern editors. MALONE.

[9] — *when* he *ſhall die,*] This emendation is drawn from the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599, 1609, and the folio, read—when *I* ſhall die. MALONE.

[1] *Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,* &c.] The ſame childiſh thought occurs in *The Wiſdome of Doctor Dodypoll*, which was acted before the year 1596:

" The glorious parts of fair Lucilia,
" Take them and joine them in the heavenly ſpheres;
" And fixe them there as an eternal light,
" For lovers to adore and wonder at." STEEVENS.

[2] — *the* garniſh *ſun.*] Milton had this ſpeech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penſeroſo*:

" —*Civil*

O, I have bought the manſion of a love *,
But not poſſeſs'd it; and, though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurſe,

Enter Nurſe, *with cords.*

And ſhe brings news; and every tongue, that ſpeaks
But Romeo's name, ſpeaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurſe, what news? What haſt thou there? the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurſe. Ay, ay, the cords. [*throws them down.*

Jul. Ah me! what news! why doſt thou wring thy hands?

Nurſe. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone?—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?

Nurſe. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath Romeo ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but *I* [3],
And that bare vowel *I* ſhall poiſon more

" —— *Civil* night,
" Thou ſober-*ſuited* matron."—*Shakſpeare.*
" Till *civil-ſuited* morn appear."—*Milton.*
" Pay no worſhip to the *gariſh* ſun."—*Shakſpeare.*
" Hide me from day's *gariſh* eye."—*Milton.* JOHNSON.

Gariſh is gaudy, ſhowy. So, in *K. Richard III:*

" A dream of what thou waſt, a *gariſh* flag.

Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:

" —— march'd like players
" With *gariſh* robes."

It ſometimes ſignifies wild, flighty. So, in the following inſtance: " —ſtarting up and *gariſhly* ſtaring about, eſpecially on the face of *Elioſto.*" Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoſo*, 1606. STEEVENS.

* —*I have bought* the manſion of a love,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —the ſtrong baſe and *building of my love*
" Is as the very center to the earth,
" Drawing all things to it." MALONE.

[3] —*ſay thou but* I,] In Shakſpeare's time (as Theobald has obſerved,) the affirmative particle *ay* was uſually written *I*, and here it is neceſſary to retain the old ſpelling. MALONE.

Than

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice[4]:
I am not I, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swoonded at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord[5]?—

[4] — *death-darting eye of cockatrice*:] The strange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. POPE.

The strange lines are these:

I am not I, if there be such an I,
Or those eyes shot, that make thee answer, I.
If he be slain, say—I; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

These lines hardly deserve emendation; yet it may be proper to observe, that their meanness has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the two first of them being evidently transposed; we should read:

— that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,
Or those eyes *shot*, that make thee answer, I.
I am not I, &c. JOHNSON.

I think the transposition recommended may be spared. The second line is corrupted. Read *shut* instead of *shot*, and then the meaning will be sufficiently intelligible.

Shot, however, may be the same as *shut*. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, late edit. ver. 3358:

"And dresſed him up by a *shot* window." STEEVENS.

[5] *My* dear-lov'd *cousin, and my dearer lord?*] The quarto 1599, and the folio, read,

My *dearest* cousin, and my dearer lord?

Mr. Pope introduced the present reading from the original copy of 1597. MALONE.

Then,

Then, dreadful trumpet, ſound the general doom!
For who is living, if theſe two are gone?
Nurſe. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo baniſh'd;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.
Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand ſhed Tybalt's blood?
Nurſe. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.
Jul. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave[6]?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven[7]! wolviſh-ravening lamb!
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of divineſt ſhow!
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint*, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou did'ſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?—
Was ever book, containing ſuch vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!
Nurſe. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty in men; all perjur'd,
All forſworn, all naught, all diſſemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *aqua vitæ*:—
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old[8].
Shame come to Romeo!

[6] *O ſerpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!*
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?] So, in *King John*:
" Ruſh, inconſiderate, fiery voluntaries,
" *With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleen.*
Again, in *King Henry VIII.*
" You have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts."
The line, *Did ever dragon, &c.* and the following eight lines, are not in the quarto 1597. MALONE.

[7] *Dove-feather'd raven!*] The quarto 1599, and folio, read:
Ravenous dove-feather'd raven, wolviſh-ravening lamb.
The word *ravenous*, which was written probably in the manuſcript by miſtake in the latter part of the line, for *ravening*, and then ſtruck out, crept from thence to the place where it appears. It was properly rejected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

* *A* damned *ſaint*,] The quarto 1599, for *damned* has—*dimme*; the firſt folio *dimne*. The reading of the text is found in the undated quarto. MALONE.

[8] *Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old.*] So, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint*:
" Not age, but ſorrow, over me hath power." MALONE.

Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame:
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit[9];
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide at him!

Nurſe. Will you ſpeak well of him that kill'd your couſin?

Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my huſband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it[1]?—
But, wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my huſband:
Back, fooliſh tears[2], back to your native ſpring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, miſtaking, offer up to joy.

[9] *Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit;*] So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, tom. ii. p. 223: "Is it poſſible that under ſuch beautie and rare comelineſſe, diſloyaltie and treaſon may have their *ſiedge* and lodging?" STEEVENS.

[1] *Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,*
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?] So, in the poem already quoted:

"Ah cruel *murd'ring tongue*, murderer of others' fame,
"How durſt thou once attempt to touch the honour of his *name?*
"Whoſe deadly foes do yield him due and earned praiſe,
"For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.
"Why blam'ſt thou Romeus for ſlaying of Tybalt?
"Since he is guiltleſs quite of all, and Tybalt bears the fault.
"Whither ſhall he, alas! poor baniſh'd man, now fly?
"What place of ſuccour ſhall he ſeek beneath the ſtarry ſky?
"Since ſhe purſueth him, and him defames by wrong,
"That in diſtreſs ſhould be his fort, and only rampire ſtrong."
MALONE.

[2] *Back*, fooliſh *tears*, &c.] So, in the *Tempeſt*:

"——I am a *fool*
"To weep at what I am glad of."

I think, in this ſpeech of Juliet, the words *woe* and *joy* ſhould change places; otherwiſe, her reaſoning is inconcluſive. STEEVENS.

There is ſurely no need of change. Juliet's reaſoning, as the text now ſtands, is perfectly correct. "*Back*," ſays ſhe, "*to your native ſource, you fooliſh tears! Properly you ought to flow only on melancholy occaſions; but now you erroneouſly ſhed your tributary drops for an event* [the death of Tybalt and the ſubſequent eſcape of my beloved Romeo] *which is in fact to me a ſubject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have ſlain my huſband; but my huſband is alive, and has ſlain Tybalt. This is a ſource of joy, not of ſorrow: wherefore then do I weep?*" MALONE.

My

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banish'd;
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts [3]. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship [4],
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation [5] might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;

[3] *Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*] That is, is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts. Dr. Johnson's explanation [hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being,] cannot be right; for the passage itself shews that Tybalt was not out of her mind. MASON.

[4] —*four woe delights in fellowship,*] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece:*

"And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
"As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage."

Again, in *King Lear:*

"—the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,
"When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship." MALONE.

[5] *Which* modern *lamentation*, &c.] This line is left out of the later editions, I suppose because the editors did not remember that Shakspeare uses *modern* for *common*, or *slight:* I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate.* JOHNSON.

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurſe; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurſe. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Lawrence' cell.
Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Friar Lawrence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, *and* ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom. What leſs than dooms-day is the prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vaniſh'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.
Rom. Ha! baniſhment? be merciful, ſay—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death:—do not ſay—baniſhment.
Fri. Hence from Verona art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itſelf.
Hence-baniſhed is baniſh'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then baniſhment[6]

[6] —*then* baniſhment—] The quarto 1599, and the folio, read—then *baniſhed*. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The words are not in the quarto 1597. MALONE.

Is

Is death miſ-term'd: calling death—baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſh'd aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment:
This is dear mercy[7], and thou ſeeſt it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo[8]; they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and veſtal modeſty,
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin;
But Romeo may not; he is baniſhed[9]:
Flies may do this, when I from this muſt fly;
They are free men, but I am baniſhed.
And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death[1]?

[7] *This is dear mercy,—*] So the quarto 1599, and the folio. The earlieſt copy reads—This is *mere* mercy. MALONE.

[8] —— *More* validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip *lives*
In carrion flies, than Romeo:] *Validity* ſeems here to mean *worth* or *dignity*: and *courtſhip* the ſtate of a *courtier* permitted to approach the higheſt preſence. JOHNSON.

By *courtſhip*, the authour ſeems rather to have meant, the ſtate of a lover; that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or wooes a lady is ſometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the ſubſequent lines:

" —— they may ſeize
" On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
" And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips;—
" *Flies* may do this." MALONE.

[9] *But Romeo may not; he is baniſhed:*] This line in the original copy immediately follows—And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips. The two lines, *Who, even*, &c. were added in the copy of 1599, and are merely parenthetical: the line therefore, *But Romeo may not*, &c. undoubtedly ought to follow thoſe two lines. By miſtake, in the copy of 1599, it was inſerted lower down, after—*is not death*. MALONE.

[1] *They are free men, but I am baniſhed.*
And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?] Theſe two lines are not in the original copy. MALONE.

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Hadſt thou no poiſon mix'd, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, though ne'er ſo mean,
But—baniſhed—to kill me; baniſhed?
O friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How haſt thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word—baniſhment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but ſpeak a word [2].

Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed [3].

Rom. Yet baniſhed?—Hang up philoſophy!
Unleſs philoſophy can make a Juliet,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I ſee that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.

Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love [4],
An hour but marry'd, Tybalt murdered,

[2] Thou *fond mad man*, hear me but ſpeak a word.] So the quarto 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609 read:

Then fond mad man, *bear me a little* ſpeak.

The folio:

Then fond mad man, hear *me ſpeak*. MALONE.

[3] *Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,*
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, the friar ſays,

"Virtue is always thrall to troubles and annoy,
"But *wiſdom in adverſity* finds cauſe of quiet joy.

See alſo Lily's *Euphues*, 1580: "Thou ſayeſt *baniſhment* is better to the freeborne. There be many meates which are ſowre in the mouth and ſharp in the maw; but if thou mingle them with *ſweet* ſawces, they yeeld both a pleaſant taſte and wholeſome nouriſhment.—I ſpeake this to this end; that though thy *exile* ſeeme grievous to thee, yet guiding thyſelfe with the rules of *philoſophy*, it ſhall be more tolerable." MALONE.

[4] *Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,*] Thus the original copy; for which in the folio we have—

Wert thou as young *as Juliet my* love.

I only mention this to ſhew the very high value of the early quarto editions. MALONE.

Doating

Doating like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair[5],
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Ariſe; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyſelf.
[*Knocking within.*

Rom. Not I; unleſs the breath of heart-ſick groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the ſearch of eyes. [*Knocking.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, ariſe;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—ſtand up;
[*Knocking.*
Run to my ſtudy:—By and by:—God's will!
What wilfulneſs is this[6]?—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurſe. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurſe. O, he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe!

Fri. O woeful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament[7]!

[5] —*then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,*] So, in the poem:
"Theſe heavy tidings heard, his golden locks he tare,
"And like a frantick man hath torn the garments that he ware.—
"He riſeth oft, and ſtrikes his head againſt the walls;
"He falleth down again, and loud for haſty death he calls."
MALONE.

[6] *What* wilfulneſs—] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, have—What *ſimpleneſs*. MALONE.

[7] —*O woeful ſympathy!*
Piteous predicament!] Theſe words, which in the old copies make part of the nurſe's ſpeech, have been aſſigned to the friar on the ſuggeſtion of Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

Nurſe. Even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, ſtand up; ſtand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's ſake, for her ſake, riſe and ſtand;
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an O?

Rom. Nurſe!

Nurſe. Ah ſir! ah ſir!—Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'ſt thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth ſhe not think me an old murderer,
Now I have ſtain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love[8]?

Nurſe. O, ſhe ſays nothing, ſir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then ſtarts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's curſed hand
Murder'd her kinſman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*drawing his ſword.*

Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womaniſh; thy wild acts denote
The unreaſonable fury of a beaſt[9]:

[8] —cancell'd *love?*] The folio reads—*conceal'd* love. JOHNSON.
The quarto, *cancell'd* love. STEEVENS.
The epithet *concealed* is to be underſtood, not of the perſon, but of the condition of the lady. So that the ſenſe is, my lady whoſe being ſo, together with our marriage which made her ſo, is concealed from the world. HEATH.

[9] *Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;*
Thy tears are womaniſh; thy wild acts denote
The unreaſonable fury of a beaſt:] Shakſpeare has here cloſely followed his original:

"*Art thou*, quoth he, *a man? thy ſhape ſaith, ſo thou art;*
"*Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart.*
"For manly reaſon is quite from off thy mind out-chaſed,
"And in her ſtead affections lewd and fancies highly placed;
"So that I ſtood in doubt, this hour at the leaſt,
"*If thou a man or woman wert, or elſe a brutiſh beaſt.*"
Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet, 1562. MALONE.

Unſeemly

Unſeemly woman, in a ſeeming man[1]!
Or ill-beſeeming beaſt, in ſeeming both!
Thou haſt amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain Tybalt? wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady too that lives in thee[2],
By doing damned hate upon thyſelf?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth[3]?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'ſt loſe.
Fie, fie! thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed
Which ſhould bedeck thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,
Digreſſing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, ſworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh:
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk[4],

Is

[1] *Unſeemly woman*, &c.] *Thou art a beaſt of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man.* JOHNSON.

[2] *And ſlay thy lady* too *that* lives *in thee*,] Thus the firſt copy. The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—

And ſlay thy lady, that *in thy life lives.* MALONE.

[3] *Why* rail'ſt *thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?*] Romeo has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with the friar as deſcribed in the poem, he is made to do ſo:

" Firſt *Nature* did he blame, the author of his life,
" In which his joys had been ſo ſcant, and ſorrows aye ſo rife;
" The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove;
" He cryed out with open mouth againſt the *ſtars above.*—
" On fortune eke he *rail'd.*"

Shakſpeare copied the remonſtrance of the friar, without reviewing the former part of his ſcene. He has in other places fallen into a ſimilar inaccuracy, by ſometimes following and ſometimes deſerting his original.

The lines, *Why rail'ſt thou*, &c. to—*thy own defence*, are not in the firſt copy. They are formed on a paſſage in the poem:

" Why cry'ſt thou out on love? why doſt thou blame thy fate?
" Why doſt thou ſo cry after death? thy life why doſt thou hate?"
&c. MALONE.

[4] *Like powder in a ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk*, &c.] To underſtand the force of this alluſion, it ſhould be remembered that the ancient Engliſh ſoldiers, uſing *match* locks, inſtead of locks with flints as at pre-

Is ſet on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence[5].
What, rouſe thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt Tybalt; there art thou happy too[6]:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of bleſſings lights upon thy back;
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and ſullen wench,
Thou pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love[7]:
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſs to Mantua;
Where thou ſhalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurſe: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming[8].

ſent, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flaſk* in which they kept their powder. The ſame alluſion occurs in *Humor's Ordinary*, an old collection of Engliſh epigrams:

"When ſhe his *flaſk* and touch-box ſet on fire,
"And till this hour the burning is not out." STEEVENS.

[5] *And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thy own weapons. JOHNSON.

[6] — *there art thou happy* too:] Thus the firſt quarto. In the ſubſequent quartos and the folio *too* is omitted. MALONE.

[7] *Thou pout'ſt* upon *thy fortune and thy love:*] The quarto 1599, and 1609, read:

Thou *puts up* thy fortune and thy love.

The editor of the folio endeavoured to correct this by reading:

Thou *putteſt* up thy fortune and thy love.

The undated quarto has *powts*, which, with the aid of the original copy in 1597, pointed out the true reading. There the line ſtands:

Thou *frown'ſt upon* thy fate, that ſmiles on thee. MALONE.

[8] *Romeo is coming.*] Much of this ſpeech has likewiſe been added ſince the firſt edition. STEEVENS.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all the night,
To hear good counſel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Rom. Do ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.
Nurſe. Here, ſir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, ſir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late. [*Exit* Nurſe.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
Fri. Go hence: Good night[9]; and here ſtands all your ſtate[1];—
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the break of day diſguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewel; good night.
Rom. But that a joy paſt joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee:
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV[2].

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, ſir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman Tybalt dearly,
And ſo did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to-night:

[9] *Go hence: Good night*; &c.] Theſe three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. JOHNSON.

They were firſt omitted, with many others, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[1] —*here ſtands all your ſtate*;] The whole of your fortune depends on this. JOHNSON.

[2] Some few unneceſſary verſes are omitted in this ſcene according to the oldeſt editions. POPE.

Mr. Pope means, as appears from his edition, that *he* has followed the oldeſt copy, and omitted ſome unneceſſary verſes which are not found there, but inſerted in the enlarged copy of this play. But he has expreſſed himſelf ſo looſely, as to have been miſunderſtood by Mr. Steevens. In the text theſe *unneceſſary* verſes, as Mr. Pope calls them, are preſerved, conformably to the enlarged copy of 1599. MALONE.

I promiſe

I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. Theſe times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night ſhe's mew'd up [3] to her heavineſs.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my child's love [4]: I think, ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my ſon Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on wedneſday next—
But, ſoft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, wedneſday is too ſoon,
O' thurſday let it be;—o' thurſday, tell her,
She ſhall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haſte?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſsly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what ſay you to thurſday?

Par. My lord, I would that thurſday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' thurſday be it then:—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.—
Farewel, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is ſo very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—Good night. [*Exeunt.*

[3] —*mew'd* up—] This is a phraſe from falconry. A *mew* was a place of confinement for hawks. STEEVENS.

[4] *Sir Paris, I will make a* deſperate *tender*
Of my child's love:—] *Deſperate* means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had ſaid in the vulgar phraſe, *I will ſpeak a* bold *word*, and venture *to promiſe you my daughter.* JOHNSON.

So, in *The Weakeſt goes to the Wall*, 1600:

"Witneſs this *deſperate tender* of mine honour." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Juliet's *Chamber*[5].

Enter ROMEO, *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day[6]:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate tree[7]:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

[5] SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*] The ſtage-direction in the firſt edition is—"*Enter Romeo and Juliet, at the window.*" In the ſecond quarto, "*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*" They appeared probably in the balcony which was erected on the old Engliſh ſtage. See the *Account of the Ancient Theatres* in Vol. I. MALONE.

[6] *Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day*, &c.] This ſcene is formed on the following hints in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"The golden ſun was gone to lodge him in the weſt,
"The full moon eke in yonder ſouth had ſent moſt men to reſt;
"When reſtleſs Romeus and reſtleſs Juliet,
"In wonted ſort, by wonted mean, in Juliet's chamber met, &c.
* * *
"Thus theſe two lovers paſs away the weary night
"In pain, and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleaſure and delight.
"But now, ſomewhat too ſoon, in fartheſt eaſt aroſe
"Fair Lucifer, the golden ſtar that lady Venus choſe;
"Whoſe courſe appointed is with ſpeedy race to run,
"A meſſenger of dawning day and of the riſing ſun.—
"When thou ne lookeſt wide, ne cloſely doſt thou wink,
"When Phœbus from our hemiſphere in weſtern wave doth ſink,
"What colour then the heavens do ſhew unto thine eyes,
"The ſame, or like, ſaw Romeus in fartheſt eaſtern ſkies:
"As yet he ſaw no day, ne could he call it night,
"With equal force decreaſing dark fought with increaſing light.
"Then Romeus in arms his lady gan to fold,
"With friendly kiſs, and ruthfully ſhe 'gan her knight behold."

MALONE.

[7] Nightly *ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate tree:*] This is not merely a poetical ſuppoſition. It is obſerved of the nightingale, that, if undiſturbed, ſhe ſits and ſings upon the ſame tree for many weeks together. STEEVENS.

Stands

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex [8] of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay [9], than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division [1];
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too [2]!

Since

[8] —*the pale reflex*—] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. JOHNSON.

[9] *I have more* care *to stay*,] *Care* was frequently used in Shakspeare's age for *inclination*. MALONE.

[1] — sweet *division*;] *Division* seems to have been the technical term for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
"With ravishing *division* to her lute." STEEVENS.

[2] *Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes*;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!] I wish the lark and toad had changed voices; for then the noise which I hear would be that of the toad, not of the lark; it would consequently be evening, at which time the toad croaks; not morning, when the lark sings; and we should not be under the necessity of separation. A. C.

If the toad and lark had changed voices, the unnatural croak of the latter would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure. This is apparently the aim and purpose of Juliet's wish. HEATH.

The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the speaker alludes.

WARBURTON.

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Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray [3],
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day [4].
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Madam!

Jul. Nurſe?

Nurſe. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit* Nurſe.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewel! one kiſs, and I'll deſcend.
[Romeo *deſcends.*

Jul. Art thou gone ſo? my love! my lord! my friend *!
I muſt hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expreſſed in a ruſtick rhyme:

—*To heav'n I'd fly,*
But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye. JOHNSON.

[3] *Since arm from arm*, &c.] Theſe two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deſerve to be replaced, but as they may ſhew the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would* to I *wot* was ſpecious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The ſenſe is this: *The lark, they ſay, has loſt her eyes to the toad, and now* I would *the toad had her voice too, ſince ſhe uſes it to the diſturbance of lovers.* JOHNSON.

[4] *Hunting thee hence with* hunts-up *to the day.*] The *huntſup* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

"Yet will I play a *hunts-up* to my Muſe."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong 13th:

"But *hunts-up* to the morn the feather'd ſylvans ſing." STEEVENS.

A *huntſup* alſo ſignified a morning *ſong* to a new-married woman, the day after her marriage, and is certainly uſed here in that ſenſe. See Cotgrave's Dictionary, in v. *Reſveil.* MALONE.

Puttenham in his *Art of Engliſh Poeſy*, 1589, ſpeaking of one Gray, ſays, "what good eſtimation did he grow unto with the ſame King Henry [the Eighth,] and afterward with the duke of Somerſet, Protectour, for making certaine merry *ballades*, whereof one chiefly was, *The hunte is up, the hunte is up.*" ANONYMUS.

* *Art thou gone ſo? my love, my lord, my friend!*] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

Art thou gone ſo? love, lord, *ay huſband*, friend! MALONE.

O! by

O! by this count I ſhall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo[5].
Rom. Farewel! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O, think'ſt thou, we ſhall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul[6]:
Methinks, I ſee thee, now thou art below,
As one dead[7] in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me, love, in my eye ſo do you:
Dry ſorrow drinks our blood[8]. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit* Romeo.
Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

[5] *O! by this count I ſhall be much in years,*
Ere I again behold my Romeo.]
" Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,
" Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus." *Ovid. Epiſt.* 1.
STEEVENS.

[6] *O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul:* &c.] This miſerable preſcience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumſtance particularly beautiful. The ſame kind of warning from the mind Romeo ſeems to have been conſcious of, on his going to the entertainment at the houſe of Capulet:
" —— my mind miſgives,
" Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtars,
" Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
" From this night's revels." STEEVENS.

[7] *O God! I have an* ill-divining *ſoul;*
Methinks, I ſee thee, *now thou art below,*
As one dead—] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:
" The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed;
" And fear doth teach it *divination*;
" *I prophecy thy death.*"
The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read—now thou art *ſo low*. MALONE.

[8] *Dry ſorrow drinks our blood.*] This is an alluſion to the proverb, " ſorrow's dry." STEEVENS.
He is accounting for their *paleneſs*. It was an ancient notion that ſorrow conſumed the blood, and ſhortened life. Hence in one of the three parts of *King Henry VI.* we have—" *blood ſucking* ſighs."
MALONE.

La. Cap. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? it is my lady mother?
Is ſhe not down ſo late, or up ſo early[9]?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her thither[1]?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death[2]?
What, wilt thou waſh him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief ſhews much of love;
But much of grief ſhews ſtill ſome want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.
La. Cap. So ſhall you feel the loſs, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling ſo the loſs,
I cannot chooſe but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That ſame villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he are many miles aſunder.
God pardon him*! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, becauſe the traitor murderer lives.

[9] *Is ſhe not down ſo late, or up ſo early?*] Is ſhe not laid down in her bed at ſo late an hour as this? or rather is ſhe riſen from bed at ſo early an hour of the morn? MALONE.

[1] —procures *her hither?*] *Procures* for *brings*. WARBURTON.

[2] *Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?* &c.] So, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" —time it is that now you ſhould our Tybalt's death forget;
" Of whom ſince God hath claim'd the life that was but lent,
" He is in bliſs, ne is there cauſe why you ſhould thus lament:
" *You cannot call him back with tears and ſhriekings ſhrill*;
" It is a fault thus ſtill to grudge at God's appointed will."
MALONE.

* *God pardon* him!] The word *him*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copies, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio.
MALONE.

Jul.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands[3].
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught[4],
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt*
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man[5].
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time[6], what day is that?

[3] *Ay, madam, from,* &c.] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover. JOHNSON.

[4] *That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,*] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio 1623, which read, less intelligibly,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram. STEEVENS.

The elder quarto has—That *should*, &c. The word *shall* is drawn from that of 1599. MALONE.

—*unaccustom'd dram;*] In vulgar language, shall give him a *dram* which he is *not used* to. Though I have, if I mistake not, observed, that in old books *unaccustomed* signifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious.* JOHNSON.

* —*my cousin* Tybalt—] The last word of this line, which is not in the old copies, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[5] *I find thou,* &c.] This line, in the quarto 1597, is given to Juliet. STEEVENS.

[6] —*in happy time,*—] *A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. JOHNSON.

La. Cap.

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next thurſday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris[7], at ſaint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by ſaint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte; that I muſt wed
Ere he, that ſhould be huſband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I ſwear,
It ſhall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—Theſe are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him ſo yourſelf.
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET, *and* Nurſe.

Cap. When the ſun ſets, the air doth drizzle dew[8];
But for the ſun-ſet of my brother's ſon,
It rains downright.—

[7] *The county Paris,*—] It is remarked, that "Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is moſt commonly ſtiled the *Countie* in this play. Shakſpeare ſeems to have preferred, for ſome reaſon or other, the *Italian Comte* to our *Count*: perhaps he took it from the old Engliſh novel, from which he is ſaid to have taken his plot."—He certainly did ſo: Paris is there firſt ſtiled *a young Earle*, and afterward *Counte*, *Countee*, and *County*; according to the unſettled orthography of the time.

The word however is frequently met with in other writers; particularly in Fairfax:

"So far'd the *Countie* with the Pagan bold," &c.

Godfrey of Bullcigne, Book 7. Stanza 90. FARMER.

See p. 38, n. 6. MALONE.

[8] *When the ſun ſets, the air doth drizzle dew;*] Thus the undated quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read,—*the earth* doth drizzle dew. The line is not in the original copy.

The reading of the quarto 1599 and the folio is philoſophically true; and perhaps ought to be preferred. Dew undoubtedly riſes from the earth, in conſequence of the action of the heat of the ſun on its moiſt ſurface. Thoſe vapours which riſe from the earth in the courſe of the day, are evaporated by the warmth of the air as ſoon as they ariſe; but thoſe which riſe after ſun-ſet, form themſelves into drops, or rather into that fog or miſt which is termed dew.

Though, with the modern editors, I have here followed the un-dated quarto, and printed—the *air* doth drizzle dew, I ſuſpected when this note was written, that *earth* was the poet's word, and a line in *The Rape of Lucrece* ſtrongly ſupports that reading:

"But as the *earth* doth *weep*, the *ſun being ſet*,—."

MALONE.

How

How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears[9]?
Evermore ſhowering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood; the winds, thy ſighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, ſir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! chop logick? What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud;—Miſtreſs minion, you[1],
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt thurſday next,
To go with Paris to ſaint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, green-ſickneſs carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face[2]!

La. Cap.

[9] *How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?*] Conduits in the form of human figures, it has been already obſerved, were common in Shakſpeare's time.

We have again the ſame image in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"A pretty while theſe pretty creatures ſtand,
"Like ivory *conduits* coral ciſterns filling." MALONE.

[1] *And yet not proud,* &c.] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] —*cut, you baggage!*
You tallow-face!] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakſpeare, that authors were not contented only to employ theſe terms of abuſe

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to ſpeak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o'thurſday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God had ſent us [3] but this only child;
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding!
Nurſe. God in heaven bleſs her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why, my lady wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nurſe. I ſpeak no treaſon.
Cap. O, God ye good den!
Nurſe. May not one ſpeak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread[4]! it makes me mad: Day, night, early, late,

At

abuſe in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their verſions of the moſt chaſte and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurſt, the tranſlator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas,—*bedgebrat*, *cullion*, and *tar-breech*, in the courſe of one ſpeech.

Nay, in the interlude of the *Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567, *Mary Magdalen* ſays to one of her attendants:

"*Horeſon*, I beſhrowe your heart, are you here?" STEEVENS.

[3] —*had* ſent *us*—] So the firſt quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies read—had *lent* us. MALONE.

[4] *God's bread! &c.*] The firſt three lines of this ſpeech are formed from the firſt quarto, and that of 1599, with which the folio concurs. The firſt copy reads:

God's *bleſſed mother*, wife, it makes me mad.
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or ſleeping,
Still my care hath been to *ſee* her match'd.

The

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or ſleeping, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demeſnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they ſay) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wiſh a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To anſwer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love*[5],

I am

The quarto 1599, and the folio, read:

God's *bread*, it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, ſtill my care hath been
To *have* her match'd, &c. MALONE.

5 —— *and having now* provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,—
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To anſwer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" Such care thy mother had, ſo dear thou wert to me,
" That I with long and earneſt ſuit *provided* have for thee
" One of the greateſt lords that wons about this town,
" And for his many virtues' ſake a man of great renown;—
" —— and yet thou playeſt in this caſe
" The *dainty fool* and ſtubborn girl; for want of ſkill,
" Thou doſt refuſe thy offer'd weal, and diſobey my will.
" Even by his ſtrength I ſwear that firſt did give me life,
" And gave me in my youth the ſtrength to get thee on my wife,
" Unleſs by Wedneſday next thou bend as I am bent,
" And, at our caſtle call'd Freetown, thou freely do aſſent
" To county Paris ſuit,—
" *Not only will I give all that I have away,*
" *From thee* to thoſe that ſhall me love, me honour and obey;
" But alſo to ſo cloſe and to ſo hard a gaie
" I ſhall thee wed for all thy life, that ſure thou ſhalt not fail
" A thouſand times a day to wiſh for ſudden death:—
" Adviſe thee well, and ſay that thou art warned now,
" *And think not that I ſpeak* in ſport, *or mind to break my vow.*"

There is a paſſage in an old play called *Wily beguil'd*, ſo nearly reſembling this, that one poet muſt have copied from the other. *Wily beguil'd* was on the ſtage before 1596, being mentioned by Naſhe in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, printed in that year. In that play Gripe gives his daughter Lelia's hand to a ſuitor, which ſhe plucks back; on which her *nurſe* ſays,

" —She'll none, ſhe thanks you, ſir.
" *Gripe.* Will ſhe none? why, how now, I ſay?
" What, you *powting*, peeviſh thing, you untoward *baggage*,

" Will

I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near; lay hand on heart, adviſe:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i' the ſtreets,
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall never do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief[6]?
O, ſweet my mother, caſt me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies[7].

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God!—O nurſe! how ſhall this be prevented?
My huſband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How ſhall that faith return again to earth,
Unleſs that huſband ſend it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counſel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as myſelf!—
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurſe.

Nurſe. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is baniſhed; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

" Will you not be ruled by your father?
" *Have I ta'en care to bring you up to this?*
" And will you doe as you liſt?
" Away, I ſay; *hang, ſtarve, beg*, be gone;
" Out of my ſight! pack, I ſay:
" Thou ne'er get'ſt a pennyworth of my goods for this.
" Think on't; *I do not uſe to jeſt.*
" Be gone, I ſay, I will not hear thee ſpeake." MALONE.

[6] *Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,*
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?] So, in *King John*, in two parts, 1591:

" Ah boy, thy yeeres, I ſee, are far too greene,
" *To look into the bottom of theſe cares.*" MALONE.

[7] *In that* dim *monument*, &c.] The modern editors read *dun* monument. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto 1597, and the folio. STEEVENS.

Or,

Or, if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then, ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I think it beſt you married with the county [8].
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not ſo green [1], ſo quick, ſo fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,

[8] *'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo*
Is baniſhed; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;—
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I think it beſt you married with the county.] The character of the nurſe exhibits a juſt picture of thoſe whoſe actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the truſt repoſed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the conſequences of her firſt infidelity. STEEVENS.

This picture, however, is not an original. In *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, the nurſe exhibits the ſame readineſs to accommodate herſelf to the preſent conjuncture:

" The flattering nurſe did praiſe the friar for his ſkill,
" And ſaid that ſhe had done right well, by wit to order will
" She ſetteth forth at large the father's furious rage,
" And eke ſhe praiſeth much to her *the ſecond marriage*;
" *And county Paris now ſhe praiſeth ten times more*
" *By wrong, than ſhe herſelf by right had Romeus prais'd before:*
" Paris ſhall dwell there ſtill; *Romeus ſhall not return*;
" What ſhall it boot her all her life to languiſh ſtill and mourn?"
MALONE.

Sir John Vanbrugh, in the *Relapſe*, has copied in this reſpect the character of his nurſe from Shakſpeare. BLACKSTONE.

[1] —*ſo* green *an eye*—] So the firſt editions. *Hanmer* reads—*ſo keen*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Chaucer has given to *Emetrius*, in the *Knight's Tale*, eyes of the ſame colour:

His noſe was high, his eyes bright *citryn*
i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

Again, in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Fletcher and Shakſpeare, Act V. ſc. i.

" —oh vouchſafe,
" With that thy rare *green* eye," &c. STEEVENS.

What Shakſpeare meant by this epithet here, may be eaſily collected from the following lines, which he has attributed to Thiſbé in the laſt Act of *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" Theſe lily lips,
" This cherry noſe,
" Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
" Are gone, are gone!—
" His eyes were *green* as leeks." MALONE.

Your

Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here [2] and you no uſe of him.
Jul. Speak'ſt thou from thy heart?
Nurſe. Ay, and from my ſoul;
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Jul. Amen!
Nurſe. What?
Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolv'd.
Nurſe. Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done. [*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation [3]! O moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin—to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thouſand times?—Go, counſellor;
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar Lawrence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Paris.

Fri. On thurſday, ſir? the time is very ſhort.
Par. My father Capulet will have it ſo;
And I am nothing ſlow, to ſlack his haſte [4].

Fri.

[2] *As living* here—] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, *as living* hence, that is, at a diſtance, in baniſhment; but *here* may ſignify, *in this world.* Johnson.

[3] *Ancient damnation!*] This term of reproach occurs in the *Malcontent*, 1604:

" —— out, you *ancient damnation!*" Steevens.

[4] *And I am nothing ſlow*, &c.] *His haſte ſhall not be abated by my ſlowneſs.* It might be read:

And I am nothing ſlow to *back* his haſte:

that is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haſte. Johnson.

Fri. You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, ſir, her father counts it dangerous,
That ſhe doth give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety:
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd [5].—
[*Aſide.*
Look, ſir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, ſir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, love, on thurſday next.
Jul. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Jul. To anſwer that, were to confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Slack was certainly the authour's word, for, in the firſt edition, the line ran—

"And I am nothing *ſlack* to ſlow his haſte."

Back could not have ſtood there.

If this kind of phraſeology be juſtifiable, it can be juſtified only by ſuppoſing the meaning to be, *there is nothing of ſlowneſs in me, to induce me to ſlacken or abate his haſte.* The meaning of Paris is very clear; he does not wiſh to reſtrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage; but the words which the poet has given him, import the reverſe of this, and ſeem rather to mean, *I am not backward in reſtraining his haſte*; I endeavour to retard him as much as I can. Dr. Johnſon ſaw the impropriety of this expreſſion, and that his interpretation extorted a meaning from the words, which they do not at firſt preſent; and hence his propoſed alteration; but our authour muſt anſwer for his own peculiarities. MALONE.

[5] —be *ſlow'd.*] So, in Sir A. Gorges' tranſlation of the ſecond book of Lucan:

"——will you overflow
"The fields, thereby my march to *ſlow?*" STEEVENS.

Jul.

Jul. I will confeſs to you, that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am ſure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their ſpight.
Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no wrong, ſir, that is a truth *;
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now;
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now:—
My lord, we muſt entreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion!—
Juliet, on thurſday early will I rouſe you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs. [*Exit* PARIS.
Jul. O, ſhut the door! and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me; Paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help!
Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It ſtrains me paſt the compaſs of my wits:
I hear thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On thurſday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wiſdom, thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed [6],

Or

* *That is no wrong, ſir, &c.*] So the quarto, 1597. A word was probably omitted at the preſs. The quarto, 1599, and the ſubſequent copies, read:

That is no *ſlander*, ſir, which is a truth.

The context ſhews that the alteration was not made by Shakſpeare. MALONE.

[6] *Shall be the label to another deed,*] The ſeals of deeds in our authour's time were not impreſſed on the parchment itſelf on which the deed was written, but were appended on diſtinct ſlips or labels affixed

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire[7]; arbitrating that
Which the commiſſion of thy years and art[8]
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Be not ſo long to ſpeak; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution
As that is deſperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thyſelf;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with death himſelf to ſcape from it;
And, if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower[9];
Or walk in thieviſh ways; or bid me lurk
Where ſerpents are; chain me[1] with roaring bears;

Or

to the deed. Hence, in *K. Richard II.* the duke of York diſcovers a covenant which his ſon the duke of Aumerle had entered into by the depending ſeal:

"What ſeal is that, which *hangs* without thy boſom?"

See the *fac ſimile* of Shakſpeare's hand writing. MALONE.

[7] *Shall play the umpire*;—] That is, this knife ſhall decide the ſtruggle between me and my diſtreſſes. JOHNSON.

[8] —*commiſſion of thy years and art*—] *Commiſſion* is for *authority* or *power*. JOHNSON.

[9] *O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,*
From off the battlements of yonder tower;] So in *King Leir*, written before 1594:

"Yea, for to do thee good, I would aſcend
"The higheſt turret in all Britanny,
"And from the top leap headlong to the ground." MALONE.

—*of* yonder *tower*;] Thus the quarto 1597. All other ancient copies—of *any* tower. STEEVENS.

[1] *Chain me*, &c.]

Or walk in thieviſh ways, or bid me lurk
Where ſerpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
Or hide me nightly, &c.

It is thus the editions vary. POPE.

My

Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel-houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud[2];
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give conſent
To marry Paris: Wedneſday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurſe lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial[3], being then in bed,

And

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted; but the old copy ſeems in this place preferable; only perhaps we might better read,

Where *ſavage* bears and *roaring* lions roam. JOHNSON.

I have inſerted the lines which Pope omitted; for which I muſt offer this ſhort apology: in the lines rejected by him we meet with three diſtinct ideas, ſuch as may be ſuppoſed to excite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others. The lines now omitted are theſe:

Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions are;
Or ſhut me—. STEEVENS.

The lines laſt quoted, which Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnſon preferred, are found in the copy of 1597; in the text the quarto of 1599 is followed, except that it has—Or *bide* me nightly, &c. MALONE.

[2] *And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud*;] In the quarto 1599, and 1609, this line ſtands thus:

And hide me with a dead man in his,

The editor of the folio ſupplied the defect by reading—in his *grave*, without adverting to the diſguſting repetition of that word.

The original copy leads me to believe that Shakſpeare wrote—in his *tomb*; for there the line ſtands thus:

Or lay me in a *tombe* with one new dead.

I have, however, with the other modern editors, followed the undated quarto, in which the printer filled up the line with the word *ſhroud*. MALONE.

[3] *Take thou this phial*, &c.] So, in the *Tragical Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*:

" Receive this phial ſmall, and keep it in thine eye,
" And on the marriage day, before the ſun doth clear the ſky,
" Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
" Then drink it off, and thou ſhalt feel throughout each *vein* and *limb*

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And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off:
When, preſently, through all thy veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſy humour[+], which ſhall ſeize
Each vital ſpirit; for no pulſe ſhall keep
His natural progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat:
No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liv'ſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes[5]; thy eyes' windows fall*,
Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;

" A pleaſant *ſlumber* ſlide, and quite diſpread at length
" On all thy parts; from every part reve all thy kindly ſtrength:
" Withouten moving then thy idle parts ſhall reſt,
" *No pulſe ſhall go*, no heart once heave within thy hollow breaſt;
" But thou ſhalt lie as ſhe that dieth in a trance;
" Thy kinſmen and thy truſty friends ſhall wail the ſudden chance:
" Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this church-yard,
" Where thy forefathers long ago a coſtly tomb prepar'd:
" ——— where thou ſhalt reſt, my daughter,
" Till I to Mantua ſend for Romeus, thy knight,
" Out of the tomb *both he and I* will take thee forth that night."
MALONE.

Thus *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure*, tom. ii. p. 237. " Beholde heere I give thee a viole, &c. drink ſo much as is contained therein. And then you ſhall feele a certaine kind of pleaſant ſleepe, which incroaching by litle and litle all the parts of your body, wil conſtrain them in ſuch wiſe, as unmoveable they ſhal remaine: and by not doing their accuſtomed duties, ſhall looſe their natural feelings, and you abide in ſuch extaſie the ſpace of xl houres at the leaſt, without any beating of pouſſe or other perceptible motion, which ſhall ſo aſtonne them that come to ſee you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the cuſtome of our citie, you ſhall be carried to the church-yard hard by our church, when you ſhall be intombed in the common monument of the Capellets your anceſtors," &c. STEEVENS.

4 — *through all thy veins ſhall run*
A cold and drowſy humour, &c.] The firſt edition in 1597 has in general been here followed, except only, that inſtead of *a cold and drowſy humour*, we there find—" *a dull and heavy ſlumber*," and a little lower, " *no ſign of* breath," &c. The ſpeech, however, was greatly enlarged; for in the firſt copy it conſiſts of only thirteen lines; in the ſubſequent edition, of thirty three. MALONE.

5 *To* paly *aſhes*;] Theſe words are not in the original copy. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—To *many* aſhes, for which the editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted—*mealy* aſhes. The true reading is found in the undated quarto. This uncommon adjective occurs again in *K. Henry V.*

" ——— and through their *paly* flames,
" Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face."

We have had too already in a former ſcene—" *Pale*, pale as *aſhes*." MALONE.

* — *thy eyes'* windows *fall*,] See Vol. XII. MALONE.

Each

Each part, depriv'd of ſupple government,
Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is)
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier[6],
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking[7], and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame;
If no unconſtant toy[8], nor womaniſh fear,

[6] *Then (as the manner of our country is)*
In thy beſt robes uncover'd *on the bier,*] The Italian cuſtom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face *uncovered*, (which is not mentioned by Painter) our authour found particularly deſcribed in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet:*

" Another uſe there is, that whoſoever dies,
" Borne to their church *with open face upon the bier he lies*,
" In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding-ſheet—."

MALONE.

In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,] Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the firſt folio, introduce the following verſe, which the poet very probably had ſtruck out on his reviſal, becauſe it is quite unneceſſary, as the ſenſe of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either:

Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.

Had Virgil lived to have reviſed his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text:

" At *Venus* obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit;
" Et multo nebulæ circum *dea* fudit amictu."

The aukward repetition of the nominative caſe in the ſecond of them, ſeems to decide very ſtrongly againſt it. STEEVENS.

[7] *—and he and I*
Will watch thy waking,—] Theſe words are not in the folio. JOHNSON.

[8] *If no unconſtant toy*, &c.] If no *fickle freak*, no *light caprice*, no *change of fancy*, hinder the performance. JOHNSON.

Abate thy valour in the acting it[9].

Jul. Give, give me! O tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve: I'll ſend a friar with ſpeed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me ſtrength! and ſtrength ſhall help afford.
Farewel, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, Nurſe, *and* Servants.

Cap. So many gueſts invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2. *Serv.* You ſhall have none ill, ſir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

2. *Serv.* Marry, ſir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit* Servant.
We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Lawrence?

Nurſe. Ay, forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurſe. See, where ſhe comes from ſhrift[1] with merry look.

[9] *If no unconſtant toy, nor womaniſh fear,*
Abate thy valour in the acting it.] Theſe expreſſions are borrowed from the poem:
"Caſt off from thee at once the weed of *womaniſh dread,*
"With manly courage arm thyſelf from heel unto the head:—
"God grant he ſo confirm in thee thy preſent will,
"That no *inconſtant toy* thee let thy promiſe to fulfill!"
MALONE.

[1] —*from* ſhrift—] i. e. from confeſſion. STEEVENS.

Cap.

Cap. How now, my headſtrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you, and your beheſts; and am enjoin'd
By holy Lawrence to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of modeſty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—ſtand up:
This is as't ſhould be.—Let me ſee the county;
Ay, marry, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him[2].

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till thurſday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurſe, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* JULIET, *and* Nurſe.

La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort[3] in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night[4].

[2] —*this reverend holy friar,*
All our whole city is much bound to him.] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"—this is not, wife, the friar's firſt deſert;
"In all our commonweal ſcarce one is to be found,
"But is, for ſome good turn, unto this *holy father bound.*"
MALONE.

Thus the folio, and the quartos 1599 and 1609. The oldeſt quarto reads, I think, more grammatically:

All our whole city is much bound unto. STEEVENS.

[3] *We ſhall be ſhort*—] That is, we ſhall be defective. JOHNSON.

[4] *'Tis now near night.*] It appears in a foregoing ſcene, that Romeo parted from his bride at day-break on *Tueſday* morning. *Immediately afterwards* ſhe went to Friar Lawrence, and he particularly mentions the day of the week:—["*Wedneſday is to-morrow.*"] She could not well have remained more than an hour or two with the friar, and ſhe is juſt now returned from ſhrift;—yet lady Capulet ſays, "'tis near *night*," and the ſame night is aſcertained to be *Tueſday*. This is one out of many inſtances of our authour's inaccuracy in the computation of time. MALONE.

Cap. Tuſh! I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the houſewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myſelf
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Againſt to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward girl is ſo reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter JULIET, *and* Nurſe[5].

Jul. Ay, thoſe attires are beſt:—But, gentle nurſe,
I pray thee, leave me to myſelf to-night;
For I have need of many oriſons[6]
To move the heavens to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs and full of ſin.

[5] *Enter Juliet, and Nurſe.*] Inſtead of the next ſpeech, the quarto 1597, ſupplies the following ſhort dialogue:

Nurſe. Come, come; what need you anie thing elſe?

Juliet. Nothing, good nurſe, but leave me to myſelfe.

Nurſe. Well, there's a cleane ſmocke under your pillow, and ſo good night. STEEVENS.

[6] *For I have need of many oriſons*—] Juliet plays moſt of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakſpeare meant to puniſh her hypocriſy. JOHNSON.

This pretence of Juliet's, in order to get rid of the nurſe, was ſuggeſted by *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, and ſome of the expreſſions of this ſpeech were borrowed from thence:

" Dear friend, quoth ſhe, you know to-morrow is the day
" Of new contract; wherefore, *this night, my purpoſe is to pray*
" Unto the *heavenly minds* that dwell above the ſkies,
" And order all the courſe of things as they can beſt deviſe,
" That they ſo *ſmile* upon the doings of to-morrow,
" That all the remnant of my life may be exempt from ſorrow;
" Wherefore, I pray you, *leave me here alone this night*,
" But ſee that you to-morrow come before the dawning light,
" For you muſt curl my hair, and ſet on my attire—." MALONE.

Enter

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you buſy? do you need my help?
Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you;
For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.
La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and reſt; for thou haſt need.
[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet, *and* Nurſe.
Jul. Farewel[7]!—God knows, when we ſhall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life[8]:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurſe!—What ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all[9]!

Muſt

[7] *Farewel!*] This ſpeech received conſiderable additions after the elder copy was publiſhed. STEEVENS.

[8] *I have a faint cold* fear *thrills through my veins,*
That almoſt freezes *up the heat of life:*] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
" And whilſt ſhe in theſe thoughts doth dwell ſomewhat too long,
" The force of her imagining anon did wax ſo ſtrong,
" That ſhe ſurmis'd ſhe ſaw out of the hollow vault,
" A griſly thing to look upon, the carcaſe of Tybalt;
" Right in the ſelf ſame ſort that ſhe few days before
" Had ſeen him in his blood embrew'd, to death eke wounded ſore.
" Her dainty tender parts 'gan ſhiver all for dread,
" Her golden hair did ſtand upright upon her *chilliſh* head:
" Then preſſed with the *fear* that ſhe there lived in,
" *A ſweat as cold as mountain ice pierc'd through her tender ſkin.*"
MALONE.

[9] *What if this* mixture *do not work at all?*] Here alſo Shakſpeare appears to have followed the poem:
" —to the end I may my name and conſcience ſave,
" I muſt devour the *mixed drink* that by me here I have:
" Whoſe *working* and whoſe force as yet I do not know:—
" And of this piteous plaint began another doubt to grow:

" What

Muſt I of force be married to the county[1] ?—
No, no;—this ſhall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[*laying down a dagger*[2].

What

" What do I know, (quoth ſhe) if that this powder ſhall
" Sooner or later than it ſhould, or elſe *not work at all?*
" And what know I, quoth ſhe, if ſerpents odious,
" And other beaſts and worms, that are of nature venomous,
" That wonted are to lurk in dark caves under ground,
" And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men's tombs are found,
" Shall harm me, yea or nay, where I ſhall lie as dead?
" Or how ſhall I, that always have in ſo freſh air been bred,
" Endure the loathſome ſtink of ſuch a heaped ſtore
" Of carcaſes not yet conſum'd, and bones that long before
" Intombed were, where I my ſleeping-place ſhall have,
" Where all my anceſtors do reſt, my kindred's common grave?
" Shall not the friar and my Romeus, when they come,
" Find me, if I awake before, *y-ſtifled in the tomb?* MALONE.

So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure*, tom. ii. p. 239. " — but what know I, (ſayd ſhe) whether the operation of this pouder will be to ſoone or to late, or not correſpondent to the due time, and that my faulte being diſcovered, I ſhall remayne a jeſting-ſtocke and fable to the people? what know I moreover, if the ſerpents and other venomous and crauling wormes, which commonly frequent the graves and pittes of the earth, will hurt me thinkyng that I am dead? But how ſhall I indure the ſtinche of ſo many carions and bones of myne auncеſtors which reſt in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before Romeo and frier Lawrence doe come to help me? And as ſhe was thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, ſhe thought that ſhe ſaw a certaine viſion or fanſie of her couſin Thibault, in the very ſame ſort as ſhe ſawe him wounded and imbrued with blood;" &c. STEEVENS.

[1] Muſt *I of force be married to the* county?] Thus the quarto of 1597, and not, as the line has been exhibited in the late editions,

Shall I of force be married to the *count?*

The ſubſequent ancient copies read, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,

Shall I be married *then to-morrow morning?* MALONE.

[2] —*lie thou there.* [*laying down a dagger.*] This ſtage-direction has been ſupplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597, reads: " —*Knife,* lie thou there." It appears from ſeveral paſſages in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride; and every thing *beboveful* for Juliet's *ſtate* had juſt been left with her. So, in Decker's *Match me in London,* 1631:

" See, at my girdle hang my *wedding knives!*"

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1596:

" Here by my ſide do hang my *wedding knives:*
" Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
" And with the other, I'll diſpatch my love." STEEVENS.

In order to account for Juliet's having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a knife, it is not neceſſary to have recourſe to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent ſoever the cuſtom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been; for Juliet appears to have furniſhed herſelf

What if it be a poiſon, which the friar
Subtly hath miniſter'd to have me dead;
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain ſo bad a thought[3].—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breathes in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my Romeo comes!
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle[4],
Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried anceſtors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth[5],

ſelf with this inſtrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris:

"If all fail elſe, myſelf have power to die."

Accordingly, in the very next ſcene, when ſhe is at the friar's cell, and before ſhe could have been furniſhed with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then conſented to marry the count,) ſhe ſays:

"Give me ſome preſent counſel, or, behold,
"'Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*
"Shall play the umpire." MALONE.

[3] *I will not entertain ſo bad a thought.*] This line I have reſtored from the quarto, 1597. STEEVENS.

[4] *As in a vault*, &c.] This idea was probably ſuggeſted to our poet by his native place. The charnel houſe at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repoſitory of the ſame kind in England.—I was furniſhed with this obſervation by Mr. Murphy, whoſe very elegant and ſpirited defence of Shakſpeare againſt the criticiſms of Voltaire, is one of the leaſt conſiderable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world. STEEVENS.

[5] —*green in earth*,] i. e. freſh in earth, newly buried. So, in *Hamlet*:

"——— of our dear brother's death,
"The memory be *green*."

Again, in the *Opportunity*, by Shirley:

"——— I am but
"*Green* in my honours." STEEVENS.

Lies

Lies feſt'ring [6]; in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I [7],
So early waking,—what with loathſome ſmells;
And ſhrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad [8];—
O! if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught [9],
Environed with all theſe hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his ſhroud?
And, in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out Romeo, that did ſpit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, ſtay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee [1].

[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

[6] Lies *feſtring*—] To *feſter* is to corrupt. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

"Lillies that *feſter* ſmell far worſe than weeds."

This line likewiſe occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakſpeare. The play of *Edward III.* has been aſcribed to him. STEEVENS.

[7] —*is it not like, that I,*] This ſpeech is confuſed, and inconſequential, according to the diſorder of Juliet's mind. JOHNSON.

[8] —*run mad*—] So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"I have this night dig'd up a *mandrake*,
"And am *grown mad* with't."

So, in *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, 1611:

"The *cries of mandrakes* never touch'd the ear
"With more ſad horror, than that voice does mine."

"The mandrake," (ſays Thomas Newton, in his Herball to the Bible, 8vo. 1587,) "has been ſuppoſed to be a creature having life and engendered under the earth, of the ſeed of ſome dead perſon that hath been convicted and put to death for ſome felonie or murther; and that they had the ſame in ſuch dampiſh and funeral places where the ſaid convicted perſons were buried," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] —be *diſtraught.*] *Diſtraught* is diſtracted. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10:

"Is, for that river's ſake, near of his wits *diſtraught*," &c.

STEEVENS.

[1] *Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.*] So the firſt quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies read:

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee.

MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter Lady CAPULET, *and* Nurſe.

La. Cap. Hold, take theſe keys, and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.

Nurſe. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry [2].

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir! the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath rung [3], 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for coſt.

Nurſe. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be ſick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for leſſer cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt [4] in your time;

But

[2] *They call for* dates *and quinces in the* paſtry.] i. e. in the room where paſte was made. So *laundry*, *ſpicery*, &c. MALONE.

On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1560, are the following entries:

"Item payd for iiii pound of *dates* iiii *ſ.*

"Item payd for xxiiii pounde of prunys iii *s.* viii *d.*

STEEVENS.

[3] *The curfeu bell*—] I know not that the morning-bell is called the *curfeu* in any other place. JOHNSON.

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening, as appears from a paſſage in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626:

"—well 'tis *nine* o'clock, 'tis time to ring *curfew*."

STEEVENS.

[4] —a *mouſe-hunt*—] It appears from a paſſage in *Hamlet*, that *mouſe* was once a term of endearment applied to a woman:

"Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his *mouſe*."

STEEVENS

So,

But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.
[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet, *and* Nurſe.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow; What's there?

Enter Servants, *with ſpits, logs, and baſkets.*

1. *Serv.* Things for the cook, ſir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haſte, make haſte. [*Exit* Serv.]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will ſhew thee where they are.

2. *Serv.* I have a head, ſir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. 'Maſs, and well ſaid; A merry whoreſon! ha,
Thou ſhalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with muſick ſtraight,
[*Muſick within.*
For ſo he ſaid he would. I hear him near:—
Nurſe!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, Nurſe, I ſay!

Enter Nurſe.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haſte,
Make haſte! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haſte, I ſay! [*Exeunt.*

So, in a letter from Alleyn, the celebrated player, to his wife, written in 1593 (now in Dulwick college):

"EMANUEL,

"My good ſweet *meuſe*, I comend me hartely to you and to my father, my mother, and to my ſiſter Beſs, hoping in God, though the ſickneſs be round about you, yett by his mercy itt may eſcape your houſe," &c. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Juliet's *Chamber*; Juliet *on the Bed*.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Miſtreſs!—what, miſtreſs!—Juliet!—faſt, I warrant her, ſhe:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you ſlug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I ſay!—madam! ſweet-heart!—why, bride!
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath ſet up his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little[5].—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how ſound is ſhe aſleep!
I needs muſt wake her:—Madam! madam! madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed[6];

He'll

[5] ——ſet up *his reſt*,
That you ſhall reſt but little.] This expreſſion, which is frequently employed by the old dramatick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuſs. This was ſo heavy a gun, that the ſoldiers were obliged to carry a ſupporter called a *reſt*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uſes it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: "——ſet your heart at reſt, for I have *ſet up my reſt*, that unleſs you can run ſwifter than a hart, home you go not." The ſame expreſſion occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

"——*My reſt is up*,
"Nor will I go leſs—."

Again, in the *Roaring Girl*: "—like a muſket on a *reſt*."
See Montfaucon's *Monarchie Françoiſe*, tom. v. plate 48.
STEEVENS.

The origin of this phraſe has certainly been rightly explained, but the good nurſe was here thinking of other matters. T. C.

The above expreſſion may probably be ſometimes uſed in the ſenſe already explained; it is however oftner employed with a reference to the game at *Primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in uſe. In the ſecond inſtance above quoted it is certainly ſo. To avoid loading the page with examples, I ſhall refer to Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. X. p. 364, edit. 1780, where ſeveral are brought together.
REED.

[6] —*why* lady!—*fie, you* ſlug-abed!—
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;] So, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*:

"Firſt

He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
What, dreſt! and in your clothes! and down again!
I muſt needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What's the matter?
Nurſe. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For ſhame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurſe. She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead.
Cap. Ha! let me ſee her:—Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff;
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man*!
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woeful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak[7].

Enter

"Firſt ſoftly did ſhe call, then louder did ſhe cry,
"*Lady, you ſleep too long, the earl will raiſe you by and by.*"
MALONE.

* *Accurſed time!* &c.] This line is taken from the firſt quarto, 1597.
MALONE.

7 *Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,*
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.] Our authour has here

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, *and* PARIS, *with Muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O ſon, the night before thy wedding day [8]
Hath death lain with thy bride?:—See, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowered by him [1].
Death is my ſon-in-law, death is my heir [2];
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's [3].

here followed the poem cloſely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this ſcene, clamorous in his grief. In *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, Juliet's mother makes a long ſpeech, but the old man utters not a word:

" But more than all the reſt the father's heart was ſo
" Smit with the heavy news, and ſo ſhut up with ſudden woe,
" That he ne had the power his daughter to beweep,
" *Ne yet to ſpeak*, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to keep."
MALONE.

[8] *O ſon, the night before the wedding day*
Hath death lain with thy bride:—] Euripides has ſported with this thought in the ſame manner. *Iphig. in Aul.* ver. 460.

" Τῆνδ' αὖ τἀλαιναν παρθενον (τί παρθενον;
" Ἀδης νιν, ὡς ἔοικε, νυμφευσει τάχα.)" Sir W. RAWLINSON.

[9] *Hath death lain with thy bride:*] Perhaps this line is coarſely ridiculed in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

" Dead: ſhe's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead."
STEEVENS.

Decker ſeems rather to have intended to ridicule a former line in this play:

" —— I'll to my wedding bed,
" And *Death*, not Romeo, *take my maidenhead*."

The word *ſee* in the line before us, is drawn from the firſt quarto.
MALONE.

[1] Flower *as ſhe was*, deflowered *by him.*] This jingle was common to other writers; and among the reſt, to Greene, in his *Greene Conceipt*, 1598: " —*in* a garden-houſe having round about it many *flowers*, and within it much *deflowering*." COLLINS.

[2] *Death is my ſon-in-law*, &c.] The remaining part of this ſpeech, " death is my heir," &c. was omitted by Mr. Pope in his edition; and ſome of the ſubſequent editors, following his example, took the ſame unwarrantable licence. The lines were very properly reſtored by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[3] —*life* leaving, *all is death's.*] The old copies read—life *living*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Par.

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Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face[4],
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour, that e'er time ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.

Nurſe. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day[5]!
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain!
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murder murder our ſolemnity?—
O child! O child!—my ſoul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou[6]!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

[4] —*morning's face,*] The quarto, 1597, continues the ſpeech of Paris thus:

And doth it now preſent ſuch prodigies?
Accurſt, unhappy, miſerable man,
Forlorn, forſaken, deſtitute I am;
Born to the world to be a ſlave in it:
Diſtreſt, remedileſs, unfortunate,
O heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me
To live ſo vile, ſo wretched as I ſhall? STEEVENS.

[5] *O woe! Oh woeful,* &c.] This ſpeech of exclamation is not in the edition above-cited. [that of 1597.] Several other parts, unneceſſary or tautology, are not to be found in the ſaid edition; which occaſions the variation in this from the common books. POPE.

In the text the enlarged copy of 1599 is here followed. MALONE.

[6] *Dead art thou!* &c.] From the defect of the metre it is probable that Shakſpeare wrote—

Dead, *dead,* art thou, &c.

When the ſame word is repeated, the compoſitor often is guilty of omiſſion. MALONE.

Fri.

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Fri. Peace, ho, for ſhame! confuſion's cure [7] lives not
In theſe confuſions. Heaven and yourſelf
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The moſt you ſought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itſelf?
O, in this love, you love your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;
But ſhe's beſt marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
Dry up your tears, and ſtick your roſemary
On this fair corſe; and, as the cuſtom is,
In all her beſt array bear her to church:
For though fond nature [8] bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reaſon's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained feſtival [9],
Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our

[7] —*confuſion's cure*—] Old copies—*care*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Theſe violent and confuſed exclamations, ſays the friar, will by no means alleviate that ſorrow which at preſent overwhelms and diſturbs your minds. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Why, Collatine, is woe the *cure* of woe?" MALONE.

[8] *For though* fond *nature*—] This line is not in the firſt quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio read—though *ſome* nature. The editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted *fond* for *ſome*. I do not believe this was the poet's word, though I have nothing better to propoſe. I have already ſhewn that all the alterations made by the editor of the ſecond folio were capricious, and generally extremely injudicious.

In the preceding line the word *all* is drawn from the quarto, 1597, where we find—

In all her beſt and ſumptuous ornaments, &c.

The quarto 1599, and folio, read:

And in her beſt array bear her to church. MALONE.

[9] *All things, that we ordained feſtival*, &c.] So, in the poem already quoted:

"Now is the parents' mirth quite changed into mone,
"And now to ſorrow is return'd the joy of every one;
"And now the *wedding weeds* for *mourning weeds* they change,
"And *Hymen* to *a dirge*:—alas! it ſeemeth ſtrange.
"Inſtead of marriage gloves now funeral gowns they have,
"And, whom they ſhould ſee married, they follow to the grave;

"The

Our inſtruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a ſad burial feaſt;
Our ſolemn hymns to ſullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers ſerve for a bury'd corſe,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, ſir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corſe unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you, for ſome ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, PARIS, *and* FRIAR.

1. *Muſ.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurſe. Honeſt good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful caſe. [*Exit* Nurſe.

1. *Muſ.* Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter PETER[1].

Pet. Muſicians, O, muſicians, *Hearts eaſe, heart's eaſe*; O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's eaſe.*

1. *Muſ.* Why *heart's eaſe?*

Pet. O, muſicians, becauſe my heart itſelf plays—*My heart is full of woe*[2]: O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me.

2. *Muſ.* Not a dump we[3]; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet.

" The *feaſt* that ſhould have been of pleaſure and of joy,
" Hath every diſh and cup fill'd full of ſorrow and annoy."
MALONE.

Inſtead of this and the following ſpeeches, the eldeſt quarto has only a couplet:

Cap. Let it be ſo, come, woeful ſorrow-mates,
Let us together taſte this bitter fate. STEEVENS.

[1] *Enter* Peter.] From the quarto of 1599, it appears, that the part of *Peter* was originally performed by *William Kempe.* MALONE.

[2] *My heart is full of woe!*] This is the burthen of the firſt ſtanza of *A pleaſant new ballad of Two Lovers:*

" Hey hoe! *my heart is full of woe.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *Not a* dump *we;*] A *dump* anciently ſignified *ſome kind of dance,* as well as *ſorrow.* So, in *Humour out of Breath,* a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

" He loves nothing but an *Italian dump,*
" Or a *French brawl.*"

But

Pet. You will not then?

Muſ. No.

Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.

1. *Muſ.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek[4]: I will give you the minſtrel[5].

1. *Muſ.* Then will I give you the ſerving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1. *Muſ.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2. *Muſ.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Anſwer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound[6],

And

But on this occaſion it means a mournful ſong. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, after the ſhepherds have ſung an elegiac hymn over the hearſe of *Colin*, *Venus* ſays to *Paris*:

" — How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?

" *Paris.* Such *dumps*, ſweet lady, as bin theſe, are deadly *dumps* to prove." STEEVENS.

[4] — *the* gleek:] So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" Nay, I can *gleek*, upon occaſion."

To *gleek* is to ſcoff. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek*. STEEVENS.

The game is mentioned in the beginning of the preſent century, by Dr. King of the Commons, in his Art of Love:

" But whether we diverſion ſeek

" In theſe, in comet, or in *Gleek*,

" Or Ombre," &c. NICHOLS.

[5] — *the minſtrel.*] From the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, it appears that the hire of a *parſon* was cheaper than that of a *minſtrel* or a *cook*:

" Item payd to the preacher vi s. ii d.

" Item payd to the minſtrell xii s.

" Item payd to the coke xv s." STEEVENS.

[6] *When* griping *grief*, &c.] The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surrey, in his tranſlation of the ſecond book of Virgil's Æneid, makes the hero ſay:

" New *gripes* of dred then pearſe our trembling breſtes."

Dr. Percy thinks that the queſtions of Peter are deſigned as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors. STEEVENS.

In

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And doleful dumps the mind oppreſs[7],
Then muſick, with her ſilver ſound;

Why *ſilver ſound?* why, *muſick with her ſilver ſound?* What ſay you, Simon Catling[8]?

1. *Muſ.* Marry, ſir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Pretty! What ſay you, Hugh Rebeck[9]?

2. *Muſ.* I ſay—*ſilver ſound*, becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What ſay you, James Sound-poſt?

3. *Muſ.* 'Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Pet.

In Commendation of Muſicke.

Where griping grief ye hart would woūd, and dolful domps ye mind oppreſſe,
There muſick with her ſilver ſound, is wont with ſpede to geue redreſſe;
Of troubled minds for every ſore, ſwete muſick hath a ſalue in ſtore:
In joy it maks our mirth abound, in grief it chers our heauy ſprights,
The carefull head releef hath found, by muſicks pleaſant ſwete delights:
Our ſenſes, what ſhould I ſaie more, are ſubject unto muſicks lore.
The Goūs by muſick hath their pray, the ſoule therein doth ioye,
For as the Romaine poets ſaie, in ſeas whom pirats would deſtroye,
A Dolphin ſau'd from death moſt ſharpe, Arion plaiyng on his harp.
Oh heauenly gift that turnes the minde, (like as the ſterne doth rule the ſhip)
Of muſick, whom ye Gods aſſignde, to comfort man, whom cares would nip,
Sith thou both man, and beaſt doeſt moue, what wiſemā thē will thee reprove? *Richard Edwards.*

From *The Paradiſe of Daintie Deviſes*, *Fol.* 31. b.

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the authors of ſundry poems in this collection, ſee an account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* and alſo in Tanner's *Bibliotheca.* SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Another copy of this ſong is publiſhed by Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry. STEEVENS.

[7] *And doleful dumps the mind oppreſs,*] This line I have recovered from the old copy. [1597.] It was wanting to complete the ſtanza as it is afterwards repeated. STEEVENS.

[8] *Simon* Catling?] A *catling* was a ſmall luteſtring made of *catgut.* STEEVENS.

In *An hiſtorical account of taxes under all denominations in the time of William and Mary*, p. 336, is the following article: "For every groſs of *catlings* and luteſtring," &c. A. C.

[9] *Hugh* Rebeck?] The fidler is ſo called from an inſtrument with three ſtrings, which is mentioned by ſeveral of the old writers. *Rebec, rebecquin.* See Menage, in v. *Rebec.* In *England's Helicon*, 1614, is *The Shepherd Arſilius his ſong to his* REBECK, by Bar. Yong. STEEVENS.

It

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the ſinger: I will ſay for you. It is—*muſick with her ſilver ſound*[1], becauſe ſuch fellows as you [2] have ſeldom gold for ſounding:—

Then muſick with her ſilver ſound,
With ſpeedy help doth lend redreſs. [*Exit, ſinging.*

1. *Muſ.* What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2. *Muſ.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V[3]. SCENE I.

Mantua. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering eye of ſleep[4],
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:

My

It is mentioned by Milton, as an inſtrument of mirth:

"When the merry bells ring round.
"And the jocund *rebecks* ſound,—." MALONE.

[1] —*ſilver ſound,*] So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

"'Faith, fellow fidlers, here's no *ſilver ſound* in this place."

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

"——what harmony is this,
"With *ſilver ſound* that glutteth Sophos' ears?"

Spenſer perhaps is the firſt who uſed this phraſe:

"A *ſilver ſound* that heavenly muſick ſeem'd to make."
STEEVENS.

Edwards's ſong preceded Spenſer's poem. MALONE.

[2] —*becauſe ſuch fellows as you*—] Thus the quarto 1597. The others read—becauſe *muſicians*. I ſhould ſuſpect that a fidler made the alteration. STEEVENS.

[3] Act V. The acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better diſtribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the peruſal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the firſt folio, and I ſuppoſe the foregoing editions are in the ſame ſtate, there is no diviſion of the acts, and therefore ſome future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at proper intervals.
JOHNSON.

[4] *If I may truſt the flattering* eye *of ſleep,*] i. e. If I may confide in thoſe delightful *viſions* which I have *ſeen* while aſleep. The preciſe

My bosom's lord [5] sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit

Lifts

meaning of the word *flattering* here, is ascertained by a former passage in Act II.

" —— all this is but a *dream*,
" Too *flattering-sweet* to be substantial."

By *the eye of sleep* Shakspeare, I think, rather meant the visual power, which a man asleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exercise, than the eye of *the god of sleep*.

This is the reading of the original copy in 1597, which in my opinion is preferable in this and various other places, to the subsequent copies. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

If I may trust the flattering *truth* of sleep,

which by a very forced interpretation may mean, If I may confide in the pleasing visions of sleep, and, believe them to be true.—Dr. Johnson's interpretation is, " *If I may trust the* honesty *of sleep, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practice flattery.*"

Otway, to obtain a clearer sense than that furnished by the words which Dr. Johnson has thus interpreted, reads, less poetically than the original copy, which he had probably never seen, but with nearly the same meaning:

If I may trust the *flattery* of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

and Mr. Pope has followed him. MALONE.

[5] *My* bosom's lord—] So, in *K. Arthur*, a Poem, by R. Chester, 1601:

" That neither Uter nor his counceli knew,
" How his deepe *bosome's lord* the dutchess thwarted."

The author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *bosom's lord* he means —*Cupid*. STEEVENS.

So also, in the preface to *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble-bee*, 1599: " —whilst he [*Cupid*,] continues honoured in the world, we must once a yeare bring him upon the stage, either dancing, kissing, laughing, or angry, or dallying with his darlings, *seating* himself *in their breasts*," &c.

Thus too Shakspeare, in *Twelfth Night*:

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where *love* is *thron'd*.

Again, in *Othello*:

Yield up, O *Love*, thy crown and *hearted throne*.

Though the passage quoted above from *Othello* proves decisively that Shakspeare considered the *heart* as the *throne* of love, it has been maintained, since this note was written, strange as it may seem, that by *my bosom's lord*, we ought to understand, not the *god of love*, but *the heart*. The words—*love sits lightly on his throne*, says Mr. Mason, can only import " that Romeo loved less intensely than usual." Nothing less. Love, the lord of my bosom, (says the speaker,) who has been much disquieted by the unfortunate events that have happened since my marriage, is now, in consequence of my last night's dream, *gay and cheerful*. The reading of the original copy—sits *cheerful* in his throne, ascertains the authour's meaning beyond a doubt.

When

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd[6], and was an emperor.

When the poet described the god of love as sitting lightly on the heart, he was thinking, without doubt, of the common phrase, *a light heart*, which signified in his time, as it does at present, a heart undisturbed by care.

Whenever Shakspeare wishes to represent a being that he has personified, eminently happy, he almost always *crowns* him, or places him on a *throne*. So in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" And on your eyelids *crown* the god of sleep."

Again, in the play before us:

" Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
" For 'tis a *throne* where honour may be *crown'd*,
" Sole monarch of the universal earth."

Again, more appositely, in *K. Henry V.*

" As if allegiance *in their bosoms sat*,
" *Crowned* with faith and constant loyalty." MALONE.

In this note I have said, that I thought Shakspeare *by the eye of sleep* meant the visual power which a man asleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exercise, rather than the eye of the *God of sleep:* but a line in *King Richard III.* which at the same time strongly supports the reading of the old copy which has been adopted in the text, now inclines me to believe that the eye of the god of sleep was meant:

" My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
" O, if thy *eye* be not a *flatterer*,
" Come thou on my side, and entreat for me." MALONE.

My bosom's lord—] These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to shew the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this passage himself a little further on:

" How oft, when men are at the point of death,
" Have they been merry? which their keepers call
" A lightning before death."

Again, in G. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

" —a lightning delight against his souden destruction."
STEEVENS.

[6] *I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;—*
And breath'd *such* life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd,—] Shakspeare seems here to have remember'd Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem which he has quoted in *As you Like it:*

" By this sad Hero—
" Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;
" *He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips,*" &c. MALONE.

Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthaſar?
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet*? That I aſk again;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Bal. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in Capels' monument[7],
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, ſir.

Rom. Is it even ſo? then I defy my ſtars[8]!—
Thou know'ſt my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, ſir, I will not leave you thus[9]:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.

Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the friar?

* *How fares my Juliet?*] So the firſt quarto. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

How *doth my lady* Juliet? MALONE.

7 — *in* Capels' *monument,*] Shakſpeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* uſed indiſcriminately in the poem which was the ground work of this tragedy. For *Capels'* monument the modern editors have ſubſtituted—*Capulet's* monument. MALONE.

The old copies read in *Capels'* monument; and thus Gaſcoigne in his *Flowers*, p. 51:

"Thys token whych the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, ſo that
"They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they paſſe,
"For ancient grutch whych long ago 'tweene theſe two houſes was." STEEVENS.

8 *I defy my ſtars!*] Thus the original copy in 1597. The quarto of 1599 and the folio, read—I *deny you*, ſtars. MALONE.

9 *Pardon me, ſir, I will not leave you thus?*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read:

"I do beſeech you, ſir, have patience." STEEVENS.

So alſo the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

Bal.

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes; I'll be with thee ſtraight.
[*Exit* Balthaſar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's ſee for means:—O, miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men!
I do remember an apothecary[1],—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meager were his looks,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones*:
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuff'd[2], and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes[3],

[1] *I do remember an apothecary*, &c.] It is clear, I think, that Shakſpeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him; for he has borrowed more than one expreſſion from thence:

" And ſeeking long, alas, too ſoon! the thing he ſought, he found.
" An apothecary ſat unbuſied at his door,
" Whom by his *heavy countenance* he gueſſed to be poor;
" And in his ſhop he ſaw his *boxes* were but few,
" And in his window of his wares there was ſo ſmall a *ſhew*:
" Wherefore our Romeus aſſuredly hath thought,
" What by no friendſhip could be got, with money ſhould be bought;
" For needy lack is like the poor man to compel
" To ſell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to ſell.—
" Take fifty crowns of gold, (quoth he)——
" Fair ſir, (quoth he) be ſure this is the *ſpeeding geer*,
" And more there is than you ſhall need; for half of that is there
" Will ſerve, I undertake, in leſs than half an hour
" To kill the ſtrongeſt man alive, ſuch is the poiſon's power."
MALONE.

* ——*meagre were his looks*,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:] See Sackville's deſcription of *Miſerie* in his *Induction*:

" His *face was leane*, and ſome deal pinde away;
" And eke *his hands conſumed to the bone*. MALONE.

[2] *An alligator ſtuff'd*—] It appears from Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a ſtuff'd alligator, in Shakſpeare's time, made part of the furniture of an apothecary's ſhop. " He made (ſays Naſhe,) an anatomie of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, inſtead of an *apothecary's* crocodile, or *dried alligator*." MALONE.

[3] *A* beggarly *account of empty boxes*,] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account; but *beggarly* is probably right; if the *boxes* were *empty*, the *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous.
JOHNSON.

Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes,
Were thinly ſcatter'd, to make up a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to myſelf I ſaid—
An if a man did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
O, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need;
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe:
Being holiday, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I ſee, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poiſon; ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer
As will diſperſe itſelf through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath
As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare, and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarveth in thy eyes[4],

Upon

[4] *Need and oppreſſion* ſtarveth *in thy eyes,*] The firſt quarto reads:
"And ſtarved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks."
The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio:
"Need and oppreſſion *ſtarveth* in thy eyes."
Our modern editors, without authority,
"Need and oppreſſion *ſtare* within thy eyes." STEEVENS.
This modern reading was introduced by Mr. Pope, and was founded on that of Otway, in whoſe *Caius Marius* the line is thus exhibited:
"Need and oppreſſion *ſtareth* in thy eyes."
The word *ſtarved* in the firſt copy ſhews that *ſtarveth* in the text is right. In the quarto of 1597, this ſpeech ſtands thus:
And doſt thou fear to violate the law?
The law is not thy friend, nor the lawes friend,
And therefore make no conſcience of the law.
Upon thy back hangs ragged miſerie,
And ſtarved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The

Upon thy back hangs ragged misery[5],
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewel; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Friar Lawrence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAWRENCE.

Law. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?

The last line is in my opinion preferable to that which has been substituted in its place, but it could not be admitted into the text without omitting the words—*famine is in thy cheeks*, and leaving an hemistick. MALONE.

5 *Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,*] So, in Kyd's *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594:

" Upon thy *back* where *misery doth sit*,
" O Rome, &c. MALONE.

This is the reading of the oldest copy. I have restored it in preference to the following line, which is found in all the subsequent impressions:

" Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back."

In the *First Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, is a passage somewhat resembling this of Shakspeare:

" Whose famish'd jaws look like the chaps of death,
" Upon whose eye brows hang damnation." STEEVENS.

Jeronimo was performed before 1590. MALONE.

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me [6],
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice [7], but full of charge,

[6] *One of our order, to associate me,*] Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior, whenever he asks leave to go out; and thus, says Baretti, they are a check upon each other. STEEVENS.

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town
Suspecting, &c.] So, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies;
"And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise
"That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,
"But of their convent aye *should be accompanied with one*
"*Of his profession*, straight a house he findeth out,
"In mind to take some friar with him, to walk the town about."

Our authour having occasion for friar John, has here departed from the poem, and supposed the pestilence to rage at Verona, instead of Mantua.

Friar John sought for a brother merely for the sake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of visiting the sick; the words therefore, *to associate me*, must be considered as parenthetical, and *Here in this city*, &c. must refer to the bare-foot brother.

I formerly conjectured that the passage ought to be regulated thus:

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
And finding him, the searchers of the town
Here in this city visiting the sick, &c.

But the text is certainly right. The searchers would have had no ground of suspicion, if neither of the friars had been in an infected house. MALONE.

[7] —*was not* nice,—] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle subject. *Nice* signifies *foolish* in many parts of Gower, and Chaucer. The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the synonymes of *sot*. Apol. Herod l. i. c. 4. STEEVENS.

Of

Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Law. Now muſt I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake[8];
She will beſhrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corſe, clos'd in a dead man' tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page, *bearing flowers and a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and ſtand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard-tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure. [*retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I ſtrew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit doſt contain
The perfect model of eternity;

[8] *Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;*] Inſtead of this line, and the concluding part of the ſpeech, the quarto, 1597, reads only:

"Leſt that the lady ſhould before I come
"Be wak'd from ſleep, I will hye
"To free her from that tombe of miſerie." STEEVENS.

Fair Juliet, that with angels doſt remain[9],
Accept this lateſt favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praiſes do adorn thy tomb!
[*The boy whiſtles.*
The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night,
To croſs my obſequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while. [*retires.*

Enter ROMEO, *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I muſt uſe
In dear employment[1]: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:

[9] *Fair Juliet, that with angels*, &c.] Theſe four lines from the old edition. POPE.

The folio has theſe lines:

"Sweet flow'r, with flowers thy bridal bed I ſtrew;
"O woe! thy canopy is duſt and ſtones,
"Which with ſweet water nightly I will dew,
"Or, wanting that, with tears diſtill'd by moans.
"The obſequies that I for thee will keep,
"Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy grave, and weep." JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactneſs; but took the firſt and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two intermediate verſes, which I have reſtored. STEEVENS.

The folio follows the quarto of 1599. In the text the ſeven lines are printed as they appear in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

[1] —*dear employment:*] That is, *action of importance*. Gems were ſuppoſed to have great power and virtues. JOHNSON.

The

The time and my intents are ſavage-wild[2];
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tygers, or the roaring ſea.
Bal. I will be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip.—Take thou that:
Live, and be proſperous; and farewel, good fellow.
Bal. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*retires.*
Rom. Thou déteſtable[3] maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*breaking up the monument.*
And, in deſpight, I'll cram thee with more food!
Par. This is that baniſh'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's couſin;—with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair creature dy'd,—
And here is come to do ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.— [*advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon theſe gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beſeech thee, youth,
Heap not another ſin[4] upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myſelf;

[2] —*ſavage-wild*;] Here the ſpeech concludes in the old copy. STEEVENS.

[3] —*déteſtable*—] This word, which is now accented on the ſecond ſyllable, was once accented on the firſt; therefore this line did not originally ſeem to be inharmonious. So, in the *Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604:

"Court with vain words and *déteſtable* lyes."

Again, in Shakſpeare's *K. John*, Act III. Sc. iii:

"And I will kiſs thy *déteſtable* bones." STEEVENS.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595:

"Such *déteſtable* vile impiety." MALONE.

[4] Heap *not another* ſin—] Thus the quarto 1597. So, in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

"With ſighs and ſalted tears her ſhriving doth begin,
"For ſhe of *heaped* ſorrows hath to ſpeak, and not of *ſin*."

The quarto 1599 and folio have—*Put* not. MALONE.

For

For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter ſay—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations[5],
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight.*

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.
[*Exit* Page.

Par. O, I am ſlain! [*falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruſe this face;—
Mercutio's kinſman, noble county Paris:—
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris ſhould have marry'd Juliet:
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was ſo?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern, ſlaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes

[5] *I do defy thy* conjurations,] So the quarto 1597. Inſtead of this, in that of 1599, we find—*commiration*. In the next quarto of 1609 this was altered to *commiſeration*, and the folio being probably printed from thence, the ſame word is exhibited there. The obvious interpretation of theſe words, "*I refuſe to do as thou conjureſt me to do, i. e. to depart*," is in my apprehenſion the true one. MALONE.

Paris conceived Romeo to have burſt open the monument for no other purpoſe than to do *ſome villainous ſhame* on the dead bodies, ſuch as witches are reported to have practiſed; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magic arts which he ſuſpects he is preparing to uſe. So, in Painter's tranſlation of the novel, tom. ii. p. 244. "—the watch of the city by chance paſſed by, and ſeeing light within the grave, ſuſpected ſtraight that they were necromancers which had opened the tombs *to abuſe the dead bodies* for aide of their arte."

To *defy*, anciently meant to *refuſe* or *deny*. So, in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"Or, as I ſaid, for ever I *defy* your company."

Again, in the *Miſeries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

"My liege, quoth he, all mercy now *defy*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 8:

"Foole, (ſaid the Pagan) I thy gift *defye*."

Paris may, however, mean—I refuſe to do as thou *conjureſt* me to do, *i. e.* to depart. STEEVENS.

This

This vault a feasting presence [6] full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd [7].
[*laying* Paris *in the monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning [8]?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty [9]:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

[6] —*presence*—] A presence means a publick room, which is at times the *presence-chamber* of the sovereign. So, in the *Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jacques says, his master is a duke,

" His chamber hung with nobles, like a presence." MASON.

Again, in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620: " — the *king* sent for the wounded man into the *presence*." MALONE.

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blunt Master Constable*, 1602:

" The darkest dungeon which spite can devise
" To throw this carcase in, her glorious eyes
" Can make as lightsome as the fairest chamber
" In Paris Louvre." STEEVENS.

[7] —*by a dead man interr'd.*] Romeo being now determined to put an end to his life, considers himself as already dead. MALONE.

[8] —*O*, how *may I*
Call this a lightning?—] I think we should read,
—*O*, now *may I*
Call this a lightning.— JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The first copy reads: *But* how, &c. which shews that Dr. Johnson's emendation cannot be right. MALONE.

This idea occurs frequently in the old dramatic pieces. So, in the second part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" I thought it was *a lightning before death*,
" Too sudden to be certain."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 15th Iliad:

" — since after this he had not long to live,
" This *lightning flew before his death*."

Again, in his translation of the 18th Odyssey:

" —— extend their cheer
" To th' utmost *lightning* that still ushers *death*." STEEVENS.

[9] *Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,*
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

" Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks
" Do yet retain some notes of former grace,
" *And ugly death sits faire within her face.*" MALONE.

And

And death's pale flag is not advanced there [1].—
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet [2] ?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his that was thine enemy ?
Forgive me, couſin !—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet ſo fair ? Shall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous [3] ;

And

[1] —*beauty's* enſign *yet*
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale *flag, &c.*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594 :

" And nought-reſpecting death (the laſt of paines)
" Plac'd his *pale colours* (th' *enſign* of his might)
" Upon his new-got ſpoil ;" &c.

In the firſt edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakſpeare is leſs florid in his account of the lady's beauty ; and only ſays :

" —— ah, dear Juliet,
" How well thy beauty doth become the grave !"

The ſpeech, as it now ſtands, is firſt found in the quarto, 1599.
STEEVENS.

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.] An ingenious friend ſome time ago pointed out to me a paſſage of *Marini*, which bears a very ſtrong reſemblance to this :

Morte la'nſegna ſua pallida e bianca
Vincitrice ſpiegò ſu'l volto mio.
Rime lugubri, p. 149. ed. Venet. 1605. TYRWHITT.

[2] *Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet ? &c.*] So, in Painter's tranſlation, tom. ii. p. 242 : " —what greater or more cruel ſatisfaction canſt thou deſyre to have, or henceforth hope for, than to ſee hym which murdered thee, to be empoyſoned wyth hys owne handes, and buryed by thy ſyde ?" STEEVENS.

[3] —— *Ah, dear Juliet,*
Why art thou yet ſo fair ? ſhall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous ; &c.] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594 :

" Ah, now, methinks, I ſee *death dallying ſecks*
" *To entertain itſelfe in love's ſweete place.*"

Inſtead of the very long notes which have been written on this controverted paſſage, I ſhall lay before the reader the lines as they are exhibited in the original quarto of 1597, and that of 1599, with which the folio correſponds.

In the quarto 1597, the paſſage appears thus :

—— Ah dear Juliet,
How well thy beauty doth become this grave !
O, I believe that unſubſtantial death
Is amorous, and doth court my love.
Therefore will I, O here, O ever here,

Set

And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For

Set up my everlaſting reſt
With worms that are thy *chamber-maids*.
Come, deſperate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks thy ſea-ſick weary barge:
Here's to my love.—O, true apothecary,
Thy drugs are ſwift: thus with a kiſs I die. [*falls.*

In the quarto 1599, and the folio, (except that the folio has *arms* inſtead of *arm,)* the lines ſtand thus:

——— Ah dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? *I will believe*
Shall I believe that unſubſtantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour;
For fear of that I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And never from this palace [*palat* 4°] of dim night
[Depart again. Come, lie thou in my arm:
Here's to thy health where e'er thou tumbleſt in.
O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiſs I die.]
Depart again; here, here, will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids: O, here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt,
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars, &c.
Come, bitter conduct, come, unſavoury guide!
Thou deſperate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks thy ſea-ſick weary bark!
Here's to my love. O, true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiſs I die.

There cannot, I think, be the ſmalleſt doubt that the words included within crotchets, which are not found in the undated quarto, were repeated by the careleſſneſs or ignorance of the tranſcriber or compoſitor. In like manner, in a former ſcene we have two lines evidently of the ſame import, one of which only the poet could have intended to retain. See p. 127, n. 6.

In a preceding part of this paſſage Shakſpeare was probably in doubt whether he ſhould write:—

— I *will* believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous;

Or,

— *Shall* I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous;

and having probably eraſed the words *I will believe* imperfectly, the wiſe compoſitor printed the rejected words as well as thoſe intended to be retained.

With reſpect to the line,

Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumbleſt in,

it is unneceſſary to inquire what was intended by it, the paſſage in which this line is found, being afterwards exhibited in another form; and being much

For fear of that, I will ſtill ſtay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt[4];
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-wearied fleſh.—Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death[5]!—
Come, bitter conduct[6], come, unſavoury guide!

much more accurately expreſſed in its ſecond than its firſt exhibition, we have a right to preſume that the poet intended it to appear in its ſecond form, that is, as it now appears in the text. MALONE.

[4] — *my everlaſting reſt*;] See a note on ſcene 5th of the preceding Act. So, in the *Spaniſh Gipſie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

" ——— could I *ſet up my reſt*
" That he were loſt or taken priſoner,
" I could hold truce with ſorrow."

To *ſet up one's reſt* is to be determined to any certain purpoſe, to reſt in perfect confidence and reſolution, to make up one's mind. Again, in the ſame play:

" *Set up thy reſt*; her marrieſt thou, or none." STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *Eyes, look your laſt!*
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

" Pitiful mouth, ſaid he, that living gaveſt
" The ſweeteſt comfort that my ſoul could wiſh,
" O be it lawful now, that dead, thou haveſt
" The ſorrowing farewell of a dying kiſs!
" And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliſs,
" Motives of love, born to be matched never,
" Entomb'd in your ſweet circles, ſleep for ever!"

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and the other paſſages already quoted from this poem, that our authour had read it recently before he wrote the laſt act of the preſent tragedy. MALONE.

— *to engroſſing death!*] *Engroſſing* ſeems to be here uſed in its clerical ſenſe. MALONE.

[6] *Come, bitter* conduct,] Marſton alſo in his ſatires, 1599, uſes *conduct* for *conductor*:

" Be thou my *conduct* and my genius."

So, in a former ſcene in this play:

" And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now."

Thou

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the church-yard, Friar LAWRENCE, *with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves[7]?—Who's there?
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,

[7] — *how oft to-night*
Have my old feet stumbled *at graves?*] This accident was reckoned ominous. So, in *K. Henry VI.*
"For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,
"Are well foretold, that danger lurks within."
Again, in *K. Richard III.* Hastings, going to execution, says:
"Three times to-day my footcloth horse did *stumble.*"
STEEVENS.

I dreamt

I dreamt my maſter and another fought [8],
And that my maſter ſlew him.
Fri. Romeo?— [*advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulcher?—
What mean theſe maſterleſs and gory ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
[*enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who elſe? what, Paris too?
And ſteep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady ſtirs [9]. [Juliet *wakes, and ſtirs.*
Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? [*Noiſe within.*
Fri. I hear ſome noiſe.—Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep [1];
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy huſband in thy boſom there lies dead [2];

And

[8] *I dreamt my maſter and another fought,*] This is one of the touches of nature that would have eſcaped the hand of any painter leſs attentive to it than Shakſpeare. What happens to a perſon while he is under the manifeſt influence of fear, will ſeem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book 8th, repreſents Rheſus dying faſt aſleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a ſword into his boſom. Euſtathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in ſuch a condition, ſays Pope, awakes no further than to ſee confuſedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a viſion. STEEVENS.

[9] *The lady ſtirs.*] In the alteration of this play now exhibited on the ſtage, Mr. Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who, perhaps without any knowledge of the ſtory as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes:

Mar. Jun. She breathes, and ſtirs.
Lav. [*in the tomb.*] Where am I? bleſs me! Heaven!
'Tis very cold, and yet here's ſomething warm.
Mar. Jun. She lives, and we ſhall both be made immortal.
Speak, my Lavinia, ſpeak ſome heavenly news,
And tell me how the gods deſign to treat us.
Lav. O, I have ſlept a long ten thouſand years.—
What have they done with me? I'll *not be us'd thus:*
I'll not wed Sylla; Marius is my huſband." MALONE.

[1] — *and unnatural ſleep;*] Shakſpeare alludes to the ſleep of Juliet, which was *unnatural*, being brought on by drugs. STEEVENS.

[2] *Thy huſband in thy boſom there lies dead;*] Shakſpeare has been arraigned for departing from the Italian novel, in making Romeo die before

And Paris too; come, I'll diſpoſe of thee
Among a ſiſterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is coming[3];
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noiſe again.*] I dare no longer ſtay. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poiſon, I ſee, hath been his timeleſs end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop[4],
To help me after?—I will kiſs thy lips;
Haply, ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a reſtorative. [*kiſſes him.*
Thy lips are warm!

1. *Watch.* [*within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noiſe?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*ſnatching* Romeo's *dagger*[5].

This

before Juliet awakes from her trance; and thus loſing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting ſcene between theſe unfortunate lovers. But he undoubtedly had never read the Italian novel, or any *literal* tranſlation of it, and was miſled by the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, the authour of which departed from the Italian ſtory, making the poiſon take effect on Romeo before Juliet awakes. See a tranſlation of the original pathetick narrative in Vol. XIV. in a note on the poem near the end. MALONE.

[3] *Stay not to queſtion, for the* watch *is coming;*] It has been objected that there is no ſuch eſtabliſhment in any of the cities of Italy. Shakſpeare ſeldom ſcrupled to give the manners and uſages of his own country to others. In this particular inſtance the old poem was his guide:

"The weary *watch* diſcharg'd did hie them home to ſleep."

Again:

"The *watchmen* of the town the whilſt are paſſed by,
"And through the gates the candlelight within the tomb they ſpy." MALONE.

[4] *O churl!* drink *all*; *and* leave *no friendly drop,*] The text is here made out from the quarto of 1597 and that of 1599. The firſt has—

Ah churl! *drink* all, and *leave* no drop for me!

The other:

O churl! *drunk* all, and *left* no friendly drop,
To help me after? MALONE.

[5] *Snatching Romeo's dagger.*] So, in Painter's tranſlation of *Pierre Boiſteau*, tom. ii. p. 244.—Drawing out the dagger which Romeo ware by his ſide, ſhe pricked herſelf with many blows againſt the heart." STEEVENS.

It is clear that in this and moſt other places Shakſpeare followed the poem, and not Painter, for Painter deſcribes Romeo's dagger as hanging at

This is thy ſheath; [*ſtabs herſelf.*] there ruſt, and let me die[6]. [*falls on* Romeo's *body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page *of* Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1. *Watch.* The ground is bloody; Search about the church-yard;
Go, ſome of you, who e'er you find, attach. [*Exeunt ſome.*
Pitiful ſight! here lies the county ſlain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain theſe two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raiſe up the Montagues,—ſome others ſearch[7];—
[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lie;

at *his ſide*; whereas the poem is ſilent as to the place where it hung, and our authour, governed by the faſhion of his own time, ſuppoſes it to have hung at Romeo's *back*:

"And then paſt deadly fear, (for life ne had ſhe care,)
"With haſty hand ſhe did draw out the dagger that he ware."

MALONE.

[6] —*there* ruſt, *and let me die.*] is the reading of the quarto, 1599. That of 1597 gives the paſſage thus:

"I, noiſe? then muſt I be reſolute.
"Oh, happy dagger! thou ſhalt end my fear;
"*Reſt* in my boſom: thus I come to thee."

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

"This is thy *ſheath*." STEEVENS.

[7] *Raiſe up the Montagues,—ſome others ſearch*;] Here ſeems to be a rhyme intended, which may be eaſily reſtored;

"Raiſe up the Montagues. Some others, *go*.
"We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lie,
"But the true ground of all *this* piteous *woe*
"We cannot without circumſtance deſcry." JOHNSON.

It was often thought ſufficient, in the time of Shakſpeare, for the ſecond and fourth lines in a ſtanza, to rhime with each other.

STEEVENS.

Enter

But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes,
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter ſome of the Watch, with Balthaſar.

2. *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.
1. *Watch.* Hold him in ſafety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Lawrence.

3. *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, ſighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this ſpade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard ſide.
1. *Watch.* A great ſuſpicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince, *and Attendants.*

Prince. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our morning's reſt?

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and Others.*

Cap. What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad[8]?
La. Cap. The people in the ſtreets cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and ſome—Paris; and all run,
With open out-cry, toward our monument.
Prince. What fear is this, which ſtartles in our ears[9]?
1. *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris ſlain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

[8] —*that they ſo ſhriek abroad?*] Thus the folio and the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599 has—that *is* ſo ſhriek abroad. MALONE.

[9] *What fear is this, which ſtartles in* our *ears?*] The old copies read —IN *your* ears. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

Prince.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1. *Watch.* Here is a friar, and ſlaughter'd Romeo's man;
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'en,—for, lo! his houſe
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is miſ-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom[1].

La. Cap. O me! this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a ſepulcher.

Enter MONTAGUE, *and Others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up[2],
To ſee thy ſon and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night[3];

[1] *This dagger hath miſta'en, for lo! his houſe*
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And is miſheathed in my daughter's boſom.] The words, "*for, lo! his houſe is empty on the back of Montague,*" are to be conſidered as parenthetical.

The reading of the text is that of the undated quarto, that of 1609, and the folio. The quarto of 1599 reads—And *it* miſheathed. In the original copy of 1597 the line ſtands thus:

— This dagger has miſtook,
For lo! the backe is empty of yong Montague,
And it *is* ſheathed in our daughter's breaſt. MALONE.

It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back.* So, in *The longer thou liveſt the more fool thou art*, 1570:

"Thou muſt weare thy ſworde by thy ſide,
"And thy *dagger* handſomly *at thy backe.*"

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, &c. an ancient collection of ſatires, no date:

"See you the huge bum *dagger at his backe?*" STEEVENS.

[2] —*for thou art early up*, &c.] This ſpeech (as appears from the following paſſage in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601) has ſomething proverbial in it:

"In you i'faith the proverb's verified,
"*You are early up*, and yet are ne'er the near." STEEVENS.

[3] *Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night*;] After this line the quarto 1597 adds,

"And young Benvolio is deceaſed too."

But this I ſuppoſe the poet rejected on his reviſion of the play, as unneceſſary ſlaughter. STEEVENS.

Grief

Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtopp'd her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt mine age?
Prince. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.
Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this[4],
To preſs before thy father to a grave?
Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.
Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murder;
And here I ſtand, both to impeach and purge
Myſelf condemned and myſelf excus'd.
Prince. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.
Fri[5]. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale[6].
Romeo, there dead, was huſband to that Juliet;
And ſhe, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their ſtolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You,—to remove that ſiege of grief from her,—

[4] *O thou untaught!* &c.] So, in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:
" Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong:
" Who came firſt to the world, ſhould firſt depart.
" It not becomes the old t' o'er-live the young;
" This dealing is prepoſt'rous and o'er-thwart." STEEVENS.
Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*:
" If children pre-deceaſe progenitors,
" We are their offſpring, and they none of ours." MALONE.

[5] *Friar.*] It is much to be lamented, that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. JOHNSON.
Shakſpeare was led into this unintereſting narrative by following too cloſely *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*. MALONE.

[6] *—my ſhort date of breath*
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.] So, in the 91ſt Pſalm:—" when thou art angry, all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told." MALONE.

Betroth'd,

Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris :—Then comes ſhe to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage,
Or, in my cell there would ſhe kill herſelf.
Then gave I her, ſo tutor'd by my art,
A ſleeping potion; which ſo took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: mean time I writ to Romeo,
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was ſtaid by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could ſend to Romeo:
But, when I came, (ſome minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb;
And ſhe, too deſperate, would not go with me,
But (as it ſeems) did violence on herſelf.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurſe is privy: And, if aught in this
Miſcarry'd by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

Prince. We ſtill have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he ſay in this?

Bal. I brought my maſter news of Juliet's death;
And then in poſt he came from Mantua,
To this ſame place, to this ſame monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?

Page.

Page. He came with flowers to ſtrew his lady's grave;
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my maſter drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be theſe enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen[7]:—all are puniſh'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raiſe her ſtatue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at ſuch rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich ſhall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace[8] this morning with it brings;
The ſun, for ſorrow, will not ſhew his head:

[7] *Have loſt a brace of kinſmen:*] Mercutio and Paris: Mercutio is expreſsly called the prince's kinſman in Act III. ſc. iv. and that Paris alſo was the prince's kinſman, may be inferred from the following paſſages. Capulet, ſpeaking of the count in the fourth act, deſcribes him as "a gentleman of *princely* parentage," and, after he is killed, Romeo ſays,

"——Let me peruſe this face;
"*Mercutio's kinſman*, noble county Paris." MALONE.

[8] *A* glooming *peace*, &c.] The modern editions read—*gloomy*; but *glooming*, which is the old reading, may be the true one. So, in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"Through dreadful ſhades of ever-*glooming* night."

To *gloom* is an ancient verb uſed by Spenſer; I meet with it likewiſe in the play of *Tom Tyler and his wife*, 1661:

"If either he gaſpeth or *gloometh*." STEEVENS.

Gloomy is the reading of the old copy in 1597; for which *glooming* was ſubſtituted in that of 1599. MALONE.

Go hence, to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed[9]:
For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo[1]. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed:*] This ſeems to be not a reſolution in the *prince*, but a reflection on the various diſpenſations of providence; for who was there that could juſtly be puniſhed by any human law? EDWARDS's MSS.

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was baniſhed for concealing the marriage; Romeo's ſervant ſet at liberty becauſe he had only acted in obedience to his maſter's orders; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while friar Lawrence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and peace. STEEVENS.

[1] — *Juliet and her Romeo.*] Shakſpeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the ſcenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marſton, in his ſatires, 1598, ſays:

"Luſcus, what's play'd to-day?—faith, now I know
"I ſet thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow
"Nought but poor Juliet and Romeo." STEEVENS.

For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.] Theſe lines ſeem to have been formed on the concluding couplet of the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

"— among the monuments that in Verona been,
"There is no monument more worthy of the ſight,
"Than is the tomb of Juliet, and Romeus her knight."
MALONE.

This play is one of the moſt pleaſing of our author's performances. The ſcenes are buſy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the cataſtrophe irreſiſtibly affecting, and the proceſs of the action carried on with ſuch probability, at leaſt with ſuch congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakſpeare to exhibit the converſation of gentlemen, to repreſent the airy ſprightlineſs of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might eaſily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakſpeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, leſt he ſhould have been killed by him*, Yet he thinks him *no ſuch formidable perſon, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed*, without danger to a poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in queſt of truth, that, in a pointed ſentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very ſeldom to be rigorouſly underſtood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wiſh him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the conſtruction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability

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ability of Shakſpeare to have continued his exiſtence, though ſome of his ſallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whoſe genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehenſive, and ſublime.

The nurſe is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great ſubtilty of diſtinction, drawn her at once loquacious and ſecret, obſequious and inſolent, truſty and diſhoneſt.

His comick ſcenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick ſtrains are always polluted with ſome unexpected depravations. His perſons, however diſtreſſed, *have a conceit left them in their miſery, a miſerable conceit.*

JOHNSON.

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HAMLET.

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Perſons Repreſented.

Claudius, *King of* Denmark.
Hamlet, *ſon to the former, and nephew to the preſent, king.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Horatio, *friend to* Hamlet.
Laertes, *ſon to* Polonius.
Voltimand, Cornelius, Roſencrantz, Guildenſtern, } *Courtiers.*
Oſrick, *a courtier.*
Another courtier.
A Prieſt.
Marcellus, Bernardo, } *Officers.*
Franciſco, *a ſoldier.*
Reynaldo, *ſervant to* Polonius.
A Captain. An Ambaſſador.
Ghoſt of Hamlet's *father.*
Fortinbras, *Prince of* Norway.

Gertrude, *Queen of* Denmark, *and mother of* Hamlet.
Ophelia, *daughter of* Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Elſinore.

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HAMLET[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Elſinore. *A Platform before the Caſtle.*

FRANCISCO *on his poſt. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, anſwer me[2]: ſtand, and unfold yourſelf.

[1] The original ſtory on which this play is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus the Daniſh hiſtorian. From thence Belleforeſt adopted it in his collection of novels, in ſeven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publiſh through ſucceeding years. From this work, *The Hyſtorie of Hamblett*, quarto, bl. l. was tranſlated. I have hitherto met with no earlier edition of the play than one in the year 1604, though it muſt have been performed before that time, as I have ſeen a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey, (the antagoniſt of Naſh) who, in his own hand-writing, has ſet down the play, as a performance with which he was well acquainted, in the year 1598. His words are theſe: "The younger ſort take much "delight in Shakeſpeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his "tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have itin them to pleaſe the "wiſer ſort, 1598."

In the books of the Stationers' Company this play was entered by James Roberts, July 26, 1602, under the title of "A booke called *The Revenge of Hamlett, Prince of Denmarke*, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his ſervantes."

In *Eaſtward Hoe* by G. Chapman, B. Jonſon, and J. Marſton, 1605, is a fling at the hero of this tragedy. A footman named *Hamlet* enters, and a tankard-bearer aſks him—"'Sfoote, *Hamlet*, are you *mad?*"

STEEVENS.

Surely no ſatire was here intended. *Eaſtward Hoe* was acted at Shakſpeare's own playhouſe, (Blackfriers,) by the children of the revels, in 1605.

A play on the ſubject of *Hamlet* had been exhibited on the ſtage before the year 1589, of which Thomas Kyd was, I believe, the authour. On that play, and on the bl. letter *Hiſtorie of Hamblet*, our poet, I conjecture, conſtructed the tragedy before us. The earlieſt edition of the proſe-narrative which I have ſeen, was printed in 1608, but it undoubtedly was a republication.

Shakſpeare's *Hamlet* was written, if my conjecture be well founded, in 1596. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of his plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

[2] — *me:*] i. e. *me*, who am already on the watch, and have a right to demand the watch-word. STEEVENS.

Mar. O, farewel, honeſt ſoldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit* Franciſco.
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him[5].
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night[6]?
Ber. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſays, 'tis but our fantaſy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night[7];
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes[8], and ſpeak to it.
Hor. Tuſh! tuſh! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while;
And let us once again aſſail your ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we two nights have ſeen[9].
Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo ſpeak of this.

[5] A piece *of him.*] But why a *piece?* He ſays this as he gives his hand. Which direction ſhould be marked. WARBURTON.
A piece of him, is, I believe, no more than a cant expreſſion. STEEVENS.

[6] Hor. *What, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1604. Theſe words in the folio are given to Marcellus. MALONE.

[7] — *the minutes of this night*;] This ſeems to have been an expreſſion common in Shakſpeare's time. I find it in one of Ford's plays, *The Fancies*, Act V.
" I promiſe ere *the minutes of the night*,—." STEEVENS.

[8] *He may* approve *our eyes*,—] He may make good the teſtimony of our eyes; be aſſured by his own experience of the truth of that which *we* have related, in *conſequence of having been eye-witneſſes to it.* To *approve* in Shakſpeare's age ſignified to *make good*, or eſtabliſh, and is ſo defined in Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard Engliſh words*, 8vo. 1604. So, in *King Lear*:
" Good king, that muſt *approve* the common ſaw!
" Thou out of heaven's benediction com'ſt
" To the warm ſun." MALONE.

[9] *What we two nights have ſeen.*] This line is by Hanmer given to Marcellus, but without neceſſity. JOHNSON.

Ber. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame ſtar, that's weſtward from the pole,
Had made his courſe to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myſelf,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter GHOST.

Ber. In the ſame figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Moſt like:—it harrows me [1] with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be ſpoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majeſty of bury'd Denmark
Did ſometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, ſpeak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it ſtalks away.

Hor. Stay; ſpeak; ſpeak I charge thee, ſpeak.
[*Exit* Ghoſt.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this ſomething more than fantaſy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyſelf:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle [2],

[1] *It* harrows *me*, &c.] To *harrow* is to conquer, to ſubdue. The word is of Saxon origin. So, in the old bl. l. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*:

"He ſwore by him that *harrowed* hell." STEEVENS.

[2] — *an angry* parle,] This is one of the affected words introduced by *Lilly*. So, in *Two Wiſe Men and all the Reſt Fools*, 1619:

"— that you told me at our laſt *parle*." STEEVENS.

He

He ſmote the ſledded Polacks on the ice[3].
'Tis ſtrange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour[4],
With martial ſtalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work[5], I know not;
But, in the groſs and ſcope[6] of mine opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.

Mar. Good now, ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch
So nightly toils the ſubject of the land?
And why ſuch daily caſt[7] of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war!
Why ſuch impreſs of ſhip-wrights, whoſe ſore taſk
Does not divide the ſunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte

[3] *He ſmote the* ſledded Polacks *on the ice.*] *Polack* was, in that age, the term for an inhabitant of Poland: *Polaque*, French. As in F. Daviſon's tranſlation of Paſſeratius's epitaph on Henry III. of France, publiſhed by Camden:

" Whether thy chance or choice thee hither brings,
" Stay, paſſenger, and wail the hap of kings.
" This little ſtone a great king's [illegible] doth hold,
" That rul'd the fickle French a[illegible] *acks* bold:
" Whom, with a mighty warlike [illegible]t attended,
" With trait'rous knife a cowlish monſter ended.
" So frail are even the higheſt earthly things!
" Go, paſſenger, and wail the hap of kings." JOHNSON.

A *ſled* or *ſledge* is a carriage without wheels, made uſe of in the cold countries. So, in *Tamburlaine* or the *Scythian Shepherd*, 1590:

" ——— upon an ivory *ſled*
" Thou ſhalt be drawn among the frozen poles." STEEVENS.

All the old copies have *Polax*.—Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*Polack*; but the corrupted word ſhews, I think, that Shakſpeare wrote—*Polacks*. MALONE.

[4] —jump *at this dead hour*—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio, where we ſometimes find a familiar word ſubſtituted for one more ancient, reads—*juſt* at this dead hour. MALONE.

Jump and *juſt* were ſynonymous in the time of Shakſpeare. So, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:

" Your appointment was *jump* at three, with me."

Again, in *M. Kyffin's* tranſlation of the *Andria* of *Terence*, 1588:

" Comes he this day ſo *jump* in the very time of this marriage?" STEEVENS.

[5] *In what particular thought to work,*] i. e. What particular train of thinking to follow. STEEVENS.

[6] —*groſs and ſcope*—] General thoughts, and tendency at large. JOHNSON.

[7] —*daily* caſt—] The quartos read *coſt*. STEEVENS.

Doth

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At leaſt, the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt king,
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which, our valiant Hamlet
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this Fortinbras; who, by a ſeal'd compact,
Well ratify'd by law, and heraldry [8],
Did forfeit, with his life, all thoſe his lands,
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquiſher; as, by the ſame co-mart [9],
And carriage of the article deſign'd [1],
His fell to Hamlet: Now, ſir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle [2] hot and full,

[8] —*by law and heraldry.*] i. e. well ratified by the rules of law, and the forms preſcribed *iure feciali*; ſuch as proclamation, &c. MALONE.

Mr. Upton ſays, that Shakſpeare ſometimes expreſſes one thing by two ſubſtantives, and that *law and heraldry* means, by the *herald law*. So *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV.

" Where rather I expect victorious life,
" Than *death and honour*," i. e. honourable death. STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poeſie*, ſpeaks of the *Figure of Twinnes*, " *horſes and barbes*, for *barbed horſes*; *venim & dartes*, for *venimous dartes*," &c. FARMER.

[9] —*as by the ſame* co-mart,] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—as by *the ſame covenant*: for which the late editions have given us—as by *that* covenant.

Co-mart is, I ſuppoſe, *a joint bargain*, a word perhaps of our poet's coinage. A *mart* ſignifying a great fair or market, he would not have ſcrupled to have written *to mart*, in the ſenſe of *to make a bargain*. In the preceding ſpeech we find *mart* uſed for bargain or purchaſe. MALONE.

[1] *And* carriage *of the article* deſign'd,] *Carriage* is *import: deſign'd*, is *formed, drawn up between them* JOHNSON.

Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, 1604, defines the verb *deſign* thus. " To marke out or appoint for any purpoſe." See alſo Minſheu's Dict. 1617. " To *deſigne* or ſhew by a token." *Deſigned* is yet uſed in this ſenſe in Scotland. The old copies have *deſeigne*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] *Of* unimproved *mettle*—] *Full of unimproved mettle*, is full of ſpirit not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience. JOHNSON.

Hath

Hath in the ſkirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes[3],
For food and diet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomach in't[4]: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our ſtate)
But to recover of us, by ſtrong hand,
And terms compulſatory[5], thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The ſource of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte and romage[6] in the land.

Ber. I think[7], it be no other, but even ſo:
Well may it ſort[8], that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; ſo like the king
That was, and is, the queſtion of theſe wars[9].

Hor. A mote it is[1], to trouble the mind's eye.
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of Rome[2],
A little ere the mightieſt Julius fell,
The graves ſtood tenantleſs, and the ſheeted dead

[3] Shark'd up *a liſt*, &c.] I believe to *ſhark up* means to pick up without diſtinction, as the *ſhark* fiſh collects his prey. The quartos read *lawleſs* inſtead of *landleſs*. STEEVENS.

[4] *That hath a* ſtomach *in't:*—] *Stomach*, in the time of our author, was uſed for *conſtancy*, *reſolution*. JOHNSON.

[5] —*compulſatory*,] So the quarto. Folio—*compulſative*. MALONE.

[6] —*romage*—] Tumultuous hurry. JOHNSON.

[7] *I think*, &c.] Theſe, and all other lines confin'd within crotchets throughout this play, are omitted in the folio edition of 1623. The omiſſions leave the play ſometimes better and ſometimes worſe, and ſeem made only for the ſake of abbreviation. JOHNSON.

It may be worth while to obſerve, that the title-pages of the firſt quartos in 1604 and 1605, declare this play to be *enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppy*. STEEVENS.

This and the following ſeventeen lines are omitted in the folio. As I ſhall throughout this play always mention what lines are omitted in that copy, I have not thought it neceſſary to follow Dr Johnſon in diſtinguiſhing the omitted lines by incloſing them within crotchets. MALONE.

[8] *Well may it ſort*,—] The cauſe and the effect are proportionate and ſuitable. JOHNSON.

[9] —*the* queſtion *of theſe wars.*] The theme or ſubject. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —You were the *word of war.*" MALONE.

[1] *A* mote *it is*,—] The firſt quarto reads, a *moth*. STEEVENS.

A *moth* was only the old ſpelling of *mote*, as I ſuſpected in reviſing a paſſage in *K. John*, where we certainly ſhould read *mote*. MALONE.

[2] —palmy *ſtate of Rome*,] *Palmy*, for *victorious*. POPE.

Did

Did ſqueak and gibber in the Roman ſtreets;

* * * * * * *

As ſtars with trains of fire and dews of blood;
Diſaſters dimm'd the ſun[3]; and the moiſt ſtar[4],

Upon

[3] *As ſtars with trains of fire, and dews of blood;—*
Diſaſters dimm'd *the ſun*;] The quarto, 1604, reads
Diſaſters *in* the ſun.

For the emendation I am reſponſible. It is ſtrongly ſupported not only by Plutarch's account in the life of Cæſar, [" alſo the brightneſs of the *ſunne* was *darkened*, the which, all that yeare through, reſe very *pale*, and *ſhined not out*,"] but by various paſſages in our authour's works. So, in the *Tempeſt*:

" ——— I have be-*dimm'd*
" The noon-tide *ſun*."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

" As doth the bluſhing diſcontented *ſun*,—
" When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
" To *dim* his glory."

Again, in our authour's 18th Sonnet:

" Sometimes too hot *the eye of heaven* ſhines,
" And often is his gold complexion *dimm'd* "

I ſuſpect that the words *As ſtars* are a corruption, and have no doubt that either a line preceding or following the firſt of thoſe quoted at the head of this note, has been loſt; or that the beginning of one line has been joined to the end of another, the intervening words being omitted. That ſuch conjectures are not merely chimerical, I have already proved.

The following lines in *Julius Cæſar*, in which the prodigies that are ſaid to have preceded his death, are recounted, may throw ſome light on the paſſage before us:

" ——— There is one within,
" Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen,
" Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the watch.
" A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets;
" And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead:
" Fierce firy warriors fight upon the clouds,
" In ranks, and ſquadrons, and right form of war,
" Which drizzel'd blood upon the capitol
" The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air,
" Horſes do neigh, and dying men did groan;
" And ghoſts did ſhriek and ſqueal about the ſtreets."

The loſt words perhaps contained a deſcription of *firy warriors fighting on the clouds*, or of *brands burning bright beneath the ſtars*.

The 15th book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, tranſlated by Goulding, in which an account is given of the prodigies that preceded Cæſar's death, furniſhed Shakſpeare with ſome of the images in both theſe paſſages:

" —battels fighting in the clouds with craſhing armour flew,
" And dreadful trumpets ſounded in the ayre, and hornes eke blew,
" As warning men beforehand of the miſchiefe that did brew;
" And Phœbus alſo looking *dim* did caſt a drowſie light,
" Uppon the earth, which ſeemde likewiſe to be in ſory plighte:

" From

Upon whoſe influence Neptune's empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to dooms-day with eclipſe.
And even [5] the like precurſe of fierce events [6],—
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on [7],—
Have heaven and earth together démonſtrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter

" From underneath beneath the ſtarres brandes oft ſeemde burning bright.
" It often rain'd drops of blood. The morning ſtar look'd blew,
" And was beſotted here and there with ſpecks of ruſtie hew.
" The moone had alſo ſpots of blood —
" Salt teares from ivorie—images in ſundry places fell;—
" The dogges did howle, and every where appeared ghaſtly ſprights,
" And with an earthquake ſhaken was the towne."—

Plutarch only ſays, that "the ſunne was darkened," that "diverſe men were ſeen going up and down in fire;" there were "fires in the element; ſpirites were ſeene running up and downe in the night, and ſolitarie birds ſitting in the great market-place."

The diſagreeable recurrence of the word *ſtars* in the ſecond line induces me to believe that *As ſtars* in that which precedes, is a corruption. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote:

" *Aſtres* with trains of fire,——
——— and dews of blood
Diſaſtrous dimm'd the ſun.

The word *aſtre* is uſed in an old collection of poems entitled *Diana*, addreſſed to the Earl of Oxenforde, a book of which I know not the date, but believe it was printed about 1580. In *Othello* we have *antres*, a word exactly of a ſimilar formation. MALONE.

[4] *And the moiſt ſtar*, &c.] i. e. the moon. So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

" Not that night-wand'ring, pale, and *watry ſtar*," &c.

MALONE.

[5] *And even*, &c.] Not only ſuch prodigies have been ſeen in Rome, but the elements have ſhewn our countrymen like forerunners and foretokens of violent events. JOHNSON.

[6] —*precurſe of* fierce *events*,] *Fierce* for *terrible*. WARBURTON.

I rather believe that *fierce* ſignifies *conſpicuous, glaring*. It is uſed in a ſomewhat ſimilar ſenſe in *Timon*.

" O the *fierce* wretchedneſs that glory brings!" STEEVENS.

[7] *And even the like* precurſe *of fierce events*,
As harbingers *preceding ſtill the fates*
And prologue to the omen *coming on*,] So, in one of our authour's poems.

" But thou ſhrieking *harbinger*,
" Foul *precurrer* of the fiend,
" *Augur* of the fever's end," &c.

The omen coming on is, the approaching dreadful and portentous event. So, in *K. Richard III.*

" Thy

Re-enter GHOST.

But, ſoft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me.—Stay, illuſion!
If thou haſt any ſound[8], or uſe of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, ſpeak!
Or, if thou haſt uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the womb of earth,
For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—ſtay, and ſpeak.—Stop it, Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Ber. 'Tis here!
Hor. 'Tis here!
Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit* Ghoſt.
We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhew of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable[9],
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

" Thy name is *ominous* to children."
i. e. (not boding ill fortune, but) *deſtructive* to children.
Again, *ibidem:*
" O Pomfret, Pomfret, O, thou bloody priſon,
" Fatal and *ominous* to noble peers."
Theobald reads—the *omen'd* coming-on. MALONE.
A diſtich from the life of Merlin, by Heywood, will ſhew that there is no occaſion for correction:
" *Merlin*, well vers'd in many an hidden ſpell,
" His countries *omen* did long ſince foretell." FARMER.
Again, in the *Vow-breaker:*
" And much I fear the weakneſs of her braine
" Should draw her to ſome *ominous* exigent." STEEVENS.

[8] *If thou haſt any ſound,*—] The ſpeech of Horatio to the ſpectre is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the cauſes of apparitions. JOHNSON.

[9] —*it is, as* the air, invulnerable,] So in *Macbeth:*
" As eaſy may'ſt thou the *intrenchant air*,
" With thy keen blade impreſs."
Again, in *King John:*
" Againſt the *invulnerable clouds* of heaven." MALONE.

And

Ber. It was about to ſpeak, when the cock crew,
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn[1],
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air[2],
The extravagant[3] and erring ſpirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.

[1] *The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,*] So the quarto, 1604. Folio:—to the *day*.

In *England's Parnaſſus*, 8vo. 1600, I find the two following lines aſcribed to Drayton, but know not in which of his poems they are found.

" And now *the cocke, the morning's trumpeter*,
" Play'd huntſup for the day-ſtar to appear."

Mr. Gray has imitated our poet:

" The *cock's* ſhrill *clarion*, or the echoing horn,
" No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed." MALONE.

[2] *Whether in ſea, &c.*] According to the pneumatology of that time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of ſpirits, who had diſpoſitions different, according to their various places of abode. The meaning therefore is, that all *ſpirits extravagant*, wandering out of their element, whether aerial ſpirits viſiting earth, or earthly ſpirits ranging the air, return to their ſtation, to their proper limits in which they are *confined*. We might read,

" ——————— and at his warning
" Th' extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
" To his confine, whether in ſea or air,
" Or earth, or fire. And of," &c.

But this change, though it would ſmooth the conſtruction, is not neceſſary, and, being unneceſſary, ſhould not be made againſt authority. JOHNSON.

Bourne of Newcaſtle, in his *Antiquities of the common People*, informs us, " It is a received tradition among the vulgar, that at the time of " cock-crowing, the midnight ſpirits forſake theſe lower regions, and go " to their proper places.—Hence it is, ſays he, that in country places, " where the way of life requires more early labour, they always go " chearfully to work at that time; whereas if they are called abroad " ſooner, they imagine every thing they ſee a wandering ghoſt." And he quotes on this occaſion, as all his predeceſſors had done, the well-known lines from the firſt hymn of *Prudentius*. I know not whoſe tranſlation he gives us, but there is an old one by Heywood. The *pious chanſons*, the *hymns* and *carrols*, which Shakſpeare mentions preſently, were uſually copied from the elder Chriſtian poets. FARMER.

[3] *The extravagant*—] i. e. got out of its bounds. WARBURTON.

So, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598: " —they took me up for a *ſtravagant*." STEEVENS.

Mar.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock[4].
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no ſpirit dares ſtir abroad[5];
The nights are wholeſome; then no planets ſtrike,
No fairy takes[6], nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill[7]:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have ſeen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This ſpirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt convenient. [*Exeunt.*

[4] *It* faded *on the crowing of the cock.*] This is a very ancient ſuperſtition. Philoſtratus giving an account of the apparition of Achilles' ſhade to Apollonius Tyaneus, ſays that it vaniſhed with a little glimmer as ſoon as the *cock crowed*. Vit. Apol. iv. 16. STEEVENS.

Faded has here its original ſenſe; it *vaniſhed*. *Vado*, Lat. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. C. V. St. 15:

" He ſtands amazed how he thence ſhould *fade*."

That our authour uſes the word in this ſenſe, appears from ſome ſubſequent lines:

" ——— The morning *cock crew* loud;
" And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
" And *vaniſh'd* from our ſight." MALONE.

[5] —dares ſtir *abroad*;] Quarto. The folio reads—*can walk*—. STEEVENS.

Spirit was formerly uſed as a monoſyllable: *ſprite*. The quarto, 1604, has—*dare* ſtir abroad. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—no *ſpirits* dare ſtir abroad. The neceſſary correction was made in a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1637. MALONE.

[6] *No fairy* takes.] No fairy *ſtrikes* with lameneſs or diſeaſes. This ſenſe of *take* is frequent in this authour. JOHNSON.

[7] — *high* eaſtern *hill*:] The old quarto has it better *eaſtward*. WARBURTON.

The ſuperiority of the latter of theſe readings is not, to me at leaſt, very apparent. I find the former uſed in *Lingua*, &c. 1607:

" —and overclimbs
" Yonder gilt *eaſtern* hills."

Eaſtern and *eaſtward* alike ſignify *toward the eaſt*. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room of ſtate in the ſame.

Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, *Lords, and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourſelves.
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our queen,
The imperial jointreſs of this warlike ſtate,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auſpicious, and one dropping eye[8];
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,

[8] *With* one *auſpicious, and* one *dropping eye*;] Thus the folio. The quarto, with ſomewhat leſs of quaintneſs:

With *an* auſpicious, and *a* dropping eye.

The ſame thought, however, occurs in the *Winter's Tale*: "She had *one eye* declined for the loſs of her huſband; *another* elevated that the oracle was fulfilled." STEEVENS.

Dropping in this line probably means *depreſſed* or caſt downwards: an interpretation which is ſtrongly ſupported by the paſſage already quoted from the *Winter's Tale*. It may, however, ſignify *weeping*. "*Dropping* of the eyes" was a technical expreſſion in our authour's time.—"If the ſpring be wet with much ſouth wind,—the next ſummer will happen agues and bleareneſs, *dropping of the eyes*, and pains of the bowels." Hopton's *Concordance of years*, 8vo. 1616.

Again, in Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, 1603:—"they never ſaw any man there—with eyes *dropping*, or crooked and ſtooping through age."

MALONE.

Our

Our ſtate to be disjoint and out of frame,—
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage[9],
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourſelf, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the buſineſs is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe,—to ſuppreſs
His further gait herein[1]; in that the levies,
The liſts, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his ſubject:—and we here diſpatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſs with the king, more than the ſcope[2]
Of theſe dilated articles allow[3].
Farewel; and let your haſte commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND, *and* CORNELIUS.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

[9] Colleagued *with this dream of his advantage,*] The meaning is, He goes to war ſo indiſcreetly, and unprepared, that he has no allies to ſupport him but a *dream,* with which he is *colleagued* or confederated. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald, in his *Shakſpeare Reſtored,* propoſed to read—*collegued,* but in his edition very properly adhered to the ancient copies. MALONE.

[1] *His further* gait *herein*;] *Gate* or *gait* is here uſed in the northern ſenſe, for *proceeding, paſſage*; from the A. S. verb *gae.* A *gate* for a path, paſſage, or ſtreet, is ſtill current in the north. PERCY.

[2] —*more than the ſcope*—] More than is compriſed in the general deſign of theſe articles, which you may explain in a more diffuſe and dilated ſtile. JOHNSON.

[3] —*theſe* dilated *articles,* &c.] i. e. the articles when dilated. MUSGRAVE.

The poet ſhould have written *allows.* Many writers fall into this error, when a plural noun immediately precedes the verb; as I have had occaſion to obſerve in a note on a controverted paſſage in *Love's Labours Loſt.*

So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" The *poſture* of your *blows are* yet unknown."

Again, in *Cymbeline:* " —and the *approbation* of *thoſe are* wonderfully to extend him," &c. MALONE.

You

You told us of ſome ſuit; What is't, Laertes?
You cannot ſpeak of reaſon to the Dane,
And loſe your voice: What would'ſt thou beg, Laertes,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy aſking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father[4].
What would'ſt thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To ſhew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What ſays Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my ſlow leave[5],
By labourſome petition; and, at laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent:
I do beſeech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy beſt graces: Spend it at thy will[6].—
But now, my couſin Hamlet, and my ſon,—

[4] *The head is not more native to the heart,*
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.] The ſenſe ſeems to be this: the head is not formed to be more uſeful to the heart, the hand is not more at the ſervice of the mouth, than my power is at your father's ſervice. That is, he may command me to the utmoſt, he may do what he pleaſes with my kingly authority. STEEVENS.

By *native to the heart* Dr. Johnſon underſtands, "natural and congenial to it, born with it, and co-operating with it."

Formerly the heart was ſuppoſed the ſeat of wiſdom; and hence the poet ſpeaks of the cloſe connexion between the heart and head. See Vol. XII. MALONE.

[5] —*wrung from me my ſlow leave,*] Theſe words and the two following lines are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

[6] *Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,*
And thy beſt graces: ſpend it at thy will.] The ſenſe is: "You have my leave to go, Laertes; make the faireſt uſe you pleaſe of your time, and ſpend it at your will with the faireſt graces you are maſter of." THEOBALD.

I rather think this line is in want of emendation. I read,

——*Time is thine,*
And my *beſt graces; ſpend it at thy will.* JOHNSON.

Ham.

Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind[7].

[*Aſide.*

King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo, my lord, I am too much i' the ſun[8].

7 Ham. *A little more than* kin, *and leſs than* kind.] *Kind* is the Teutonick word for *child*. Hamlet therefore anſwers with propriety, to the titles of *couſin* and *ſon*, which the king had given him, that he was ſomewhat more than *couſin*, and leſs than *ſon*. JOHNSON.

In this line, with which Shakſpeare introduces Hamlet, Dr. Johnſon has perhaps pointed out a nicer diſtinction than it can juſtly boaſt of. To eſtabliſh the ſenſe contended for, it ſhould have been proved that *kind* was ever uſed by any Engliſh writer for *child*. *A little more than kin*, is a little more than a common relation. The king was certainly ſomething *leſs than kind*, by having betrayed the mother of Hamlet into an indecent and inceſtuous marriage, and obtained the crown by means which he ſuſpects to be unjuſtifiable. In the 5th Act, the Prince accuſes his uncle of having *popt in between the election and his hopes*; which obviates Dr. Warburton's objection to the old reading, viz. that "the king had given no occaſion for ſuch a reflection."

A jingle of the ſame ſort is found in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, and ſeems to have been proverbial, as I have met with it more than once:—"the nearer we are in blood, the further we muſt be from love; the greater the *kindred* is, the leſs the *kindneſs* muſt be." Again, in *Gorboduc*, a tragedy, 1565:

"In kinde a father, but not in *kindelyneſs*."

As *kind*, however, ſignifies *nature*, Hamlet may mean that his relationſhip was become an *unnatural* one, as it was partly founded upon inceſt. Our author's *Julius Cæſar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *King Richard II.* and *Titus Andronicus*, exhibit inſtances of *kind* being uſed for *nature*, and ſo too in this play of *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. the laſt:

Remorſeleſs, treacherous, lecherous, *kindleſs* villain.

Dr. Farmer, however, obſerves that *kin* is ſtill uſed for *couſin* in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

Hamlet does not, I think, mean to ſay, as Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes, that *his uncle* is a little more than kin, &c. The king had called the prince—"My couſin Hamlet, and my ſon."—His reply, therefore, is,—"I am a little more than thy kinſman, [for I am thy ſtep-ſon;] and ſomewhat leſs than kind to thee [for I hate thee, as being the perſon who has entered into an inceſtuous marriage with my mother]. Or, if we underſtand *kind* in its ancient ſenſe, then the meaning will be,—*I am more than thy kinſman, for I am thy ſtep-ſon*; being ſuch, *I am leſs near to thee than thy natural offspring*, and therefore not entitled to the appellation of *ſon*, which you have now given me. MALONE.

8 —*too much i' the ſun.*] He perhaps alludes to the proverb, *Out of heaven's bleſſing into the warm ſun*. JOHNSON.

—*too much i' the ſun.*

Meaning probably his being ſent for from his ſtudies to be expoſed at his uncle's marriage as his *chiefeſt courtier*, &c. STEEVENS.

I queſtion whether a quibble between *ſun* and *ſon* be not here intended. FARMER.

Queen.

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Queen. Good Hamlet, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids[9]
Seek for thy noble father in the duſt:
Thou know'ſt, 'tis common; all, that live, muſt die,
Paſſing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not ſeems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, modes, ſhews of grief[1],
That can denote me truly: Theſe, indeed, ſeem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhew;
Theſe, but the trappings and the ſuits of woe[2].

King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But, you muſt know, your father loſt a father;
That father loſt, loſt his[3]; and the ſurvivor bound
In filial obligation, for ſome term
To do obſequious ſorrow[4]: But to perſever
In obſtinate condolement[5], is a courſe

[9] — *vailed lids*—] With lowering eyes, caſt down eyes. JOHNSON.

[1] — ſhews *of grief*,] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto reads—*chapes* —I ſuppoſe for *ſhapes*. STEEVENS.

[2] *But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhew*;
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.] So, in *K. Rich. II*:
" — my grief lies all within;
" And theſe external manners of lament
" Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief
" That ſwells with ſilence to the tortured ſoul." MALONE.

[3] — *your father loſt a father*;
That father loſt, loſt his;] The meaning of the paſſage is no more than this. *Your father loſt a father*, i. e. your grandfather, which *loſt grandfather* alſo loſt his father. STEEVENS.

[4] — obſequious *ſorrow*:] *Obſequious* is here from *obſequies* or *funeral ceremonies*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Titus Andronicus*:
To ſhed *obſequious* tears upon his trunk." STEEVENS.

[5] *In obſtinate* condolement,] *Condolement*, for *ſorrow*. WARBURTON.

Of

Of impious ſtubbornneſs; 'tis unmanly grief:
It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to heaven [6];
A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient;
An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd:
For what, we know, muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd [7]; whoſe common theme
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt corſe, till he that died to-day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our throne;
And, with no leſs nobility of love [8],
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
Do I impart toward you [9]. For your intent

In

[6] — *a will moſt* incorrect to heaven;] Not ſufficiently regulated by a ſenſe of duty and ſubmiſſion to the diſpenſations of providence. MALONE.

[7] *To* reaſon *moſt abſurd*;] *Reaſon* is here uſed in its common ſenſe, for the *faculty* by which we form concluſions from arguments. JOHNSON.

[8] *And with no leſs* nobility *of love*,] *Nobility* for *magnitude*. WARBURTON.

Nobility is rather *generoſity*. JOHNSON.

By *nobility of love* Mr. Heath underſtands, eminence and diſtinction of love. MALONE.

[9] *Do I* impart *toward you*.] I believe *impart* is, *impart myſelf, communicate* whatever I can beſtow. JOHNSON.

The crown of Denmark was elective. So, in *Sir Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599:

" And me poſſeſs for ſpouſed wife, who in *election* am
" To have the *crown of Denmark* here, as heir unto the ſame."

The king means, that as Hamlet ſtands the faireſt chance to be next elected, he will ſtrive with as much love to enſure the crown to him, as a father would ſhew in the continuance of heirdom to a ſon. STEEVENS.

I agree with Mr. Steevens, that the crown of Denmark (as in moſt of the Gothick kingdoms) was elective, and not hereditary; though it might be cuſtomary, in elections, to pay ſome attention to the royal blood, which by degrees produced hereditary ſucceſſion. Why then do the reſt of the commentators ſo often treat Claudius as an *uſurper*, who had deprived young Hamlet of his *right* by *beirſhip* to his father's crown?

Hamlet

In going back to ſchool in Wittenberg[1],
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And, we beſeech you, bend you to remain[2]
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, couſin, and our ſon.

Queen. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, ſtay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourſelf in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits ſmiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health[3], that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds ſhall tell;
And the king's rouſe the heaven ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *Lords*, &c. POL. *and* LAERT.

Ham. O, that this too too ſolid fleſh would melt,

Hamlet calls him drunkard, murderer, and villain: one who had carryed the election by low and mean practices; had

"Popt in between the election and my hopes—"

had

"From a ſhelf the precious diadem ſtole,
"And put it in his pocket:"

but never hints at his being an *uſurper*. His diſcontent aroſe from his uncle's being preferred before him, not from any legal right which he pretended to ſet up to the crown. Some regard was probably had to the recommendation of the preceding prince, in electing the ſucceſſor. And therefore young Hamlet had "the voice of the king himſelf for his ſucceſſion in Denmark;" and he at his own death prophecies that "the election would light on Fortinbras, who had his dying voice," conceiving that by the death of his uncle, he himſelf had been king for an inſtant, and had therefore a right to recommend. When, in the fourth act, the rabble wiſhed to chooſe Laertes king, I underſtand that antiquity was forgot, and cuſtom violated, by electing a new king in the lifetime of the old one, and perhaps alſo by the calling in a ſtranger to the royal blood. BLACKSTONE.

[1] —*to ſchool in Wittenberg,*] In Shakſpeare's time there was an univerſity at Wittenberg, to which he has made Hamlet propoſe to return. The univerſity of Wittenberg was not founded till 1502, conſequently did not exiſt in the time to which this play is referred. MALONE.

[2] —*bend you to remain*—] i. e. ſubdue your inclination to go from hence, and remain, &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *No jocund health,*—] The king's intemperance is very ſtrongly impreſſed; every thing that happens to him gives him occaſion to drink. JOHNSON.

Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew[4]!
Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter[5]! O God! O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature,
Poſſeſs it merely[6]. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not ſo much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr[7]: ſo loving to my mother,

[4] —reſolve *itſelf into a dew!*] *Reſolve* means the ſame as *diſſolve*. Ben Jonſon uſes the word in his *Volpone*, and in the ſame ſenſe:

"Forth the *reſolved* corners of his eyes."

Again, in the *Country Girl*, 1647:

"—my ſwoln grief, *reſolved* in theſe tears." STEEVENS.

[5] *Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd*
His canon *'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter!*] The generality of the editions read *cannon*, as if the poet's thought were, Or *that the Almighty had not planted his* artillery, *or* arms *of* vengeance, *againſt ſelf-murder*. But the word which I reſtored (and which was eſpouſed by the accurate Mr. Hughes, who gave an edition of this play) is the true reading, i. e. *that he had not reſtrained ſuicide by his* expreſs law *and* peremptory prohibition. THEOBALD.

There are yet thoſe who ſuppoſe the old reading to be the true one, as they ſay the word *fixed* ſeems to decide very ſtrongly in its favour. I would adviſe ſuch to recollect Virgil's expreſſion:

—*fixit* leges pretio, atque *refixit*. STEEVENS.

If the true reading wanted any ſupport, it might be found in *Cymbeline*:

"—*'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter*
"There is a *prohibition* ſo divine,
"That cravens my weak hand."

In Shakſpeare's time *canon* (*norma*) was commonly ſpelt *cannon*.
MALONE.

[6] —*merely*] is *entirely*. MALONE.

[7] *So excellent a king; that was, to this,*
Hyperion *to a ſatyr:*] Hyperion or Apollo is repreſented in all the ancient ſtatues, &c. as exquiſitely beautiful, the ſatyrs hideouſly ugly.—Shakſpeare may ſurely be pardoned for not attending to the *quantity* of Latin names, here and in *Cymbeline*; when we find Henry Parrot, the authour of a collection of epigrams printed in 1613, to which a *Latin* preface is prefixed, writing thus:

"*Poſthúmus*, not the laſt of many more,
"Aſks why I write in ſuch an idle vaine," &c.

Laquei ridiculoſi, or Springes for Woodcocks, 16mo. ſign. c. 3. MALONE.

All our Engliſh poets are guilty of the ſame falſe quantity, and call Hyperion Hyperion; at leaſt the only inſtance I have met with to the contrary, is in the old play of *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

"————Blow, gentle Africus,
"Play on our poops, when Hyperion's ſon
"Shall couch in weſt." STEEVENS.

That

That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly [8]. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears [9];—why she, even she,—

[8] *That he might not* beteem *the winds of heaven*
Visit her face too roughly.] This passage ought to be a perpetual memento to all future editors and commentators to proceed with the utmost caution in emendation, and never to discard a word from the text, merely because it is not the language of the present day.

Mr. Hughes or Mr. Rowe, supposing the text to be unintelligible, for *beteem* boldly substituted *permitted*. Mr. Theobald, in order to favour his own emendation, stated untruly that *all* the old copies which he had seen, read *beteene*, and with great plausibility proposed to read,

That he might not *let e'en* the winds of heaven, &c.

This emendation appearing uncommonly happy, was adopted by all the subsequent editors. But without necessity; for the reading of the first quarto, 1604, and indeed of all the subsequent quartos, *beteeme*, is no corruption, but a word of Shakspeare's age; and accordingly it is now once more restored to the text. It is used by Golding in his translation of the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 4to. 1587:

"The king of Gods did burne ere while in love of Ganymede,
"The Phrygian; and the thing was found which Jupiter, that fled,
"Had rather be than what he was; yet could he not *beseeme*
"The shape of any other bird than eagle for to seeme."

Rex superum Phrygii quondam Ganymedis amore
Arsit; et inventum est aliquid quod Jupiter esse,
Quam quod erat, mallet; *nullâ tamen alite verti*
Dignatur, nisi quæ posset sua fulmina ferre.

In the folio the word is corruptly printed *beteene*. The rhyme in Golding's verses proves that the reading of the original quarto is the true one. Golding manifestly uses the word in the sense of *endure*.

We find a sentiment similar to that before us, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"——— she had a lord,
"Jealous that air should ravish her chaste looks." MALONE.

So, in the Enterlude of the *Lyfe and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalaine*, &c. by Lewis Wager, 1567:

"But evermore they were unto me very tender,
"They would not *suffer* the *wynde* on me to blowe."
STEEVENS.

[9] *Like* Niobe, *all tears*;] Shakspeare might have caught this idea from an ancient ballad entitled "The falling out of lovers is the renewing of love:"

"Now I, like weeping *Niobe*,
"May wash my hands in tears."

Of this ballad *Amantium iræ*, &c. is the burden. STEEVENS.

O heaven! a beaſt, that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She marry'd:—O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good:
But break, my heart; for I muſt hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordſhip!
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myſelf?
Hor. The ſame, my lord, and your poor ſervant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you[1].
And what make you [2] from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord,—
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good even, ſir[3].—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt yourſelf: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elſinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think, it was to ſee my mother's wedding.

[1] —*I'll change that name*—] I'll be your ſervant, you ſhall be my friend. JOHNSON.

[2] —*what make you*—] A familiar phraſe for *what are you doing*. JOHNSON.

[3] —*good even, ſir.*] So the copies. Sir Th. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton put it, *good morning*. The alteration is of no importance, but all licence is dangerous. There is no need of any change. Between the firſt and eighth ſcene of this act it is apparent, that a natural day muſt paſs, and how much of it is already over, there is nothing that can determine. The king has held a council. It may now as well be *evening* as *morning*. JOHNSON.

Hor.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats[4]
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven[5],
Or ever[6] I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye[7], Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

[4] — *the funeral bak'd meats*—] It was anciently the general custom to give a cold entertainment to mourners at a funeral. In distant counties this practice is continued among the yeomanry. See *The Tragique Historie of the Faire Valeria of London*, 1598. "His corpes was with funerall pompe conveyed to the church, and there sollemnly enterred, nothing omitted which necessitie or custom could claime; a sermon, a *banquet*, and like observations. Again, in the old romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

"A great *feaste* would he holde
"Upon his quenes mornynge day,
"That was buryed in an abbay." COLLINS.

See also Hayward's *Life and Raigne of King Henrie the Fourth*, 4to. 1599, p. 135: "Then hee [King Richard II.] was conveyed to Langley Abby in Buckinghamshire,—and there obscurely interred,—without the charge of a *dinner* for celebrating the funeral." MALONE.

[5] — *my dearest foe*—] *Dearest*, for *direst*, most dreadful, most dangerous. JOHNSON.

Dearest is *most immediate, consequential, important.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——— a ring that I must use
"In *dear* employment."

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill*:

"You meet your *dearest* enemy in love,
"With all his hate about him." STEEVENS.

See Vol. XII. MALONE.

[6] *Or* ever—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—*ere* ever. This is not the only instance in which a familiar phraseology has been substituted for one more ancient, in that valuable copy. MALONE.

[7] *In my mind's eye*,] This expression occurs again in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"——— himself behind
"Was left unseen, save to *the eye of mind*."

Ben Jonson has borrowed it in his Masque called *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*:

"As only by *the mind's eye* may be seen."

Telemachus lamenting the absence of Ulysses, is represented in like manner:

'Οσσομένοσ πατέρ' ἐσθλὸν ἐνὶ φρεσὶν,— STEEVENS.

This expression occurs again in our authour's 113th Sonnet:

"Since I left you, mine *eye is in my mind*." MALONE.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again [8].

Hor. My lord, I think I ſaw him yeſternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Seaſon your admiration [9] for a while
With an attent ear [1]; till I may deliver,
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waiſt and middle of the night [2],
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point [3], exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with ſolemn march,
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſs'd and fear-ſurprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they, diſtill'd

[8] *I ſhall not look upon his like again.*] Mr. Holt propoſes to read from Sir Thomas Stamwell, Bart. of Upton, near Northampton:

"*Eye* ſhall not look upon his like again;"

and thinks it is more in the true ſpirit of Shakſpeare than the other. So, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 746: "In the greateſt pomp that ever *eye* beheld." Again, in *Sandys's Travels*, p. 150: "We went this day through the moſt pregnant and pleaſant valley that ever *eye* beheld." STEEVENS.

[9] Seaſon *your admiration*—] That is, *temper* it. JOHNSON.

[1] *With an* attent *ear*,] Spenſer, as well as our poet, uſes *attent* for *attentive*. MALONE.

[2] *In the dead* waiſt *and middle of the night*,] This ſtrange phraſeology ſeems to have been common in the time of Shakſpeare. By *waiſt* is meant nothing more than *middle*; and hence the epithet *dead* did not appear incongruous to our poet. So, in Marſton's *Malecontent*, 1604:

"'Tis now about the immodeſt *waiſt* of *night*." i. e. midnight.

Again, in *The Puritan*, a comedy, 1607:—"ere the day be ſpent to the *girdle*,"—.

In the old copies the word is ſpelt *waſt*, as it is in the ſecond act, ſc. ii. "then you live about her *waſt*, or in the middle of her favours." The ſame ſpelling is found in *K. Lear*, Act IV. ſc. vi. "Down from the *waſt*, they are centaurs." See alſo Minſheu's Dict. 1617: "*Waſt*, *middle*, or girdle-ſteed." We have the ſame pleonaſm in another line in this play:

"And given my heart a working *mute* and *dumb*."

All the modern editors read—In the dead *waſte*, &c. MALONE.

[3] *Armed at point*,] Thus the quarto, 1604. Folio: Arm'd at *all points*. MALONE.

Almoſt

Almoſt to jelly with the act of fear[4],
Stand dumb and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſh'd from our ſight.

Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, ſirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then ſaw you not his face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up[5].

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

[4] —*with the* act of *fear*,] *Fear* was the cauſe, the active cauſe, that *diſtilled* them by that force of operation which we ſtrictly call *act* in voluntary, and *power* in involuntary, agents, but popularly call *act* in both. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*be*ſtil'd. STEEVENS.

[5] —*wore his* beaver up.] Though *beaver* properly ſignified that part of the helmet which was *let down*, to enable the wearer to drink, Shakſpeare always uſes the word as denoting that part of the helmet which, when raiſed up, expoſed the face of the wearer; and ſuch was the popular ſignification of the word in his time. In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, *beaver* is defined thus: "In armour it ſignifies that part of the helmet which may be *lifted up*, to take breath the more freely." MALONE.

Hor. A countenance more
In ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would, I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like,
Very like: Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte
Might tell a hundred.
Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw it.
Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?
Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd[6].
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant, it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, though hell itſelf ſhould gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be tenable[7] in your ſilence ſtill;
And whatſoever elſe ſhall hap to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll viſit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewel.
[*Exeunt* HOR. MAR. *and* BER.
My father's-ſpirit in arms![8] all is not well;
I doubt ſome foul play: would the night were come!
Till then ſit ſtill, my ſoul: Foul deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

[6] *A ſable ſilver'd.*] So in our poet's 12th ſonnet:
"And *ſable curls*, all *ſilver'd* o'er with white." MALONE.

[7] *Let it be* tenable—] So the quarto, 1604. Folio:—*treble.* MALONE.

[8] *My father's ſpirit in arms!*] From what went before, I once hinted to Mr. Garrick, that theſe words might be ſpoken in this manner:
My father's ſpirit! in arms! all is not well. WHALLEY.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Room in Polonius' *House.*

Enter LAERTES, *and* OPHELIA.

Laer. My neceſſaries are embark'd; farewel;
And, ſiſter, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is aſſiſtant, do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, ſweet, not laſting,
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute[9];
No more.

Oph. No more but ſo?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, creſcent, does not grow alone
In thews[1], and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no ſoil, nor cautel, doth beſmirch[2]
The virtue of his will: but, you muſt fear,
His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own;

[9] *The perfume and* ſuppliance *of a minute*;] The words *perfume and*, which are found in the quarto, 1604, were omitted in the folio. MALONE.

The perfume and *ſuppliance* of a minute; i. e. what is ſupplied to us for a minute. The idea ſeems to be taken from the ſhort duration of vegetable perfumes. STEEVENS.

[1] *In* thews,] i. e. in ſinews, muſcular ſtrength. STEEVENS.

[2] *And now no ſoil, nor* cautel, &c.] *Cautel* is ſubtlety, or deceit. Minſheu in his Dictionary, 1617, defines it, "A crafty way to deceive." The word is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *A Lover's Complaint*:

"In him a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
"Applied to *cautels*, all ſtrange forms receives." MALONE.

So, in the ſecond part of Greene's *Art of Conycatching*, 1592: "—and their ſubtill *cautels* to amend the ſtatute." *To amend the ſtatute* was the cant phraſe for evading the law. STEEVENS.

Virtue ſeems here to compriſe both *excellence* and *power*, and may be explained the *pure effect*. JOHNSON.

For he himſelf is ſubject to his birth*:
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends
The ſafety and the health of the whole ſtate[3];
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he ſays, he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his ſaying deed[4]; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep you in the rear of your affection[6],
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The chariеſt maid[7] is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes:
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then: beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

* *For he himſelf*, &c.] This line is not in the quarto. MALONE.

3 *The* ſafety *and* the *health of the whole ſtate*;] Thus the quarto, 1604, except that it has—*this* whole ſtate, and the ſecond *the* is inadvertently omitted. The folio reads:

The *ſanctity* and health of the whole ſtate.

This is another proof of arbitrary alterations being ſometimes made in the folio. The editor, finding the metre defective, in conſequence of the article being omitted before *health*, inſtead of ſupplying it, for *ſafety* ſubſtituted a word of three ſyllables. MALONE.

4 *May give his* ſaying deed;] So, in *Timon of Athens*:—"the *deed of ſaying* is quite out of uſe." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"*Speaking in deeds*, and deedleſs in his tongue." MALONE.

5 —*unmaſter'd*—] i. e. *licentious*. JOHNSON.

6 —*keep you in the rear*, &c.] That is, do not advance ſo far as your affection would lead you. JOHNSON.

7 *The* chariеſt *maid*—] *Chary* is cautious. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "Love requires not chaſtity, but that her ſoldiers be *chary*." Again: "She liveth chaſtly enough, that liveth *charily*." STEEVENS.

Oph.

Oph. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keep
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilſt, like a puff'd and reckleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read[8].

Laer. O, fear me not.
I ſtay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for ſhame;
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail[9],
And you are ſtaid for: There,—my bleſſing with you;
[*laying his hand on* Laertes' *head.*
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character[1]. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,

[8] — recks *not his own* read.] That is, heeds not his own leſſons. POPE.

So, in *Hycke Scorner*;
" — I *reck* not a feder." STEEVENS.
Read is counſel. MALONE.
So the *Old Proverb* on the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:
" Take heed, is a good *reed*." STEEVENS.
So Sternhold, Pſalm i.
" That hath not lent
" To wicked *rede* his ear. BLACKSTONE.

[9] — *the ſhoulder of your ſail,*] This is a common ſea phraſe. STEEVENS.

[1] *And theſe few precepts in thy* memory
Look thou character.] i. e. write; ſtrongly infix. The ſame phraſe is again uſed by our authour in his 122d Sonnet:
" — thy tables are within my brain
" Full *character'd* with laſting *memory*."
Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
" ——— I do conjure thee,
" Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
" Are viſibly *character'd* and engrav'd." MALONE.

Grapple

Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel[2];
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade[3]. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the oppoſer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's cenſure[4], but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſs'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the beſt rank and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous chief, in that[5].

Neither

[2] *Grapple them to thy ſoul with* hooks of *ſteel*;] The old copies read —with *hoops* of ſteel. I have no doubt that this was a corruption in the original quarto of 1604, ariſing, like many others, from ſimilitude of ſounds. The emendation, which was made by Mr. Pope, and adopted by three ſubſequent editors, is ſtrongly ſupported by the word *grapple*. See Minſheu's *Dictionary*, 1617: "To *hook* or *grapple*, viz. to grapple and to board a ſhip."

A *grapple* is an inſtrument with ſeveral *hooks* to lay hold of a ſhip, in order to board it.

This correction is alſo juſtified by our poet's 137th ſonnet:

"Why of eyes' falſhood haſt thou forged *hooks*,
"Whereto the judgment of my *heart* is *ty'd* ?"

It may be alſo obſerved, that *hooks* are ſometimes made of ſteel, but *hoops* never. MALONE.

[3] *But do not dull thy palm with entertainment*
Of each new-batch'd, unfledg'd comrade.] The literal ſenſe is, *Do not make thy palm callous by ſhaking every man by the hand.* The figurative meaning may be, *Do not by promiſcuous converſation make thy mind inſenſible to the difference of characters.* JOHNSON.

[4] — *each man's* cenſure,] *Cenſure* is opinion. STEEVENS.

[5] *Are of a moſt ſelect and generous* chief, *in that.*] Thus the quarto, 1604, and the folio, except that in that copy the word *chief* is ſpelt *cheff*. The ſubſtantive *chief*, which ſignifies in heraldry the upper part of the ſhield, appears to have been in common uſe in Shakſpeare's time, being found in Minſheu's Dictionary, 1617. He defines it thus: "*Eſt ſuperior et ſcuti nobilior pars; tertiam partem ejus obtinet; ante Chriſti adventum dabatur in maximi honoris ſignum ſenatoribus et honoratis viris.*" B. Jonſon has uſed the word in his *Poetaſter*.

The meaning then ſeems to be, *They in France approve themſelves of a moſt ſelect and generous eſcutcheon by their dreſs. Generous* is uſed with the ſignification of *generoſus*. So, in *Othello*: "The *generous* iſlanders," &c.

Chief, however, may have been uſed as a ſubſtantive, for *note* or *eſtimation*, without any alluſion to heraldry, though the word was perhaps originally *heraldick*. So, in Bacon's *Colours of good and evil*, 16mo. 1597: "In the warmer climates the people are generally more wiſe, but in the northern climates the wits *of chief* are greater." MALONE.

If

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry[6].
This above all,—To thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day[7],
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell; my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee[8]!

Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you[9]; go, your ſervants tend[1].

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have ſaid to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it[2].

Laer. Farewel. [*Exit* LAERTES.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath ſaid to you?

Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the lord Hamlet.

If *chief* in this ſenſe had not been familiarly underſtood, the editor of the folio muſt have conſidered the line as unintelligible, and would have probably omitted the words—*of a* in the beginning of it, or attempted ſome other correction. That not having been done, I have adhered to the old copies.

Our poet from various paſſages in his works, appears to have been accurately acquainted with all the terms of heraldry. MALONE.

[6] — *of* huſbandry.] i. e. of thrift; œconomical prudence. MALONE.

[7] *And it muſt follow, as the* night the day,] So, in the 145th Sonnet of Shakſpeare:

"That follow'd it *as gentle day*
"*Doth follow night*," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] — *my bleſſing* ſeaſon *this in thee!*] Infix it in ſuch a manner as that it may never wear out. JOHNSON.

So, in the mock tragedy repreſented before the king:

"— who in want a hollow friend doth try,
"Directly *ſeaſons* him his enemy." STEEVENS.

[9] *The time* invites *you*;—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads—The time *inveſts* you: which Mr. Theobald preferred, ſuppoſing that it meant, "the time *beſieges*, preſſes upon you on every ſide." But to *inveſt*, in Shakſpeare's time, only ſignified, to clothe, or to give poſſeſſion. MALONE.

Either reading may ſerve. Macbeth ſays,

"I go, and it is done; the bell *invites* me." STEEVENS.

[1] — *your ſervants tend.*] i. e. your ſervants are waiting for you. JOHNSON.

[2] — *yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it.*] The meaning is, that your counſels are as ſure of remaining locked up in my memory, as if you yourſelf carried the key of it. So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "You ſhall cloſe it up like treaſure of your own, and yourſelf *ſhall keep the key of it.*" STEEVENS.

Pol.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous:
If it be ſo, (as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand yourſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance[3].
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I ſhould think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourſelf a baby;
That you have ta'en theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender yourſelf more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wronging it thus,) you'll tender me a fool[4].

Oph.

[3] Unſifted *in ſuch perilous circumſtance.*] *Unſifted*, for *untried*. *Untried* ſignifies either not *tempted*, or not *refined*; *unſifted* ſignifies the *latter* only, though the ſenſe requires the *former*. WARBURTON.

I do not think that the ſenſe requires us to underſtand *untempted*. "Unſifted in," &c. means, I think, one who has not nicely *canvaſſed* and examined the peril of her ſituation. MALONE.

[4] — *Tender yourſelf more dearly*;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wronging it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.] I have followed the punctuation of the firſt quarto, 1604, where the parentheſis is extended to the word *thus*, to which word the context in my apprehenſion clearly ſhews it ſhould be carried. "Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe, playing upon it, and abuſing it thus,") &c. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"To *wrong* the wronger, till he render right."

The quarto, by the miſtake of the compoſitor, reads—*Wrong* it thus. The folio, *Reaming* it thus. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

I believe the word *wronging* has reference, not to the phraſe, but to Ophelia: if you go on *wronging it thus*, that is, *if you continue to go on thus wrong*. This is a mode of ſpeaking perhaps not very grammatical, but very common; nor have the beſt writers refuſed it.

To ſinner it or ſaint it,

is in Pope. And Rowe,

— *Thus to* coy it,
With one who knows you too.

The

Oph. My lord, he hath impórtun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.

Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call it; go to, go to[5].

Oph. And hath given countenance to his ſpeech, my lord,
With almoſt all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks[6]. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows: theſe blazes, daughter[7],
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promiſe, as it is a making,—
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your maiden preſence;
Set your entreatments[8] at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe ſo much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tether[9] may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,

The folio has it,—roaming *it thus*,—That is, *letting yourſelf looſe, to ſuch improper liberty*. But *wronging* ſeems to be more proper. JOHNSON.

— Tender *yourſelf more dearly*;] To *tender* is to regard with affection. So, in *King Richard III.*

" ——— And ſo betide me,
" As well I *tender* you and all of yours."

Again, in *The Maydes Metamorphoſis* by Lily, 1601:

" —— if you account us for the ſame
" That *tender* thee, and love Apollo's name." MALONE.

5 — faſhion *you may call it*:—] She uſes *faſhion* for *manner*, and he for a *tranſient practice*. JOHNSON.

6 — *ſpringes to catch woodcocks.*] A proverbial ſaying.

" Every woman has a *ſpringe to catch a woodcock*." STEEVENS.

7 *Theſe blazes, daughter,*] Some epithet to *blazes* was probably omitted, by the careleſsneſs of the tranſcriber or compoſitor, in the firſt quarto, in conſequence of which the metre is defective. MALONE.

8 *Set your entreatments*—] *Entreatments* here means *company, converſation*, from the French *entrétien*. JOHNSON.

Entreatments, I rather think, means the objects of *entreaty*; the favours for which lovers ſue. In the next ſcene we have a word of a ſimilar formation:

" As if it ſome *impartment* did deſire," &c. MALONE.

9 — *larger* tether—] *Tether* is that ſtring by which an animal, ſet to graze in grounds unincloſed, is confined within the proper limits. JOHNSON.

So, in Green's *Card of Fancy*, 1601: " To tye the ape and the bear in one *tedder*." *Tether* is a ſtring by which any animal is faſtened, whether for the ſake of feeding or the air. STEEVENS.

Do

Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers [1]
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds [2],
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure [3],
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,*] A *broker* in old English meant a *bawd* or *pimp*. See the Glossary to Gawin Douglasses translation of Virgil. So, in *K. John*:

"This *bawd*, this *broker*," &c.

See also Vol. XII. In our authour's *Lover's Complaint* we again meet with the same expression, applied in the same manner:

"Know, *vows* are ever *brokers* to defiling." MALONE.

[2] *Breathing, like sanctified and pious bonds,*] For *bonds* Mr. Theobald substituted *bawds*; but the old reading is undoubtedly the true one. Do not, says Polonius, believe his vows, for they are merely uttered for the purpose of persuading you to yield to a criminal passion, though they appear only the genuine effusions of pure and lawful affection, and assume the semblance of those sacred engagements entered into at the altar of wedlock. The *bonds* here in our poet's thoughts were *bonds of love*. So, in his 142d Sonnet:

"——— those lips of thine,
"That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
"And seal'd false *bonds of love*, as oft as mine."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"O, ten times faster Venus pigeons fly,
"To seal *love's bonds* new made, than they are wont
"To keep obliged faith unforfeited."

"Sanctified and pious bonds," are the *true bonds of love*, or, as our poet has elsewhere expressed it,

"A contract and *eternal bond of love*."

Dr. Warburton certainly misunderstood this passage. His comment, which has been received in all the late editions is this: "Do not believe, (says Polonius,) Hamlet's amorous vows made to you; which pretend religion in them, (*the better to beguile,*) like those sanctified and pious vows made to *heaven*." And why, he triumphantly asks, "may not this pass without suspicion?" If he means his own comment, the answer is, because it is not perfectly accurate. MALONE.

[3] *I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,*

Have you so slander any moment's leisure,] Polonius says, *in plain terms*, that is, not in language less elevated or embellished than before, but *in terms that cannot be misunderstood: I would not have you so disgrace your most idle moments, as not to find better employment for them than lord Hamlet's conversation.* JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air[4].
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is ſtruck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the ſeaſon.
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flouriſh of trumpets, and ordnance ſhot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouſe[5],
Keeps waſſel[6], and the ſwaggering up-ſpring[7] reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a cuſtom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a cuſtom

[4] —*an* eager *air.*] That is, a ſharp air, *aigre*, Fr. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:
"And curd, like *eager* droppings into milk." MALONE.

[5] —*takes his rouſe,*] A rouſe is a large doſe of liquor, a debauch. So, in *Othello*: "—they have given me a *rouſe* already."
It ſhould ſeem from the following paſſage in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, that the word *rouſe* was of Daniſh extraction. "Teach me, thou ſoveraigne ſkinker, how to take the German's upſy freeze, the *Daniſh rouſer*, the Switzer's ſtoop of rheniſh," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *Keeps waſſel,*—] Devotes the night to intemperance. MALONE.

[7] —*the ſwaggering* up-ſpring—] The bluſtering upſtart. JOHNSON.
It appears from the following paſſage in *Alphonſus Emperor of Germany*, by Chapman, that the *up-ſpring* was a *German dance*:
"We Germans have no changes in our dances;
"An *almain* and an *up-ſpring*, that is all."
Spring was anciently the name of a tune. STEEVENS.

More

More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt [8],
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute [9].
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chooſe his origin [1],)
By the o'er-growth of ſome complexion [2],
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners [3];—that theſe men,—
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect;

[8] *This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt*, &c.] *This heavy-headed revel makes us traduced eaſt and weſt, and taxed of other nations.* JOHNSON.

By *eaſt and weſt*, as Mr. Edwards has obſerved, is meant, throughout the world; *from one end of it to the other.*—This and the following twenty one lines have been reſtored from the quarto. MALONE.

[9] *The pith and marrow of our attribute.*] The beſt and moſt valuable part of the praiſe that would be otherwiſe attributed to us. JOHNSON.

[1] *That, for ſome vicious* mole *of nature in them,*
As in their birth, (*wherein* they are not guilty,
Since nature *cannot chooſe his origin,*] We have the ſame ſentiment in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"For *marks* deſcried in men's nativity
"Are nature's fault, not their own infamy."

Mr. Theobald, without neceſſity, altered *mole* to *mould*. The reading of the old copies is fully ſupported by a paſſage in *King John:*

"Patch'd with foul *moles* and eye-offending marks." MALONE.

[2] —complexion,] *i. e.* humour; as ſanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, *&c.* WARBURTON.

The quarto 1604 for *the* has *their*; as a few lines lower it has *his* virtues, inſtead of *their* virtues. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[3] —*that too much* o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners;] That intermingles too much with their manners; infects and *corrupts* them. See Vol. XIII. p. 78, n. 2. *Plauſive* in our poet's age ſignified gracious, pleaſing, popular. So, in another play:

"—his *plauſive* words
"He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
"To grow there, and to bear."

Plauſible, in which ſenſe *Plauſive* is here uſed, is defined by Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, &c. 1604, "*Pleaſing*, or received joyfully and willingly." MALONE.

Being

Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſtar[4],—
Their virtues elſe (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo[5],)
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth dout,
To his own ſcandal[6].

Enter

[4] —*or fortune's ſtar,*] Some accidental blemiſh, the conſequence of *the overgrowth of ſome complexion* or humour allotted to us by fortune at our birth, or ſome vicious habit accidentally acquired afterwards.

Theobald, plauſibly enough, would read—fortune's *ſcar*. The emendation may be ſupported by a paſſage in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

" The *ſcars* upon your honour therefore he
" Does pity as conſtrained *blemiſhes*,
" Not as deſerv'd." MALONE.

[5] *As infinite as man may undergo.*] As large as can be accumulated upon man. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *The dram of* baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth dout,
To his own ſcandal.] The quarto, where alone this paſſage is found, exhibits it thus:

——— the dram of *eale*
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of *a doubt*,
To his own ſcandal.

To *dout*, as I have already obſerved in a note on *King Henry V.* ſignified in Shakſpeare's time, and yet ſignifies in Devonſhire and other weſtern counties, to *do out*, to efface, to extinguiſh. Thus they ſay, " *dout* the candle, *dout* the fire," &c. It is exactly formed in the ſame manner as to *don*, (or *do on*,) which occurs ſo often in the writings of our poet and his contemporaries.

I have no doubt that the corruption of the text aroſe in the following manner. *Dout*, which I have now printed in the text, having been written by the miſtake of the tranſcriber, *doubt*, and the word *worth* having been inadvertently omitted, the line, in the copy that went to the preſs, ſtood,

Doth all the noble ſubſtance of *doubt*,—

The editor or printer of the quarto copy, finding the line too ſhort, and thinking *doubt* muſt want an article, inſerted it, without attending to the context; and inſtead of correcting the erroneous, and ſupplying the true word, printed—

Doth all the noble ſubſtance of *a doubt*, &c.

The very ſame error has happened in *K. Henry V.*

" That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
" And *doubt* them with ſuperfluous courage:"

where *doubt* is again printed inſtead of *dout*.

That *worth* (which was ſupplied firſt by Mr. Theobald,) was the word omitted originally in the hurry of tranſcription, may be fairly collected from a paſſage in *Cymbeline*, which fully juſtifies the correction made:

[6] —Is

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us[7]!—

Be

" —Is ſhe with Poſthumus?
" From whoſe ſo many weights of *baſeneſs* cannot
" A *dram of worth* be drawn."

This paſſage alſo adds ſupport to the correction of the word *eale* in the firſt of theſe lines, which was likewiſe made by Mr. Theobald.—*Baſe* is uſed ſubſtantively for *baſeneſs*: a practice not uncommon in Shakſpeare. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Say what thou canſt, my *falſe* outweighs your *true*."

Shakſpeare, however, might have written—The dram of *ill*. This is nearer the corrupted word *eale*, but the paſſage in *Cymbeline* is in favour of the other emendation.

The meaning of the paſſage thus corrected is, The ſmalleſt particle of vice ſo blemiſhes the whole maſs of virtue, as to eraſe from the minds of mankind the recollection of the numerous good qualities poſſeſſed by him who is thus blemiſhed by a ſingle ſtain, and taints his general character.

To his own ſcandal, means, *ſo as to reduce the whole maſs of worth to* its *own* vicious and unſightly appearance; *to tranſlate his* virtue *to the likeneſs of* vice.

His for *its*, is ſo common in Shakſpeare, that every play furniſhes us with examples. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene in this play:—" than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into *his* likeneſs."

Again, in another play:

" When every feather ſticks in *his* own wing,—."

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
" To take from thence all error with *his* might."

Again, in *K. Richard II.*

" That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
" Since *it* is bankrupt of *his* majeſty."

So, in *Grim, the Collier of Croydon*:

" Contented life, that gives the heart *his* eaſe,—."

We meet with a ſentiment ſomewhat ſimilar to that before us, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" —oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
" Defect of manners, want of government,
" Pride, haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain;
" The *leaſt of which*, haunting a nobleman,
" Loſeth men's hearts, and leaves behind *a ſtain*
" *Upon the beauty of all parts beſides*,
" *Beguiling them of commendation.*" MALONE.

[7] *Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!*] Hamlet's ſpeech to the apparition of his father ſeems to me to conſiſt of three parts. When firſt he ſees the ſpectre, he fortifies himſelf with an invocation:

Angels

Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd[8],
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape[9],
That I will ſpeak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, anſwer me:
Let me not burſt in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cerements[1]! why the ſepulchre,

Wherein

Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!

As the ſpectre approaches, he deliberates with himſelf, and determines, that whatever it be he will venture to addreſs it.

Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee," &c.

This he ſays while his father is advancing; he then, as he had determined, *ſpeaks to him*, and *calls him—Hamlet, King, Father, Royal Dane: oh! anſwer me.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,* &c.] So, in *Acolaſtus his After-wit*, 1600:

" Art thou a god, a man, or elſe a ghoſt?
" Com'ſt thou from heaven, where bliſs and ſolace dwell?
" Or from the aire cold-engendring coaſt?
" Or from the darkſome dungeon-hold of hell?"

The firſt known edition of this play is in 1604. STEEVENS.

[9] —*queſtionable ſhape,*] By *queſtionable* is meant provoking queſtion. HANMER.

So, in *Macbeth*:

Live you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? JOHNSON.

Queſtionable, I believe means only *propitious to converſation, eaſy and willing to be converſed with.* So, in *As you like it*: " An *unqueſtionable* ſpirit, which you have not." *Unqueſtionable* in this laſt inſtance certainly ſignifies *unwilling to be talked to.* STEEVENS.

Queſtionable perhaps only means *capable of being converſed with. To queſtion*, certainly in our authour's time ſignified *to converſe.* So, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" For after ſupper long he *queſtioned*
" With modeſt Lucrece—."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Out of our *queſtion* wipe him."

See alſo Vol XIII. p. 332, n. 1. MALONE.

[1] ——*tell,*
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cerements!] Hamlet, amazed at an apparition, which, though in all ages credited, has in all ages been conſidered as the moſt wonderful and moſt dreadful operation of ſupernatural agency, enquires

Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd[2],
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corſe, again, in cómplete ſteel[3],
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature[4]
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition[5],
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?

enquires of the ſpectre, in the moſt emphatick terms, why he breaks the order of nature, by returning from the dead; this he aſks in a very confuſed circumlocution, confounding in his fright the ſoul and body. Why, ſays he, have *thy bones*, which with due ceremonies have been intombed *in death*, in the common ſtate of departed mortals, *burſt* the folds in which they were embalmed? Why has the tomb, in which we ſaw thee quietly laid, opened his mouth, that mouth which, by its weight and ſtability, ſeemed cloſed for ever? The whole ſentence is this: *Why doſt thou appear, whom we know to be dead?* JOHNSON.

By *bearſed in death*, the poet ſeems to mean, *repoſited and confined in the place of the dead.* In his *Rape of Lucrece* he has again uſed this uncommon participle in nearly the ſame ſenſe:

"Thy ſea within a puddle's womb is *hearſed*,
"And not the puddle in thy ſea diſperſed." MALONE.

By the expreſſion *bearſed in death* is meant, ſhut up and ſecured with all thoſe precautions which are uſually practiſed in preparing dead bodies for ſepulture, ſuch as the winding-ſheet, ſhrowd, coffin, &c. perhaps embalming into the bargain. So that *death* is here uſed, by a metonymy of the antecedent for the conſequents, for the rites of death, ſuch as are generally eſteemed due, and practiſed with regard to dead bodies. Conſequently, I underſtand by *cerements*, the waxed winding-ſheet, or winding-ſheets, in which the corpſe was encloſed and ſown up, in order to preſerve it the longer from external impreſſions from the humidity of the ſepulchre, as embalming was intended to preſerve it from internal corruption. HEATH.

2 — *quietly* in-urn'd,] The quartos read *intern'd.* STEEVENS.

3 *That thou, dead corſe, again, in cómplete ſteel,*] It is probable that Shakſpeare introduced his ghoſt in armour, that it might appear more ſolemn by ſuch a diſcrimination from the other characters; though it was really the cuſtom of the Daniſh kings to be buried in that manner. Vide *Olaus Wormius*, cap. 7.

"Struem regi nec veſtibus, nec odoribus cumulant, *ſua cuique arma*, quorundam igni et equus adjicitur."

"——ſed poſtquam magnanimus ille Danorum rex collem ſibi magnitudinis conſpicuæ extruxiſſet, (cui poſt obitum regio diademate exornatum, *armis indutum*, inferendum eſſet cadaver," &c. STEEVENS.

4 — *we fools of nature*—] i. e. making us, who are the ſport of nature, whoſe myſterious operations are beyond the reaches of our ſouls, &c. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "O, I am *fortune's fool.*" MALONE.

5 — *to ſhake our* diſpoſition,] *Diſpoſition*, for *frame.* WARBURTON.

Hor.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action,
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee[6];
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.
Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe[7] into the ſea?
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon[8],
And draw you into madneſs? think of it:
The very place puts toys of deſperation[9],
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me ſtill:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body

[6] —*pin's fee*;] The value of a pin. JOHNSON.

[7] *That* beetles *o'er his baſe*—] That *bangs o'er* his baſe, like what is called a *beetle-brow*. This verb is, I believe, of our authour's coinage. MALONE.

[8] —*deprive* your ſovereignty, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *deprave*; but ſeveral proofs are given in the notes to *King Lear* of Shakſpeare's uſe of the word *deprive*, which is the true reading. STEEVENS.

I believe, *deprive* in this place ſignifies ſimply to *take away*. JOHNSON.

[9] —*puts* toys *of deſperation*,] *Toys*, for *whims*. WARBURTON.
This and the three following lines are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

As

As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve[1].— [Ghoſt *beckons.*
Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me[2]:—
I ſay, away:—Go on,—I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt* Ghoſt, *and* HAMLET.

Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after:—To what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it[3].
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghoſt, *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? ſpeak, I'll go no further.
Ghoſt. Mark me.
Ham. I will.

[1] *As hardy as the* Némean *lion's nerve.*—] Shakſpeare has again accented the word *Nemean* in this manner, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"Thus doſt thou hear the Némean lion roar."

Spenſer, however, wrote Neméan, *Faery Queene*, B. V. c. i.:

"Into the great Neméan lion's grove."

Our poet's conforming in this inſtance to Latin proſody was certainly accidental, for he and almoſt all the poets of his time diſregarded the quantity of Latin names. So, in *Lucrine*, 1595, (though undoubtedly the production of a ſcholar,) we have *Amphion* inſtead of *Amphion*, &c. See alſo p 194, n. 7. MALONE.

[2] —*that* lets *me:*] To *let* among our old authours ſignifies to prevent, to hinder. STEEVENS.

So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy by Middleton, 1657:

"That *lets* her not to be your daughter now." MALONE.

[3] *Heaven will direct it.*] Marcellus anſwers Horatio's queſtion, "To what iſſue will this come?" and Horatio alſo anſwers it himſelf, with a pious reſignation, "Heaven will direct it." BLACKSTONE.

Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.
Ham. Alas, poor ghoſt!
Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy father's ſpirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to faſt in fires[4],
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away[5]. But that I am forbid

To

[4] *Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,*
And for the day confin'd to faſt *in fires,*] Chaucer has a ſimilar paſſage with regard to the puniſhments of hell. *Perſon's Tale*, p. 193, Mr. Urry's edition: "And moreover the miſeſe of hell ſhall be in defaute of mete and drinke." SMITH.

Naſh, in his *Pierce Pennileſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, has the ſame idea: "Whether it be a place of horror, ſtench, and darkneſs, where men *ſee meat, but can get none*, and are ever thirſty," &c. Before I had read the *Perſones Tale* of Chaucer, I ſuppoſed that he meant rather to drop a ſtroke of ſatire on ſacerdotal luxury, than to give a ſerious account of the place of future torment. Chaucer, however, is as grave as Shakſpeare. So likewiſe at the concluſion of an ancient pamphlet called *The Wyll of the Devyll*, bl. l. no date:

"Thou ſhalt lye in froſt and *fire*
"With ſickneſſe and *hunger*;" &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *Are burnt and purg'd away.*] Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonic hell into the "punytion of ſaulis in purgatory:" and it is obſervable, that when the ghoſt informs Hamlet of his doom there,

"Till the foul crimes, done in his days of nature,
"Are *burnt and purg'd away*,—

the expreſſion is very ſimilar to the biſhop's. I will give you his verſion as conciſely as I can: "It is a nedeful thyng to ſuffer pains and tor-"ment;—Sum in the wyndis, ſum under the watter, and in the fire "uthir ſum: thus the mony vices—

"Centrakkit in the corpis be *done away*
"*And purgitt.*"—*Sixte Book of Eneados*, fol. p. 191.
FARMER.

Shakſpeare might have found this expreſſion in the *Hyſtorie of Hamblet*, bl. let. F. 2. edit. 1608: "He ſet fire in the four corners of the hal, in ſuch ſort, that of all that were as then therein not one eſcaped away, but were forced *to purge their ſinnes by fire.*" MALONE.

Shakſpeare talks more like a papiſt than a platoniſt; but the language of biſhop Douglas is that of a good proteſtant:

To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres [6];
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine [7]:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood:—Liſt, liſt, O liſt!—
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven!

Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder [8].

Ham. Murder?

Ghoſt. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.

" ——— Thus the many vices
" Contrackit in the corpis be done away
" And purgit."

Theſe are the very words of our liturgy in the commendatory prayer for a ſick perſon at the point of departure, in the office for the viſitation of the ſick: " —*whatſoever defilements it may have contracted—being purged and done away*" WHALLEY.

[6] *Make thy two eyes, like ſtars,* ſtart from their ſpheres;] So, in our poet's 108th ſonnet:

" How have mine *eyes out of their ſpheres been fitted,*
" In the diſtraction of this madding fever!" MALONE.

[7] —*fretful porcupine:*] The quartos read *fearful* porcupine. Either may ſerve. This animal is at once iraſcible and timid. The ſame image occurs in the *Romant of the Roſe*, where *Chaucer* is deſcribing the perſonage of *danger*:

" Like ſharpe urchons his *here* was grow."

An *urchin* is a hedge-hog. STEEVENS.

[8] *Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.*] As a proof that this play was written before 1597, of which the contrary has been aſſerted by Mr. Holt in Dr. Johnſon's appendix, I muſt borrow, as uſual, from Dr. Farmer. " Shakſpeare is ſaid to have been no extraordinary actor; and that the top of his performance was the Ghoſt in his own *Hamlet*. Yet this *chef d'oeuvre* did not pleaſe: I will give you an original ſtroke at it. Dr. Lodge publiſhed in the year 1596 a pamphlet called *Wit's Miſerie, or the World's Madneſs, diſcovering the incarnate devils of the age*, quarto. One of theſe devils is, *Hate-virtue, or ſorrow for another man's good ſucceſſe*, who, ſays the doctor, " is *a ſaule lubber*, and looks as pale as the vizard of the *Ghoſt*, which cried ſo miſerably at the theatre, *Hamlet revenge*." STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect that this ſtroke was levelled, not at Shakſpeare, but at the performer of the Ghoſt in an older play on this ſubject, exhibited before 1589. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. Haſte me to know it; that I, with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love[9],
May ſweep to my revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed
That roots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe wharf[1],
Would'ſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me; ſo the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,

[9] *As meditation, or the thoughts of love,*] This ſimilitude is extremely beautiful. The word *meditation* is conſecrated, by the *myſtics*, to ſignify that ſtretch and flight of mind which aſpires to the enjoyment of the ſupreme good. So that Hamlet, conſidering with what to compare the ſwiftneſs of his revenge, chooſes two of the moſt rapid things in nature, the ardency of divine and human paſſion, in an *enthuſiaſt and a lover.* WARBURTON.

The comment on the word *meditation* is ſo ingenious, that I hope it is juſt. JOHNSON.

[1] *And duller ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed*
That roots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe wharf, &c.] Shakſpeare, apparently through ignorance, makes Roman Catholicks of theſe Pagan Danes; and here gives a deſcription of purgatory; but yet mixes it with the Pagan fable of Lethe's wharf. Whether he did it to inſinuate to the zealous Proteſtants of his time, that the Pagan and Popiſh purgatory ſtood both upon the ſame footing of credibility, or whether it was by the ſame kind of licentious inadvertence that Michael Angelo brought Charon's bark into his picture of the Laſt Judgment, is not eaſy to decide. WARBURTON.

That roots *itſelf in eaſe, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—"That *rots* itſelf," &c. I have preferred the reading of the original copy, becauſe to *root itſelf* is a natural and eaſy phraſe, but "to *rot* itſelf," not Engliſh. Indeed in general the readings of the original copies, when not corrupt, ought in my opinion not to be departed from, without very ſtrong reaſon. *That roots itſelf in eaſe*, means, whoſe ſluggiſh root is idly extended.

The modern editors read—*Lethe's* wharf; but the reading of the old copy is right. So, in Sir Aſton Cockain's poems, 1658, p. 177.

"—fearing theſe great actions might die,
"Neglected caſt all into *Lethe lake.*" MALONE.

Otway has the ſame thought:

"——like a coarſe and uſeleſs dunghill weed,
"Fix'd to one ſpot, and *rot* juſt as I grow."

The ſuperiority of the reading of the folio is to me apparent: to be in a creſcent ſtate (i. e. to *root itſelf*) affords an idea of activity; to *rot* better ſuits with the dullneſs and inaction to which the Ghoſt refers. Nevertheleſs, the accuſative caſe *(itſelf)* may ſeem to demand the verb *roots.* STEEVENS.

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The ſerpent, that did ſting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetick ſoul! my uncle?

Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit[2], with traiterous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heaven;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard[3],
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole,
With juice of curſed hebenon in a vial[4],

[2] —*his* wit,—] The old copies have *wits*. The ſubſequent line ſhews that it was a miſprint. MALONE.

[3] —*mine orchard,*] *Orchard* for *garden*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The *orchard* walls are high, and hard to climb." STEEVENS.

[4] *With juice of curſed* hebenon *in a vial,*] The word here uſed was more probably deſigned by a *metathęſis*, either of the poet or tranſcriber, for *henebon*, that is, *henbane*; of which the moſt common kind (*hyoſcyamus niger*) is certainly *narcotic*, and perhaps, if taken in a conſiderable quantity, might prove poiſonous. Galen calls it cold in the third degree; by which in this, as well as *opium*, he ſeems not to mean an actual coldneſs, but the power it has of benumbing the faculties. Dioſcorides aſcribes to it the property of producing madneſs (τὸ ποιητικὸν μανιώδους). Theſe qualities have been confirmed by ſeveral caſes related in modern obſervations. In Wepfer we have a good account of the various effects of this root upon moſt of the members of a *convent* in Germany, who eat of it for ſupper by miſtake, mixed with ſuccory;—heat in the throat, giddineſs, dimneſs of ſight and delirium. *Cicut. Aquatic.* c. 18. GREY.

So, in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, p. 51.

"The pois'ning *henbane*, and the mandrake dead."

In Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633, the word is written in a different manner:

"—the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
"The juice of *Hebon*, and Cocytus' breath." STEEVENS.

And

And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment [5]; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That, ſwift as quick-ſilver, it courſes through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholeſome blood: ſo did it mine;
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once diſpatch'd [6];
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin [7],
Unhouſel'd [8], diſappointed [9], unanel'd [1];

No

[5] *The leperous diſtilment*;] So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, Vol. II. p. 142: "—which being once poſſeſſed, never leaveth the patient till it hath enfeebled his ſtate, like the qualitie of *poiſon diſtilling* through the veins even to the heart." MALONE.

[6] —*at once* diſpatch'd:] *Diſpatch'd*, for *bereft*. WARBURTON.

[7] *Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin*, &c.] The very words of this part of the ſpeech are taken (as I have been informed by a gentleman of undoubted veracity) from an old *Legend of Saints*, where a man, who was accidentally drowned, is introduced as making the ſame complaint. STEEVENS.

[8] *Unhouſel'd*,—] *Houſel* is the old word for the holy euchariſt. To *houſel*, ſays Bullokar in his *Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, is "to miniſter ſacraments to a ſick man in danger of death." *Unhouſel'd* therefore is, without having received the ſacrament in the hour of death. So, in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631:

"None ſung thy requiem, no friend clos'd thine eyes,
"Nor lay'd the hallow'd earth upon thy lips:
"Thou wert not *houſel'd*."

Again, in Holinſhed's *Chronicle*: "Alſo children were chriſtened, and men *houſeled* and *anoyled*, through all the land, except ſuch as were in the bill of excommunication by name expreſſed." MALONE.

[9] —*diſappointed*,] is the ſame as *unappointed*; and may be properly explained *unprepared*. A man well furniſhed with things neceſſary for an enterpriſe, was ſaid to be well *appointed*. JOHNSON.

So, in Holinſhed's *Chronicle*: "He had not paſt a fifteen lances, as they termed them in thoſe days, that is, to wit, men of arms, furniſhed and *appointed*."

Mr. Upton is of opinion, that the particular preparation of which the Ghoſt laments the want, was *confeſſion* and *abſolution*. *Appointment*, he adds, is again uſed in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, in the ſame ſenſe as here:

"Therefore your beſt *appointment* make with ſpeed."

No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! moſt horrible[2]!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury[3] and damned inceſt.
But, howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire[4]:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me[5]. [*Exit.*

Iſabella is the ſpeaker, and her brother, who was condemned to die, is the perſon addreſſed. MALONE.

[1] —*unanel'd*;] Without extreme unction. So, in Sir Thomas More's Works, p. 345: "The extreme unction or *anelynge*, and confirmation, he ſayd, be no ſacraments of the church." See alſo the quotation from Holinſhed in n. 8, where the word is ſpelt *anoyled*. MALONE.

The Anglo-ſaxon noun-ſubſtantives, *bouſel*, (the euchariſt,) and *ele*, oil, are plainly the roots of the compound adjectives, *bouſeled* and *aneled*. For the meaning of the affix *an* to the laſt, I quote Spelman's *Gloſſary* in loco. "Quin et dictionibus (an) adjungitur, ſiquidem vel *majoris notationis* gratia, vel ad *ſingulare aliquid*, vel *unicum* demonſtrandum." Hence *aneled* ſhould ſeem to ſignify *oiled*, or *anointed*, by way of eminence, i. e. having received extreme unction. BRAND.

[2] *O, horrible! O, horrible! moſt horrible!*] It was ingeniouſly hinted to me by a very learned lady, that this line ſeems to belong to Hamlet, in whoſe mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation; and who, according to the practice of the ſtage, may be ſuppoſed to interrupt ſo long a ſpeech. JOHNSON.

[3] *A couch for* luxury—] i. e. for *lewdneſs*. So, in *K. Lear*:
"*To't* luxury *pell-mell*, for," &c. STEEVENS.
See Vol. XII. MALONE.

[4] —*uneffectual fire.*] i. e. ſhining without heat. WARBURTON.
To *pale* is a verb uſed by Lady *Elizabeth Carew*, in her *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:
"——— Death can *pale* as well
"A cheek of roſes as a cheek leſs bright."
Again, in Urry's Chaucer, p. 368: "The ſterre *paleth* her white cheres by the flambes of the ſonne," &c.
Uneffectual fire, I believe, rather means, fire that is no longer ſeen when the light of morning approaches. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:
"——— like a *glow worm*,—
"The which hath fire in darkneſs, none in light." STEEVENS.

[5] *Adieu, adieu, adieu!* &c.] The folio reads:
Adieu, adieu, *Hamlet*: remember me. STEEVENS.

Ham.

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Ham. O all you hoſt of heaven! O earth! What elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old,
But bear me ſtiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe[6]. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory[7]
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baſer matter: yes, by heaven.
O moſt pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, ſmiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I ſet it down[8],
That one may ſmile and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt, I am ſure, it may be ſo in Denmark: [*writing.*]
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word[9];
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have ſworn it.

[6] — *Remember thee!*
Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe.] So in our poet's 122d ſonnet:
" Which ſhall above that idle rank remain,
" Beyond all dates, even to eternity;
" Or at the leaſt, *ſo long as brain and heart*
" *Have faculty by nature to ſubſiſt.*" MALONE.
— *this* diſtracted globe.] i. e. in this head confuſed with thought. STEEVENS.

[7] *Yea, from* the table of my memory—] This expreſſion is uſed by Sir Philip Sydney in his *Defence of Poëſie.* MALONE.

[8] *My* tables,—*meet it is, I ſet it down,*] Hamlet avails himſelf of the ſame caution obſerved by the doctor in the fifth act of *Macbeth*: " I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly." STEEVENS.
See alſo *The Second Part of K. Henry IV:*
" And therefore will he wipe his *tables* clean,
" And keep no *tell-tale* to his *memory*."
York is here ſpeaking of the king. *Table-books* in the time of our authour appear to have been uſed by all ranks of people. In the church they were filled with ſhort notes of the ſermon, and at the theatre with the ſparkling ſentences of the play. MALONE.

[9] — *Now to my word*;] Hamlet alludes to the *watch-word* given every day in military ſervice, which at this time he ſays is, *Adieu, Adieu, remember me.* So, in *The Devil's Charter*, a Tragedy, 1607:
" Now to my *watch-word.*" STEEVENS.

Hor. [*within.*] My lord, my lord,—
Mar. [*within.*] Lord Hamlet.—
Hor. [*within.*] Heaven ſecure him!
Ham. So be it!
Mar. [*within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come[1].

Enter HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How ſay you then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be ſecret,—
Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghoſt my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And ſo, without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit, that we ſhake hands, and part:
You, as your buſineſs, and deſire, ſhall point you;—
For every man hath buſineſs, and deſire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I am ſorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes 'faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

[1] —*come, bird, come.*] This is the call which falconers uſe to their hawk in the air, when they would have him come down to them. HANMER.

This expreſſion is uſed in *Marſton's Dutch Courtezan*, and by many others among the old dramatic writers.

It appears from all theſe paſſages, that it was the falconer's call, as *Hanmer* has obſerved. STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. Yes, by ſaint Patrick[2], but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this viſion here,—
It is an honeſt ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter it is as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but ſwear it.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my ſword.

Mar. We have ſworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.

Ghoſt. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, true-penny[3]?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Conſent to ſwear.

Hor. Propoſe the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my ſword[4].

Ghoſt.

[2] —*by St.* Patrick,—] How the poet comes to make Hamlet ſwear by St. Patrick, I know not. However, at this time all the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland; to which place it had retired, and there flouriſhed under the auſpices of this Saint. But it was, I ſuppoſe, only ſaid at random; for he makes Hamlet a ſtudent of Wittenberg. WARBURTON.

Dean Swift's "Verſes on the ſudden drying up of St. Patrick's Well, 1726," contain many learned alluſions to the early cultivation of literature in Ireland. NICHOLS.

[3] —*true-penny?*] This word as well as ſome of Hamlet's former exclamations, we find in the *Malecontent*, 1604:

"Illo, ho, ho, ho; art there old *True-penny?*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Swear by my ſword.*] Here the poet has preſerved the manners of the ancient Danes, with whom it was *religion* to ſwear upon their ſwords. See *Bartholinus, De cauſis contempt. mort. apud. Dan.* WARBURTON.

I was once inclinable to this opinion, which is likewiſe well defended by Mr. Upton; but Mr. Garrick produced me a paſſage, I think, in *Brantôme*, from which it appeared, that it was common to ſwear upon the ſword, that is, upon the croſs which the old ſwords always had upon the hilt. JOHNSON.

Ghoſt. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Hic & ubique? then we'll ſhift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword:
Swear by my ſword,
Never to ſpeak of this that you have heard.

Ghoſt. [*beneath*] Swear by his ſword.

Ham. Well ſaid, old mole! can'ſt work i' the earth ſo faſt?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange!

Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome[5].
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy.
But come;—
Here, as before, never, ſo help you mercy!

Shakſpeare, it is more than probable, knew nothing of the ancient Danes, or their manners. Every extract from Dr. Farmer's pamphlet muſt prove as inſtructive to the reader as the following:

"In the *Paſſus Primus* of *Pierce Plowman*,

"David in his daies dubbed knightes,

"And did them *ſwere on her ſword* to ſerve truth ever."

"And in *Hieronimo*, the common butt of our author, and the wits of "the time, ſays Lorenzo to Pedringano:—

"Swear on this *croſs*, that what thou ſay'ſt is true,

"But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjuſt,

"This very *ſword*, whereon thou took'ſt thine oath,

"Shall be a worker of thy tragedy."

To the authorities produced by Dr. Farmer, the following may be added from *Holinſhed*, p. 664: "Warwick kiſſes the croſs of K. Edward's "ſword, as it were a vow to his promiſe."

Again, p. 1038, it is ſaid, "that Warwick drew out his ſword, "which other of the honourable and worſhipful that were then preſent "likewiſe did, whom he commanded, that each one ſhould kiſs other's "ſword, according to an ancient cuſtom amongſt men of war in time of "great danger; and herewith they made a ſolemn vow," &c.

Again, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"He has ſworn to me on the *croſs* of his pure Toledo."

In the ſoliloquy of *Roland* addreſſed to his ſword, the *croſs* on it is not forgotten: "—capulo eburneo candidiſſimo, *cruce* aureâ ſplendidiſſime," &c. Turpini Hiſt. de Geſtis Caroli Mag. cap. 22.

STEEVENS.

Spenſer obſerves that the Iriſh in his time uſed commonly to ſwear by their ſword. See his *View of the State of Ireland*, written in 1596. This cuſtom, indeed, is of the higheſt antiquity; having prevailed, as we learn from Lucian, among the Scythians. MALONE.

5 *And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.*] i. e. receive it to yourſelf; take it under your own roof; as much as to ſay, *Keep it ſecret.* Alluding to the laws of hoſpitality. WARBURTON.

How

How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear myſelf,
As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on,—
That you, at ſuch times ſeeing me, never ſhall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*:—or, *If we liſt to ſpeak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*[*];—
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out to note
That you know aught of me[6]: This do ſwear[7],
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!

Ghoſt. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit[8]!—So, gentlemen,

[*] —*An if* they *might*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—an if *there* might. MALONE.

[6] *Or ſuch ambiguous giving out* to note
That you know aught of me:—] The conſtruction is irregular and elliptical. Swear as before, ſays Hamlet, that you never *ſhall* by folded arms or ſhaking of your head *intimate that a ſecret is lodged in your breaſts*; and by no ambiguous phraſes to note that you know aught of me.

Shakſpeare has in many other places begun to conſtruct a ſentence in one form, and ended it in another. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*: "I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the baring of my beard; and *to ſay* it was in ſtratagem."

Again, in the ſame play: "No more of this, Helena;—leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow than *to have*:" where he ought to have written *than that you have*: or, *leſt you rather be thought to affect a ſorrow, than* to have.

Again, *ibidem*:

"I *bade her*—if her fortunes ever ſtood
"Neceſſity'd to help, *that* by this token
"I would relieve her."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

"I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
"So ſafely order'd, that there is *no ſoul*—
"No, not ſo much perdition as an hair
"Betid to any creature in the veſſel."

Having uſed the word *never* in the preceding part of the ſentence, [that you *never* ſhall—] the poet conſidered the *negative* implied in what follows; and hence he wrote—"*or*—to note," inſtead of *nor*. MALONE.

[7] —*this do ſwear*, &c.] The folio reads, *this not to do*, ſwear, &c. STEEVENS.

Swear is uſed here as in many other places, as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

[8] —*perturbed ſpirit!*] The verb *perturb* is uſed by Holinſhed, and by Bacon in his *Eſſay on Superſtition*; "—therefore atheiſm did never *perturb* ſtates." MALONE.

With

With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what ſo poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing, ſhall not lack. Let us go in together;
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O curſed ſpight!
That ever I was born to ſet it right!—
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Polonius *and* Reynaldo[9].

Pol. Give him this money, and theſe notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good Reynaldo,
Before you viſit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well ſaid: very well ſaid. Look you, ſir,
Inquire me firſt what Danſkers [1] are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it [2]:

Take

[9] The quartos read, *Enter old Polonius with his man or two.* Steevens.

[1] —*Danſkers*—] *Danſke* (in Warner's *Albions England*) is the ancient name of Denmark. Steevens.

[2] —*come you more nearer*
Than your particular demands will touch it:] The late editions read, and point, thus:
—come you more nearer;
Then your particular demands will touch it:

Throughout

Take you, as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him;
As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him;—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And, in part, him;—*but*, you may ſay,—*not well:*
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo;—and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe; marry, none ſo rank
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But, ſir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing [3], quarrelling,
Drabbing:—You may go ſo far.

Rey. My lord, that would diſhonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may ſeaſon it in the charge [4].
You muſt not put another ſcandal on him [5],
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty:
The flaſh and out-break of a firy mind;
A ſavageneſs [6] in unreclaimed blood,
Of general aſſault [7].

Throughout the old copies the word which we now write—*than*, is conſtantly written *then*. I have therefore here printed *than*, which the context ſeems to me to require, though the old copies have *then*. There is no point after the word *nearer*, either in the original quarto, 1604, or the folio. MALONE.

[3] —*drinking*, fencing, *ſwearing*,] I ſuppoſe by *fencing* is meant a too diligent frequentation of the fencing-ſchool, a reſort of violent and lawleſs young men. JOHNSON.

Fencing, I ſuppoſe, means, piquing himſelf on his ſkill in the uſe of the ſword, and quarrelling and brawling, in conſequence of that ſkill. "The cunning of *fencers*, ſays Goſſon in his *Schoole of Abuſe*, 1579, is now applied to *quarrelling*: they thinke themſelves no men, if, for ſtirring of a ſtraw, they prove not their valure uppon ſome bodies fleſhe." MALONE.

[4] *'Faith*, no; *as you may ſeaſon it*, &c.] The quarto reads—Faith, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge. MALONE.

[5] *You muſt not put* another *ſcandal on him*,] i. e. a very different and more ſcandalous failing, namely habitual incontinency. Mr. Theobald in his *Shakſpeare Reſtored* propoſed to read—an *utter* ſcandal on him; but did not admit the emendation into his edition. MALONE.

[6] *A* ſavageneſs—] *Savageneſs*, for *wildneſs*. WARBURTON.

[7] *Of general aſſault.*] i. e. ſuch as youth in general is liable to. WARBURTON.

Rey.

Rey. But, my good lord,—
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, ſir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant[8]:
You laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converſe, him you would ſound,
Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes[9],
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be aſſur'd,
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;
Good ſir, or ſo[1]; or *friend*, or *gentleman*,—
According to the phraſe, or the addition,
Of man, and country.
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, ſir, does he this,—He does—What was I about to ſay?—By the maſs, I was about to ſay ſomething:—Where did I leave?
Rey. At, cloſes in the conſequence[2].
Pol. At, cloſes in the conſequence,—*Ay, marry*;
He cloſes with you thus;—*I know the gentleman*;
I ſaw him yeſterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; *with ſuch, or ſuch*; *and, as you ſay,*
There was he gaming; *there o'ertook in his rouſe*;
There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
(*Videlicet*, a brothel) *or ſo forth.*—See you now;
Your bait of falſehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with aſſays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my ſon: You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.

[8] *And, I believe, it is a fetch* of warrant:] So the folio. The quarto reads,—a fetch of *wit*. STEEVENS.

[9] — *prenominate* crimes,] i. e. crimes already named. STEEVENS.

[1] *Good ſir*, or ſo;] I ſuſpect, (with Mr. Tyrwhitt,) that the poet wrote—Good ſir, or *ſir*, or friend, &c. In the laſt act of this play, *ſo* is uſed for *ſo forth*: "—ſix French rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hanger, and *ſo*." MALONE.

[2] *At, cloſes in the conſequence.*] Thus the quarto. The folio adds—At friend, or ſo, or gentleman. MALONE.

Pol.

Pol. God be wi'you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord,—
Pol. Obſerve his inclination in yourſelf[3].
Rey. I ſhall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his muſick.
Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewel!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?
Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been ſo affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?
Oph. My lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his ſtockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle[4];
Pale as his ſhirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtay'd he ſo;
At laſt,—a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a ſigh ſo piteous and profound,
As it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk[5],

3 — in *yourſelf.*] Hanmer reads, *e'en* yourſelf, and is followed by Dr. Warburton; but perhaps *in* yourſelf means, *in your own perſon*, not by ſpies. JOHNSON.

4 *Ungarter'd, and down*-gyved *to his ancle*;] *Down-gyved* means hanging down like the looſe cincture which confines the fetters round the ancles. STEEVENS.

Thus the quartos 1604, and 1605, and the folio. In the quarto of 1611, the word *gyved* was changed to *gyred*. MALONE.

5 — *all his* bulk,] i. e. all his body. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" ——her heart
" Beating her *bulk*, that his hand ſhakes withal."

And

And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o'doors he went without their helps,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go ſeek the king.
This is the very ecſtaſy of love;
Whoſe violent property foredoes itſelf[6],
And leads the will to deſperate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorry, that with better heed, and judgment,
I had not quoted him[7]: I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beſhrew my jealouſy!
It ſeems, it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion[8]. Come, go we to the king:

[6] —*foredoes* itſelf,] To *foredo* is to deſtroy. So, in *Othello*:
"That either makes me, or *foredoes* me quite." STEEVENS.

[7] *I had not* quoted *him*:] I had not marked or obſerved him. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"Yea, the illiterate——
"Will *quote* my loathed treſpaſs in my looks."
In this paſſage, in the original edition of 1594, the word is written *cote*, as it is in the quarto copy of this play. It is merely the old or corrupt ſpelling of the word. In Minſheu's Dict. 1617, we find, "To *quote*, mark, or note, à *quetus*. Numeris enim ſcribentes ſententias ſuas *notant* et diſtinguunt." See alſo Cotgrave's Dict. 1611: "Quoter. To *quote* or *marke* in the margent; to note by the way." MALONE.

[8] —*it is as proper to our age*
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion.] This is not the remark of a weak man. The vice of age is too much ſuſpicion. Men long accuſtomed to the wiles of life *caſt* commonly *beyond themſelves*, let their cunning go farther than reaſon can attend it. This is always the fault of a little mind, made artful by long commerce with the world. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—*By heaven*, it is as proper, &c. STEEVENS.

In Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 4to. 1603, we find an expreſſion ſimilar to that in the text. "Now the thirſtie citizen *caſts beyond* the moone." MALONE.

This

This muſt be known; which, being kept cloſe, might move[9]
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Caſtle.

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear Roſencrantz, and Guildenſtern!
Moreover that we much did long to ſee you,
The need, we have to uſe you, did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; ſo I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was: What it ſhould be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of ſo young days brought up with him;
And, ſince, ſo neighbour'd to his youth and humour[1],—
That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our court
Some little time: ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures; and to gather,
So much as from occaſion you may glean,
Whether, aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus[2],
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

[9] *This muſt be known; which, being kept cloſe, might move*
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.] *i. e.* This muſt be made known to the king, for (being kept ſecret) the hiding Hamlet's love might occaſion more miſchief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occaſion hate and reſentment from Hamlet. The poet's ill and obſcure expreſſion ſeems to have been cauſed by his affectation of concluding the ſcene with a couplet.

Hanmer reads,

More grief to hide hate, than *to utter love.* JOHNSON.

[1] —and *humour,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read, *haviour.* STEVENS.

[2] *Whether aught,* &c.] This line s omitted in the folio. STEVENS.

Queen.

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Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew us ſo much gentry [3], and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope [4],
Your viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Roſ. Both your majeſties
Might, by the ſovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourſelves, in the full bent [5],
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Roſencrantz, and gentle Guildenſtern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenſtern, and gentle Roſencrantz:
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſon.—Go, ſome of you,
And bring theſe gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our preſence, and our practices,
Pleaſant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt* Ros. GUIL. *and ſome Attendants.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambaſſadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Aſſure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or elſe this brain of mine

[3] *To ſhew us ſo much* gentry—] *Gentry*, for *complaiſance*. WARBURTON.

[4] *For the ſupply*, &c.] That the hope which your arrival has raiſed may be completed by the deſired effect. JOHNSON.

[5] —*in the full* bent,] *The full bent* is *the utmoſt extremity of exertion*. The alluſion is to a bow bent as far as it will go. So afterwards in this play:

"They fool me to the *top* of my *bent*." MALONE.

Hunts

Hunts not the trail of policy ſo ſure[6]
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cauſe of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O, ſpeak of that; that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give firſt admittance to the ambaſſadors;
My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt[7].
King. Thyſelf do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit* POLONIUS.
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.
Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND, *and* CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Moſt fair return of greetings, and deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your highneſs: Whereat griev'd,—
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence,
Was falſely borne in hand[8],—ſends out arreſts
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the aſſay[9] of arms againſt your majeſty.
Wherein old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thouſand crowns in annual fee[1];

And

[6] —*the trail of policy*—] The *trail* is the *courſe of an animal purſued by the ſcent.* JOHNSON.

[7] —*the fruit*—] The *deſert* after the meat. JOHNSON.

[8] —*borne in hand*,—] *i. e.* deceived, impoſed on. STEEVENS.

[9] *To give the aſſay*—] To *take the aſſay* was a technical expreſſion, originally applied to thoſe who taſted wine for princes and great men. See Vol. XIII. p. 338, n. 5. MALONE.

[1] *Give him* three thouſand *crowns in annual fee*;] Thus the folio. The quarto has—three*ſcore* thouſand. MALONE.

Fee

And his commiſſion, to employ thoſe ſoldiers,
So levied as before, againſt the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further ſhewn, [*gives a paper.*
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſs
Through your dominions for this enterprize;
On ſuch regards of ſafety, and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more conſider'd time, we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your reſt; at night we'll feaſt together[2]:
Moſt welcome home! [*Exeunt* VOL. *and* COR.

Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expoſtulate[3]

What

Fee in this place ſignifies *reward, recompence.* So in *All's well that ends well:*

" —Not helping, death's my *fee*;
" But if I help, what do you promiſe me?

The word is commonly uſed in Scotland, for *wages*, as we ſay *lawyer's fee, phyſician's fee.* STEEVENS.

Fee is defined by Minſheu in his Dict. 1617, a reward. MALONE.

[2] —*at night we'll feaſt*—] The king's intemperance is never ſuffered to be forgotten. JOHNSON.

[3] *My liege, and madam, to expoſtulate*—] To *expoſtulate*, for to *enquire* or *diſcuſs*.

The ſtrokes of humour in this ſpeech are admirable. Polonius's character is that of a weak, pedant, miniſter of ſtate. His declamation is a fine ſatire on the impertinent oratory then in vogue, which placed reaſon in the formality of method, and wit in the jingle and play of words. With what art is he made to pride himſelf on his *wit.*

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity:
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: A fooliſh figure,
But farewel it,—.

And how exquiſitely does the poet ridicule the *reaſon in faſhion*, where he makes Polonius remark on Hamlet's madneſs:

Though this be madneſs, *yet there's* method *in't:*

As if method, which the wits of that age thought the moſt eſſential quality of a good diſcourſe, would make amends for the madneſs. It was *madneſs* indeed, yet Polonius could comfort himſelf with this reflection, that at leaſt it was *method.* It is certain Shakſpeare excels in nothing more than in the preſervation of his characters; *To this life and variety of character* (ſays our great poet in his admirable preface to Shakſpeare,) *we muſt add the wonderful preſervation of it.* We have ſaid what is the character of Polonius; and it is allowed on all hands to be drawn with wonderful life and ſpirit, yet the *unity* of it has been thought by ſome to be groſsly violated in the excellent *precepts* and *inſtructions* which

What majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.

which Shakſpeare makes his ſtateſman give to his ſon and ſervant in the middle of the *firſt*, and beginning of the *ſecond act*. But I will venture to ſay, theſe critics have not entered into the poet's art and addreſs in this particular. He had a mind to ornament his ſcenes with thoſe fine leſſons of ſocial life; but his Polonius was too weak to be author of them, though he was pedant enough to have met with them in his reading, and fop enough to get them by heart, and retail them for his own. And this the poet has finely ſhewn us was the caſe, where, in the middle of Polonius's inſtructions to his ſervant, he makes him, though without having received any interruption, forget his leſſon, and ſay,

And then, ſir, does he this;
He does—What was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomething—where did I leave?

The ſervant replies,

At, cloſes in the conſequence. This ſets Polonius right, and he goes on,

At, cloſes in the conſequence.
——— *Ay marry,*
He cloſes thus:—I know the gentleman, *&c.*

which ſhews the very words got by heart which he was repeating. Otherwiſe *cloſes in the conſequence*, which conveys no particular idea of the ſubject he was upon, could never have made him recollect where he broke off. This is an extraordinary inſtance of the poet's art, and attention to the preſervation of character. WARBURTON.

This account of the character of Polonius, though it ſufficiently reconciles the ſeeming inconſiſtency of ſo much wiſdom with ſo much folly, does not perhaps correſpond exactly to the ideas of our author. The commentator makes the character of Polonius, a character only of manners, diſcriminated by properties ſuperficial, accidental, and acquired. The poet intended a nobler delineation of a mixed character of manners and of nature. Polonius is a man bred in courts, exerciſed in buſineſs, ſtored with obſervation, confident of his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly repreſented as deſigned to ridicule the practice of thoſe times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarraſſed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the reſt is natural. Such a man is poſitive and confident, becauſe he knows that his mind was once ſtrong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retroſpect, and ignorant in foreſight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repoſitories of knowledge, he utters weighty ſentences, and gives uſeful counſel; but as the mind in its enfeebled ſtate cannot be kept long buſy and intent, the old man is ſubject to ſudden dereliction of his faculties, he loſes the order of his ideas and entangles himſelf in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wiſdom, will ſolve all the phænomena of the character of Polonius. JOHNSON.

Therefore,

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Therefore,—ſince brevity is the ſoul of wit,
And tediouſneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes,—
I will be brief: Your noble ſon is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madneſs,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with leſs art.

Pol. Madam, I ſwear, I uſe no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a fooliſh figure;
But farewel it, for I will uſe no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cauſe of this effect;
Or, rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cauſe:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while ſhe is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and ſurmiſe.
—*To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt beautified Ophelia,*—[4]
That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe; *beautify'd* is a vile phraſe; but you ſhall hear.—Thus:

In her excellent white boſom, theſe[5], &c.—

Queen.

[4] *To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt* beautified *Ophelia*—] Mr. Theobald for *beautified* ſubſtituted *beatified*. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton has followed Theobald; but I am in doubt whether *beautified*, though, as Polonius calls it, a *vile phraſe*, be not the proper word. *Beautified* ſeems to be a *vile phraſe*, for the ambiguity of its meaning. JOHNSON.

Hayward, in his *Hiſtory of Edward* VI. ſays, "*Katherine Parre*, queen dowager to king Henry VIII. was a woman *beautified* with many excellent virtues." FARMER.

Again, Naſh dedicates his *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem*, 1594, "to the moſt *beautified* lady, the lady Elizabeth Carey."

Again, in Green's *Mamilia*, 1593: "—although thy perſon is ſo bravely *beautified* with the dowries of nature."

Ill and *vile* as the phraſe may be, our author has uſed it again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"——ſeeing you are *beautified*
"With goodly ſhape," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *In her excellent white boſom,*—] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Thy

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, ſtay a while; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire; [reads.
Doubt, that the ſun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

O *dear* Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee beſt, O moſt beſt*[6], *believe it. Adieu.*

Thine evermore, moſt dear lady, whilſt this machine is to him, Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter ſhewn me:
And more above[7], hath his ſolicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath ſhe
Receiv'd his love.

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think,
When I had ſeen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majeſty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the deſk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight;
What might you think[8]? no, I went round to work,

And

" Thy letters———
" Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
" Even in *the milk-white boſom of thy love.*"
See a note on this paſſage." STEEVENS.
I have here followed the quarto. The folio reads:
Theſe in her excellent white boſom, theſe, &c.
In our poet's time the word *Theſe* was uſually added at the end of the ſuperſcription of letters, but I have never met with it both at the beginning and end. MALONE.

[6] *O moſt beſt*] So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "—that ſame *moſt beſt* redreſſer or reformer, is God." STEEVENS.

[7] —*more above*,—] is, *moreover*, *beſides*. JOHNSON.

[8] *If I had play'd the deſk or table-book;*
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;

Or

And my young miſtreſs thus I did beſpeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy ſphere[9];
This muſt not be: and then I preſcripts gave her[1],
That ſhe ſhould lock herſelf from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice[2];
And he, repulſed, (a ſhort tale to make,)
Fell into a ſadneſs; then into a faſt[3];

Or lock'd upon this love with idle ſight;

What might you think?—] *i. e.* If either I had conveyed intelligence between them, and been the confident of their amours [*play'd the deſk or table-book*], or had connived at it, only obſerved them in ſecret, without acquainting my daughter with my diſcovery [*given my heart a mute and dumb working*]; or laſtly, had been negligent in obſerving the intrigue, and overlooked it [*looked upon this love with idle ſight*]; what would you have thought of me? WARBURTON.

I doubt whether the firſt line is rightly explained. It may mean, if I had lock'd up this ſecret in my own breaſt, as cloſely as if it were confined in a deſk or table-book. MALONE.

Or given my heart a working mute *and* dumb;] The ſame pleonaſm is found in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And in my hearing be you *mute and dumb.*" MALONE.

The folio reads—a *winking*. STEEVENS.

9 *Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy* ſphere;] The quarto 1604, and the firſt folio, for *ſphere*, have *ſtar*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Mr. Steevens obſerves, that *all* princes were alike out of her ſphere," and therefore points thus:

Lord Hamlet is a prince:—out of thy ſphere;"

I ſee no need of departing from the ancient punctuation. The poet clearly means that lord Hamlet is a prince, *and, being a prince*, is out of Ophelia's ſphere. MALONE.

1 —preſcripts *gave her*,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*precepts*. The original copy in my opinion is right. Polonius had *ordered* his daughter *to lock herſelf from Hamlet's reſort*, &c. See p. 208.

"I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
"Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure
"As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet:
"Look to't, *I charge* you." MALONE.

2 *Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice:*] She took the *fruits* of advice when ſhe obeyed advice; the advice was then made *fruitful*. JOHNSON.

3 —*a ſhort tale to make,*

Fell into a ſadneſs; then into a faſt, &c.] The ridicule of this character is here admirably ſuſtained. He would not only be thought to have diſcovered this intrigue by his own ſagacity, but to have remarked all the ſtages of Hamlet's diſorder, from his ſadneſs to his raving, as regularly as his phyſician could have done; when all the while the madneſs was only feigned. The humour of this is exquiſite from a man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to ſmall politicians, that he could find—

Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre. WARBURTON.

Thence

Thence to a watch: thence into a weakneſs;
Thence to a lightneſs; and, by this declenſion,
Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, (I'd fain know that,)
That I have poſitively ſaid, *'Tis ſo,*
When it prov'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe:
[*pointing to his head and ſhoulder.*
If circumſtances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, ſometimes he walks four hours together[4],
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fallen thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,
But keep a farm, and carters[5].

King. We will try it.

Enter

[4] — four *hours together,*] Perhaps it would be better were we to read indefinitely,—*for* hours together. TYRWHITT.

I formerly was inclined to adopt Mr. Tyrwhitt's propoſed emendation; but have now no doubt that the text is right. The expreſſion, *four* hours together, *two hours together,* &c. appears to have been common: So, in *King Lear,* Act I.

" *Edm.* Spake you with him.

" *Edg.* Ay, *two hours together.*"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" — ay, and have been, any time theſe *four* hours."

Again, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy,* 1623:

" She will muſe *four hours together,* and her ſilence

" Methinks expreſſeth more than if ſhe ſpake." MALONE.

[5] *At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him:*
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fallen thereon,

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Let me be no assistant for a state,

But keep a farm, and carters.] The scheme of throwing Ophelia in Hamlet's way, in order to try his sanity, as well as the address of the king in a former scene to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,

" ——— I entreat you both ——
" That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
" Some little time; so by your companies
" *To draw him on to pleasures*, and to gather
" So much as from occasion you may glean,
" Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
" That open'd lies within our remedy;—"

seem to have been formed on the following slight hints in *The Hystory of Hamblet*, bl. let. sig. C. 3: " They counselled to try and know if possible, how to discover the intent and meaning of the young prince; and they could find no better nor more fit invention to intrap him, than to set some faire and beautiful woman in a secret place, that with flattering speeches and all the craftiest meanes she could, should purposely seek to allure his mind to have his pleasure of her.—To this end, *certain courtiers* were appointed to lead Hamblet into a solitary place, within the woods, where they brought the woman, inciting him to take their pleasures together. And surely the poore prince at this assault had beene in great danger, if a gentleman that in Horvendille's time had been nourished with him, had not showne himselfe more affectioned to the bringing up he had received with Hamblet, than desirous to please the tyrant.—This gentleman bare the courtiers company, making full account that the least showe of perfect sence and wisdome that Hamblet should make, would be sufficient to cause him to loose his life; and therefore by certain signes he gave Hamblet intelligence in what danger he was like to fall, if by any means he seemed to obaye, or once like the wanton toyes and vicious provocations of the gentlewon an sent thither by his uncle: which much abashed the prince, as then wholly being in affection to the lady. But by her he was likewise informed of the treason, as one that from her infancy loved and favoured him.—The prince in this sort having deceived the courtiers and the ladys expectation, that affirmed and swore hee never once offered to have his pleasure of the woman, although in subtlety he affirmed the contrary, every man thereupon assured themselves that without doubt he was distraught of his sences;—so that as then Fengon's practise took no effect."

Here we find the rude outlines of the characters of Ophelia, and Horatio,—*the gentleman that in the time of* Horvendille (the father of *Hamlet*) *had been nourished with him.* But in this piece there are no traits of the character of *Polonius*. There is indeed a counsellor, and he places himself in the queen's chamber behind the arras;—but this is the whole.

MALONE.

Pol.

Pol. Away, I do beſeech you, both away;
I'll board him preſently:—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and Attendants.*
How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt, my lord?

Ham. Ay, ſir; to be honeſt, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kiſſing carrion[6],—Have you a daughter?

Pol.

[6] *For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kiſſing carrion,*—&c.] The old copies read—a *good* kiſſing carrion. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton, who yet in my apprehenſion did not underſtand the paſſage. I have therefore omitted his laboured comment on it, in which he endeavours to prove that Shakſpeare intended it as a vindication of the ways of Providence in permitting evil to abound in the world. He does not indeed pretend that this profound meaning can be drawn from what Hamlet *ſays*; but this is what he was *thinking of*; for "this wonderful man (Shakſpeare) had an art not only of acquainting the audience with what his actors *ſay*, but with what they *think!*"

Hamlet's obſervation is, I think, ſimply this. He has juſt remarked that honeſty is very rare in the world. To this Polonius aſſents. The prince then adds, that ſince there is ſo little virtue in the world, ſince corruption abounds every where, and maggots are *bred* by the ſun, even in a dead dog, Polonius ought to take care to prevent his daughter from walking in the ſun, leſt ſhe ſhould prove "a *breeder* of ſinners;" for though *conception* in general be a bleſſing, yet as Ophelia (whom Hamlet ſuppoſes to be as frail as the reſt of the world,) might chance to *conceive*, it might be a calamity. The maggots *breeding* in a dead dog, ſeem to have been mentioned merely to introduce the word *conception*; on which word, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, Shakſpeare has play'd in *King Lear*: and probably a ſimilar quibble was intended here. The word, however, may have been uſed in its ordinary ſenſe, for *pregnancy*, without any double meaning.

The ſlight connection between this and the preceding paſſage, and Hamlet's abrupt queſtion, *have you a daughter?* were manifeſtly intended more ſtrongly to impreſs Polonius with the belief of the prince's madneſs.

Perhaps this paſſage ought rather to be regulated thus:—"being a *god-kiſſing carrion*; i. e. a carrion that kiſſes the ſun. The participle *being* naturally refers to the laſt antecedent, *dog*. Had Shakſpeare intended that it ſhould be referred to *ſun*, he would probably have written—"*be*, being

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the ſun: conception is a bleſſing[7]; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? [*Aſide.*] ſtill harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid, I was a fiſhmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly, in my youth I ſuffer'd much extremity for love; very near this. I'll ſpeak to him again. What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

being a god," &c. We have many ſimilar compound epithets in theſe plays. Thus in *K. Lear*, Act II. Sc. i. Kent ſpeaks of "*ear-kiſſing* arguments." Again, more appoſitely in the play before us:

"New lighted on a *heaven-kiſſing* hill."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Threatning *cloud-kiſſing* Ilion with annoy."

However, the inſtance quoted from *Cymbeline* by Dr. Warburton, "—*common-kiſſing Titan*," ſeems in favour of the regulation that has been hitherto made; for here we find the poet conſidered the ſun as kiſſing the carrion, not the carrion as kiſſing the ſun. So alſo in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "Did'ſt thou never ſee *Titan kiſs* a diſh of butter?" The following lines alſo in the hiſtorical play of *King Edward III.* 1596, which Shakſpeare had certainly ſeen, are, it muſt be acknowledged, adverſe to the regulation which I have ſuggeſted:

"The freſheſt *ſummer's day* doth ſooneſt *taint*
"The loathed *carrion*, that it ſeems to *kiſs*."

In juſtice to Dr. Johnſon, I ſhould add, that the high elogium which he has pronounced on Dr. Warburton's emendation, was founded on the *comment* which accompanied it; of which however, I think, his judgment muſt have condemned the reaſoning, though his goodneſs and piety approved its moral tendency. MALONE.

This is a noble emendation, which almoſt ſets the critick on a level with the author. JOHNSON.

7 —*conception is a bleſſing*; &c.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads: "Conception is a bleſſing, but *not* as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't." The word *not*, I have no doubt, was inſerted by the editor of the folio, in conſequence of his not underſtanding the paſſage. A little lower we find a ſimilar interpolation in ſome of the copies, probably from the ſame cauſe: You cannot, ſir, take from me any thing that I will *not* more willingly part withal, except my life." MALONE.

The meaning ſeems to be, *conception* (i. e. underſtanding) is a bleſſing; but as your daughter may *conceive* (i. e. be pregnant), *friend look to't*, i. e. have a care of that. The ſame quibble occurs in the firſt ſcene of *K. Lear*:

"*Kent.* I cannot *conceive* you, ſir.
"*Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother *could*." STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. Slanders, ſir: for the ſatirical rogue ſays here, that old men have grey beards[8]; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with moſt weak hams: All which, ſir, though I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down; for yourſelf, ſir, ſhall grow as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in't.

[*Aſide.*

Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant[9] ſometimes his replies are! a happineſs that often madneſs hits on, which reaſon and ſanity could not ſo proſperouſly be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and ſuddenly contrive[1] the means of meeting between him and my

[8] *Slanders, ſir: for the ſatirical rogue ſays here, that old men,* &c.] By the *ſatirical rogue* he means Juvenal in his tenth ſatire:

Da ſpatium vitæ, multos da Jupiter annos:
Hoc recto vultu, ſolum hoc et pallidus optas.
Sed quàm continuis et quantis longa ſenectus
Plena malis! deformem, et tetrum ante omnia vultum,
Diſſimilemque ſui, *&c.*

Nothing could be finer imagined for Hamlet, in his circumſtances, than the bringing him in reading a deſcription of the evils of long life.

WARBURTON.

Had Shakſpeare read *Juvenal* in the original, he had met with "*De temone Britanno, Excidet Arviragus.*"—and—"Uxorem, *Poſthume*, ducis?" We ſhould not then have had continually in *Cymbeline, Arviragus* and *Poſthumus*. Should it be ſaid that the *quantity* in the *former* word might be forgotten, it is clear from the miſtake in the *latter*, that Shakſpeare could not poſſibly have read any one of the Roman poets.

There was a tranſlation of the 10th ſatire of *Juvenal* by Sir John Beaumont, the elder brother of the famous Francis: but I cannot tell whether it was printed in Shakſpeare's time. In that age of quotation, every claſſic might be picked up by *piece-meal.*

I forgot to mention in its proper place, that another deſcription of *Old Age* in *As you like it*, has been called a parody on a paſſage in a French poem of Garnier. It is trifling to ſay any thing about this, after the obſervation I made in *Macbeth*: but one may remark once for all, that Shakſpeare wrote for the *people*; and could not have been ſo abſurd as to bring forward any alluſion, which had not been familiarized by ſome accident or other. FARMER.

[9] *How* pregnant, &c.] *Pregnant* is ready, dexterous, apt.

STEEVENS.

[1] —*and ſuddenly*, &c.] This, and the greateſt part of the two following lines, are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

daughter.—My honourable lord, I will moſt humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, ſir, take me from any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ[2], *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to ſeek the lord Hamlet; there he is,

Roſ. God ſave you, ſir! [*to* Pol. *Exit* Pol.

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Roſ. My moſt dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How doſt thou, Guildenſtern? Ah, Roſencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoals of her ſhoe?

Roſ. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waiſt, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of fortune? O, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

Roſ. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me [3] queſtion more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a priſon.

Roſ. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worſt.

Roſ. We think not ſo, my lord.

[2] *Roſencrantz,*] There was an ambaſſador of that name in England about the time when this play was written. STEEVENS.

[3] *Let me,* &c.] From here to the word *attended* in p. 247, l. 21, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) is wanting in the quarto. MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Roſ. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutſhell, and count myſelf a king of infinite ſpace; were it not that I have had dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very ſubſtance of the ambitious is merely the ſhadow of a dream[4].

Ham. A dream itſelf is but a ſhadow.

Roſ. Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies[5]; and our monarchs, and out-ſtretch'd heroes, the beggars' ſhadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

Roſ. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter: I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants; for, to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man, I am moſt dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at Elſinore?

Roſ. To viſit you, my lord; no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a half-penny *. Were you not ſent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free viſitation? Come, come; deal juſtly with me: come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which

[4] — *the ſhadow of a dream.*] Shakſpeare has accidentally inverted an expreſſion of Pindar, that the ſtate of humanity is σκιᾶς ὄναρ, the *dream* of a *ſhadow*. JOHNSON.

So Davies:

" Man's life is but a dreame, nay, leſs than ſo,
" *A ſhadow of a dreame.*" FARMER.

So, in the tragedy of *Darius*, 1603, by Lord Sterline:

" Whoſe beſt was but the *ſhadow of a dream.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *Then are our beggars, bodies*;—] Shakſpeare ſeems here to deſign a ridicule of thoſe declamations againſt wealth and greatneſs, that ſeem to make happineſs conſiſt in poverty. JOHNSON.

* — *too dear, a half-penny.*] i. e. a half-penny too dear: they are worth nothing. The modern editors read—*at* a half-penny. MALONE.

your modeſties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear a better propoſer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for, or no?

Roſ. What ſay you? [*to* Guil.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you[6];—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late[7], (but, wherefore, I know not,) loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtom of exerciſes: and, indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament[8], this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire[9], why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how expreſs and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me,—nor woman neither; though, by your ſmiling, you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

[6] *Nay, then I have an eye of you*;—] An *eye of you* means, I have a glimpſe of your meaning. STEEVENS.

[7] *I have of late*, &c.] This is an admirable deſcription of a rooted melancholy ſprung from thickneſs of blood; and artfully imagined to hide the true cauſe of his diſorder from the penetration of theſe two friends, who were ſet over him as ſpies. WARBURTON.

[8] —*this brave o'er-hanging* firmament,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,—this brave o'er-hanging, this, &c. STEEVENS.

[9] —*this moſt excellent canopy, the* air,—*this majeſtical roof fretted with* golden fire,] So, in our authour's 21ſt ſonnet:

"As thoſe *gold candles*, fix'd in heaven's *air*."

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"——Look, how the floor of *heaven*

"Is thick inlaid with patins of bright *gold*!" MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I ſaid, *Man delights not me?*

Roſ. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment [1] the players ſhall receive from you: we coted them on the way [2]; and hither are they coming, to offer you ſervice.

Ham. He that plays the king, ſhall be welcome; his majeſty ſhall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight ſhall uſe his foil, and target: the lover ſhall not ſigh gratis; the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace: the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh, whoſe lungs are tickled o' the fere [*]; and the lady ſhall ſay her mind freely [3], or the blank verſe ſhall halt for't.—What players are they?

Roſ.

[1] —*lenten* entertainment—] i. e. ſparing, like the entertainments given in *Lent*. So, in the *Duke's Miſtreſs*, by Shirley, 1638:

" ——— to maintain you with biſket,
" Poor John, and half a livery, to read moral virtue
" And *len.en* lectures." STEEVENS.

[2] *We* coted *them on the way*;] To *cote* is *to overtake*. I meet with this word in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, a comedy, 1606:

" — marry we preſently *coted* and outſtript them."

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, book 6, chap. 30:

" Gods and goddeſſes for wantonneſs out-*coted*."

Again, in Drant's tranſlation of Horace's ſatires, 1567:

" For he that thinks to *coat* all men, and all to overgoe."

Chapman has more than once uſed the word in his verſion of the 23d Iliad.

In the laws of courſing, ſays Mr. Tollet, " a *cote* is when a greyhound goes endways by the ſide of his fellow, and gives the hare a turn." This quotation ſeems to point out the etymology of the verb to be from the French *coté*, the ſide. STEEVENS.

[*] —*the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled o' the* fere;] i. e. thoſe who are aſthmatical, and to whom laughter is moſt uneaſy. This is the caſe (as I am told) with thoſe whoſe lungs are tickled by the *fere* or *ferum*: but about this paſſage I am neither very confident, nor very ſolicitous.

The word *feare* occurs as unintelligibly in an ancient *Dialogue betweene the Comen Secretary and Jealowſy, touchynge the unſtablenes of harlottes*, bl. l. no date:

" And wyll byde whyſperynge in the eare,
" Thynke ye her tayle is not lyght *of the feare*."

The *fere* is likewiſe a part about a hawk. STEEVENS.

Theſe words are not in the quarto. I am by no means ſatisfied with the explanation given, though I have nothing ſatisfactory to propoſe. I believe Hamlet only means, that the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh who have a diſpoſition to laugh; who are pleaſed with their entertainment. That no aſthmatick diſeaſe was in contemplation, may be inferred from both the words uſed, *tickled* and *lungs*; each of which ſeems to have

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take ſuch delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel[4]? their reſidence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Roſ. I think, their inhibition[5] comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham.

a relation to laughter, and the latter to have been conſidered by Shakſpeare, as (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf,) its natural ſeat. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" —with a kind of *ſmile*,
" Which ne'er came from the *lungs*,—."

Again, in *As you Like it*:

—— When I did hear
" The motley fool thus moral on the time,
" My *lungs* began to crow like chanticleer."

O' the fere, or *of the fere*, means, I think, *by* the fere; but the word *fere* I am unable to explain, and ſuſpect it to be corrupt. Perhaps we ſhould read—the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh, whoſe lungs are tickled o' the *ſcene*, i. e. *by* the ſcene. A ſimilar corruption has happened in another place, where we find *ſcare* for *ſcene*. MALONE.

[3] —*the lady ſhall ſay her mind*, &c.] *The lady ſhall have no obſtruction, unleſs for the lameneſs of the verſe.* JOHNSON.

[4] *How chances it, they* travel?] To travel, in Shakſpeare's time was the technical word, for which we have ſubſtituted to *ſtroll*. So, in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Maſter of the Revels to king Charles the Firſt, a manuſcript of which an account is given in Vol. I. Part the ſecond: " 1622, Feb. 27, for a certificate for the Palſgrave's ſervants to *travel* into the country for ſix weeks, 10s." Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*, 1601: " If he pen for thee once, thou ſhalt not need to *travell*, with thy pumps full of gravell, any more, after a blinde jade and a hamper, and ſtalk upon boords and barrel-heads to an old crackt trumpet." Theſe words are addreſſed to a player. MALONE.

[5] *I think, their inhibition*, &c.] I fancy this is tranſpoſed: Hamlet enquires not about an *inhibition*, but an *innovation*; the anſwer therefore probably was, *I think, their* innovation, *that is*, their new practice of ſtrolling, *comes by means of the late* inhibition. JOHNSON.

The drift of Hamlet's queſtion appears to be this.—"How chances it they travel?—i. e. *How happens it they are become ſtrollers?*—Their reſidence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.—i. e. *to have remained in a ſettled theatre, was the more honourable as well as the more lucrative ſituation.* To this, Roſencrantz replies—Their *inhibition* comes by means of the late *innovation*.—i. e. *their permiſſion to act any longer at an eſtabliſhed houſe is taken away, in conſequence of the* NEW CUSTOM *of introducing perſonal abuſe into their comedies.* Several companies of actors in the time of our author were ſilenced on account of this licentious practice. See a dialogue between *Comedy* and *Envy* at the concluſion of *Mucedorus* 1598, as well as the Preludium to *Ariſtippus, or the Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630, from whence the following paſſage is taken: " *Shews* having been long intermitted and forbidden by authority, *for their*

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Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the city? Are they ſo follow'd?

Roſ. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it[6]? Do they grow ruſty?

Roſ. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, ſir, an aiery of children[7], little eyaſes, that cry

their abuſes, could not be raiſed but by conjuring." *Shew* enters, whipped by two furies, and the prologue ſays to her:

" — with tears waſh off that guilty ſin,
" Purge out thoſe ill-digeſted dregs of wit,
" That uſe their ink to blot a ſpotleſs name:
" Let's have no one *particular man* traduc'd,—
" Spare the *perſons*," &c.

Alteration therefore in the order of the words ſeems to be quite unneceſſary. STEEVENS.

There will ſtill, however, remain ſome difficulty. The ſtatute 39 Eliz. ch. 4. which ſeems to be alluded to by the words—*their inhibition*, was not made to inhibit the players from acting any longer at an *eſtabliſhed theatre*, but to prohibit them from *ſtrolling*. " All fencers (ſays the act) bearwards, *common players of enterludes*, and minſtrels, *wandering abroad*, (other than players of enterludes, belonging to any baron of this realm or any other honourable perſonage of greater degree, to be authorized to play under the hand and ſeal of arms of ſuch baron or perſonage,) ſhall be taken, adjudged and deemed, rogues, vagabonds, and ſturdy beggars, and ſhall ſuſtain ſuch pain and puniſhments as by this act is in that behalf appointed."

This ſtatute, if alluded to, is repugnant to Dr. Johnſon's tranſpoſition of the text, and to Mr. Steevens's explanation of it as it now ſtands. Yet Mr. Steevens's explanation may be right: Shakſpeare might not have thought of the act of Elizabeth. He could not however, mean to charge his friends the *old tragedians* with the *new cuſtom* of introducing perſonal abuſe; but muſt rather have meant, that the old tragedians were inhibited from performing in the city, and obliged to travel, on account of the miſconduct of the younger company. See n. 7. MALONE.

[6] *How comes it?* &c.] From here to *Hercules and his load too*, incluſively, is only found in the folio. MALONE.

[7] *— an aiery of children*, &c.] Relating to the play houſes then contending, the *Bankſide*, the *Fortune*, &c. played by the children of his majeſty's chapel. POPE.

It relates to the young ſinging men of St. Paul's, concerning whoſe performances and ſucceſs in attracting the beſt company, I find the following paſſage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, or *Paſquil and Katherine*, 1601:

" I ſaw the *children of Powles* laſt night;
" And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,
" The apes, in time, will do it handſomely.
—" I like the audience that frequenteth there
" With *much applauſe*: a man ſhall not be choak'd
" With the ſtench of garlick, nor be paſted

" To

cry out on the top of queſtion[8], and are moſt tyrannically clapp'd for't: theſe are now the faſhion; and ſo berattle

" To the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer;
—" 'Tis a good *gentle audience*, &c."

It is ſaid in Richard Flecknoe's *Short Diſcourſe of the Engliſh Stage*, 1664, that " both the children of the chappel and St. Paul's, acted playes, the one in White-Friers, the other behinde the Convocation-houſe in Paul's; till people growing more preciſe, and playes more licentious, the theatre of Paul's was quite ſuppreſt, and that of the children of the chappel converted to the uſe of the children of the revels." STEEVENS.

The ſuppreſſion to which Flecknoe alludes took place in the year 1583-4; but afterwards both the children of the chapel and of the Revels played at our authour's playhouſe in Blackfriars, and elſewhere: and the choir-boys of St. Paul's at their own houſe. See *the Account of our old theatres* in Vol. I. Part II. A certain number of the children of the Revels, I believe, belonged to each of the principal theatres.

Our authour cannot be ſuppoſed to direct any ſatire at thoſe young men who played occaſionally at his own theatre. Ben Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*, and his *Poetaſter*, were performed there by the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel, in 1600 and 1601; and *Eaſtward Hoe* by the children of the revels, in 1604 or 1605. I have no doubt therefore that the dialogue before us was pointed at the choir-boys of St. Paul's, who in 1601 acted two of Marſton's plays, *Antonio and Mellida*, and *Antonio's Revenge*. Many of Lily's plays were repreſented by them about the ſame time; and in 1607 Chapman's *Buſſy D'Ambois* was performed by them with great applauſe. It was probably in this and ſome other noiſy tragedies of the ſame kind, that they *cry'd out on the top of queſtion, and were moſt tyrannically clapp'd for't*.

At a later period indeed, after our poet's death, the *Children of the Revels* had an eſtabliſhed theatre of their own, and ſome diſpute ſeems to have ariſen between them and the king's company. They performed regularly in 1623, and for eight years afterwards, at the Red Bull in St. John's Street; and in 1627, Shakſpeare's company obtained an inhibition from the Maſter of the Revels to prevent their performing any of his plays at their houſe: as appears from the following entry in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book, already mentioned: " From Mr. Heminge, in their company's name, to forbid the playinge of any of Shakſpeare's playes to the Red-Bull company, this 11th of Aprill, 1627,—5 0 0." From other paſſages in the ſame book, it appears that the Children of the Revels compoſed the Red Bull company.

We learn from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, that the little *eyaſes* here mentioned were the perſons who were guilty of the *late innovation*, or practice of introducing perſonal abuſe on the ſtage, and perhaps for their particular fault the players in general ſuffered; and the older and more decent comedians, as well as the children, had on ſome recent occaſion been *inhibited* from acting in London, and compelled to turn ſtrollers. This ſuppoſition will make the words, concerning which a difficulty has been ſtated, (ſee n. 6.) perfectly clear. Heywood's *Apology for Actors* was publiſhed in 1612; the paſſage therefore which is found

berattle the common ſtages, (ſo they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of gooſe quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

found in the folio, and not in the quarto, was probably added not very long before that time.

" Now to ſpeake (ſays Heywood,) of ſome abuſe *lately* crept into the quality, as *an inveighing againſt the ſtate, the court, the law, the city, and their governments, with the particularizing of private mens humours, yet alive, noblemen and others*, I know it diſtaſtes many; neither do I any way approve it, nor dare I by any means excuſe it. The liberty which ſome arrogate to themſelves, committing their bitterneſs and liberal invectives againſt all eſtates *to the mouthes of children*, ſuppoſing their juniority to be a priviledge for any raylling, be it never ſo violent, I could adviſe all ſuch to curbe, and limit this preſumed liberty within the bands of diſcretion and government. But wiſe and judicial cenſurers before whom ſuch complaints ſhall at any time hereafter come, will not, I hope, impute theſe abuſes to any tranſgreſſion in *us*, who have ever been carefull and provident to ſhun the like."

Prynne in his *Hiſtriomaſtix*, ſpeaking of the ſtate of the ſtage, about the year 1620, has this paſſage: " Not to particulariſe thoſe late new ſcandalous invective playes, wherein ſundry perſons of place and eminence [Gundemore, the late lord admiral, lord treaſurer, and others,] have been particularly perſonated, jeared, abuſed in a groſs and ſcurrilous manner," &c.

The folio, 1623, has—*berattled*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] —*little* eyaſes, *that cry out on the top of queſtion*,] Little *eyaſes*; i. e. young neſtlings, creatures juſt out of the egg. THEOBALD.

From *ey*, Teut. ovum. q. d. qui recens ex ovo emerſit. Skinneri *Etymol.* An *aiery* or *eyerie*, as it ought rather to be written, is derived from the ſame root, and ſignifies both a young brood of hawks, and the neſt itſelf in which they are produced.

An *eyas* hawk is ſometimes written a *nyas* hawk, perhaps from a corruption that has happened in many words in our language, from the letter *n* paſſing from the end of one word to the beginning of another. However, ſome etymologiſts think *nyas* a legitimate word. MALONE.

Since this note was written, I have met with a paſſage in a letter from Mr. Samuel Calvert to Mr. Winwood, dated March 28, 1605, which might lead us to ſuppoſe that the words found only in the folio were added at that time:

" The plays do not forbear to preſent upon the ſtage the whole courſe of this preſent time, not ſparing the king, ſtate, or religion, in ſo great abſurdity, and with ſuch liberty, that any would be afraid to hear them." *Memorials*, Vol. II. p. 54. MALONE.

The meaning ſeems to be, they aſk a common queſtion in the higheſt notes of the voice. JOHNSON.

I believe *queſtion*, in this place, as in many others, ſignifies *converſation, dialogue*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*: " —think, you *queſtion* with the Jew." The meaning of the paſſage may therefore be—*Children that perpetually recite in the higheſt notes of voice that can be uttered*. STEEVENS.

Ham.

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Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains them? how are they eſcoted[9]? Will they purſue the quality no longer than they can ſing[1]? will they not ſay afterwards, if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players, (as it is moſt like[2], if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion[3]?

Roſ. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them on to controverſy[4]: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

Ham. Is it poſſible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Roſ. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too[5].

[9] — *eſcoted?*] Paid, from the French *eſcot*, a ſhot or reckoning. JOHNSON.

[1] *Will they purſue the* quality *no longer than they can ſing?*] Will they follow the *profeſſion* of players no longer than they keep the voice of boys? So afterwards he ſays to the player. *Come, give us a taſte of your* quality; *come, a paſſionate ſpeech.* JOHNSON.

So, in the players' *Dedication*, prefixed to the firſt edition of Fletcher's plays in folio, 1647: "— directed by the example of ſome who once ſteered in our *quality*, and ſo fortunately aſpired to chuſe your honour, joined with your now glorified brother, patrons to the flowing compoſitions of the then expired ſweet ſwan of Avon, Shakſpeare." Again, in Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579: "I ſpeak not of this, as though every one [of the players] that profeſſeth the *qualitie*, ſo abuſed himſelf,—."

"Than they can *ſing*", does not merely mean, "than they keep the voices of boys," but is to be underſtood literally. He is ſpeaking of the choir-boys of St. Paul's. MALONE.

[2] — *moſt like,*—] The old copy reads,—*like moſt.* STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] — *their writers do them wrong*, &c.] I ſhould have been very much ſurprized if I had *not* found Ben Jonſon among the writers here alluded to. STEEVENS.

[4] — *to* tarre *them on to controverſy:*] To provoke any animal to rage, is *to tarre him.* The word is ſaid to come from the Greek ταράσσω. JOHNSON.

[5] — Hercules *and his load too.*] *i. e.* they not only carry away the world, but the world bearer too: alluding to the ſtory of Hercules's relieving Atlas. This is humorous. WARBURTON.

The alluſion may be to the *Globe* playhouſe on the Bankſide, the ſign of which was *Hercules carrying the Globe* STEEVENS.

I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare meant, that the boys drew greater audiences than the elder players of the Globe theatre. MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. It is not very ſtrange: for my uncle [6] is king of Denmark; and thoſe, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little [7]. 'Sblood there is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out. [*Flouriſh of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elſinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony: let me comply [8] with you in this garb; leſt my extent to the players, which, I tell you, muſt ſhew fairly outward, ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly [9], I know a hawk from a hand-ſaw [1].

Enter

[6] *It is not very ſtrange: for my uncle*—] I do not wonder that the new players have ſo ſuddenly riſen to reputation; my uncle ſupplies another example of the facility with which honour is conferred upon new claimants. JOHNSON.

It is not very ſtrange, &c. was originally Hamlet's obſervation, on being informed that the old tragedians of the city were not ſo followed as they uſed to be: [ſee p. 251, n. 6.] but Dr. Johnſon's explanation is certainly juſt, and this paſſage connects ſufficiently well with that which now immediately precedes it. MALONE.

[7] — *in little.*] *i. e.* in miniature. So, in Drayton's *Shepherd's Sirena:*

"Paradiſe *in little* done."

Again, in Maſſinger's *New way to pay old debts:*

"His father's picture *in little.*" STEEVENS.

[8] —*let me* comply—] Hanmer reads, *Let me* compliment *with you.* JOHNSON.

[9] *When the wind is* ſoutherly, *&c.*] So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"But I perceive now, either the *winde is at the ſouth*,
"Or elſe your tongue cleaveth to the rooffe of your mouth."
STEEVENS.

[1] —*I know a hawk from a hand-ſaw.*] This was a common proverbial ſpeech. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to, *I know a hawk from an hernſhaw*, as if the other had been a corruption of the players; whereas the poet found the proverb thus corrupted in the mouths of the people: ſo that this critic's alteration only ſerves to ſhew us the original of the expreſſion. WARBURTON.

Similarity of ſound is the ſource of many literary corruptions. In Holborn we have ſtill the ſign of the *Bull and Gate*, which exhibits but

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenſtern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwadling-clouts.

Roſ. Happily, he's the ſecond time come to them; for, they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will propheſy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You ſay right, ſir: o' monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roſcius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz[2]!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came[3] *each actor on his aſs*,—

but an odd combination of images. It was originally (as I learn from the title-page of an old play) the *Boulogne* Gate, *i. e.* one of the gates of *Boulogne*; deſigned perhaps as a compliment to Henry VIII. who took that place in 1544.

The *Boulogne mouth*, now the *Bull and Mouth*, had probably the ſame origin, i. e. the *mouth of the harbour of Boulogne*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Buz, buz!*] Mere idle talk, the *buz* of the vulgar. JOHNSON.

Buz, buz! are, I believe, only interjections employed to interrupt Polonius. B. Jonſon uſes them often for the ſame purpoſe, as well as Middleton in *A mad World my maſters*, 1608. STEEVENS.

Buz uſed to be an interjection at Oxford, when any one began a ſtory that was generally known before. BLACKSTONE.

Buzzer, in a ſubſequent ſcene in this play, is uſed for a *buſy talker*:

"And wants not *buzzers*, to infect his ear
"With peſtilent ſpeeches."

Again, in *King Lear*:

—— on every dream,
"Each *buz*, each fancy."

Again, in Truſſel's *Hiſtory of England*, 1635: "— who, inſtead of giving redreſs, ſuſpecting now the truth of the duke of Glocester's *buzz*," &c.

It is, therefore, probable from the anſwer of Polonius, that *buz* was uſed, as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes, for an idle rumour without any foundation.

In B. Jonſon's *Staple of News*, the collector of mercantile intelligence is called Emiſſary *Buz*. MALONE.

[3] *Then came*, &c.] This ſeems to be a line of a ballad. JOHNSON.

Pol.

Pol. The beſt actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral, [tragical-hiſtorical[4], tragical-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral,] ſcene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light[5]. For the law of writ, and the liberty[6], theſe are the only men.

Ham. O Jeptha, judge of Iſrael,—what a treaſure hadſt thou!

Pol. What a treaſure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,—*One fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aſide.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jeptha?

Pol. If you call me Jeptha, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

[4] —*tragical*, &c.] The words within the crotchets I have recovered from the folio, and ſee no reaſon why they were hitherto omitted. There are many plays of the age, if not of Shakſpeare, that anſwer to theſe deſcriptions. STEEVENS.

[5] *Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*] The tragedies of Seneca were tranſlated into Engliſh by Thomas Newton, and others, and publiſhed in 1581. One comedy of Plautus, *viz.* the *Menæchmi*, was likewiſe tranſlated and publiſhed in 1595. STEEVENS.

I believe the frequency of plays performed at publick ſchools, ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the names of *Seneca* and *Plautus* as dramatick authors. T. WARTON.

[6] *For the law of* writ, *and the liberty*,—] All the modern editions have, *the law of* wit, *and the liberty*; but both my old copies have, *the law of* writ, I believe rightly. *Writ*, for *writing*, *compoſition*. *Wit* was not, in our authour's time, taken either for *imagination*, or *acuteneſs*, or *both together*, but for *underſtanding*, for the faculty by which we *apprehend* and *judge*. Thoſe who wrote of the human mind, diſtinguiſhed its primary powers into *wit* and *will*. Aſcham diſtinguiſhes *boys* of tardy and of active faculties into *quick wits* and *ſlow wits*. JOHNSON.

The old copies are certainly right. *Writ* is uſed for *writing* by authours contemporary with Shakſpeare. Thus, in *The Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, by Thomas Naſhe, 1593: "For the lowſie circumſtance of his poverty before his death, and ſending that miſerable *writte* to his wife, it cannot be but thou lieſt, learned Gabriel." Again, in biſhop Earle's *Character of a mere dull Phyſician*, 1638: "Then followes a *writ* to his drugger, in a ſtrange tongue, which he underſtands, though he cannot conſter."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"Now, good my lord, let's ſee the devil's *writ*." MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot* [7], and then, you know, *It came to paſs, As moſt like it was*,—The firſt row of the pious chanſon [8] will ſhew you more; for look, my abridgment [9] comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, maſters; welcome, all:—I am glad to ſee thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced [1] ſince I ſaw thee laſt; Com'ſt thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and miſtreſs! By-'r-lady, your ladyſhip is nearer to heaven, than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a chopine [2]. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold,

[7] *Why*, As by lot, God wot,—&c.] The old ſong from which theſe quotations are taken, I communicated to Dr. Percy, who has honoured it with a place in the ſecond and third editions of his *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*. In the books belonging to the Stationers' Company, there is a late entry of this ballad among others. "*Jeffa Judge of Iſrael*," p. 93. vol. iii. Dec. 14, 1624. STEEVENS.

There is a Latin tragedy on the ſubject of *Jeptha*, by John Chriſtopherſon in 1546, and another by Buchanan, in 1554. A third by Du Pleſſis Mornay is mentioned by Prynne in his *Hiſtriomaſtix*. The ſame ſubject had probably been introduced on the Engliſh ſtage. MALONE.

[8] — *the pious chanſon*—] It is *pons chanſons* in the firſt folio edition. The old ballads ſung on bridges, and from thence called *pons chanſons*. Hamlet is here repeating ends of old ſongs. POPE.

The old quartos in 1604, 1605, and 1611, read *pious chanſon*, which gives the ſenſe wanted, and I have accordingly inſerted it in the text.

The *pious chanſons* were a kind of *Chriſtmas carols*, containing ſome ſcriptural hiſtory thrown into looſe rhimes, and ſung about the ſtreets by the common people when they went at that ſeaſon to ſolicit alms. Hamlet is here repeating ſome ſcraps from a ſong of this kind, and when Polonius enquires what follows them, he refers him to the *firſt row* (*i. e.* diviſion) of one of theſe, to obtain the information he wanted. STEEVENS.

[9] — *my abridgment*—] He calls the players afterwards, *the brief chronicles of the time*; but I think he now means only *thoſe who will ſhorten my talk*. JOHNSON.

An *abridgement* is uſed for a dramatick piece in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act V. Sc. i.

"Say what *abridgment* have you for this evening?"

but it does not commodiouſly apply to this paſſage. STEEVENS.

[1] — *thy face is* valanced—] i. e. fringed with a beard. The valance is the fringes or drapery hanging round the teſter of a bed. MALONE.

[2] — *by the altitude of a* chopine.] A *chiſppine* is a high ſhoe worn by the Italians, as in Tho. Heywood's *Challenge of Beauty*, Act 5. Song.

"The

gold, be not crack'd within the ring[3].—Maſters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers[4], fly at any thing we ſee: We'll have a ſpeech ſtraight; Come, give us a taſte of your quality; come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1. *Play.* What ſpeech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleaſed not the million; 'twas caviare to the general[5]: but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgments,

" The Italian in her high *chopeene*,
" Scotch laſs, and lovely froe too;
" The Spaniſh Donna, French Madame,
" He doth not feare to go to." STEEVENS.

Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605: " Doſt not weare high corked ſhoes, *chopines?*"

The word ought rather to be written *chapine*, from *chapin*, Span. which is defined by Minſheu in his Spaniſh Dictionary, " *a high cork ſhoe.*" There is no ſynonymous word in the Italian language, though the *Venetian* ladies, as we are told by Laſſels, " wear high-heel'd ſhoes, like ſtilts, which being very inconvenient for walking, they commonly reſt their hands or arms upon the ſhoulders of two grave matrons." MALONE.

[3] —*be not crack'd within the ring.*] That is, *crack'd too much for uſe.* This is ſaid to a young player who acted the parts of women. JOHNSON.

I find the ſame phraſe in *The Captain*, by B. and Fletcher:

" Come to be married to my lady's woman,
" After ſhe's *crack'd in the ring.*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady:*

" Light gold, and *crack'd within the ring.*" STEEVENS.

The following paſſage in Lily's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597, as well as that in Fletcher's *Captain*, might lead us to ſuppoſe that this phraſe ſometimes conveyed a wanton alluſion: " Well, if ſhe were twenty grains lighter, refuſe her, provided always ſhe be not *clipt within the ring.*" T. C.

[4] —*like* French *falconers,*] Thus the folio. Quarto:—like *friendly* falconers. MALONE.

The amuſement of falconry was much cultivated in France. In *All's well that ends well*, Shakſpeare has introduced an *aſtringer* or falconer at the French court. Mr. Tollet, who has mentioned the ſame circumſtance, likewiſe adds, that it is ſaid in *Sir Tho. Browne's Tracts*, p. 116, that " the *French* ſeem to have been the firſt and nobleſt falconers in the weſtern parts of Europe: and that the *French* king ſent over his falconers to ſhew that ſport to King James the firſt." See Weldon's *Court of King James.* STEEVENS.

[5] —*caviare to the general:*] *Caviare* or *Caveare* is a kind of pickle, greatly eſteemed in Muſcovy, made of the roe of the ſturgeon and Beluga, taken out, ſalted, and dried by the fire, or in the ſun. The fiſh is caught in great quantities at the mouth of the Volga.

Florio

judgments, in ſuch matters, cried in the top of mine[6],) an excellent play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty [7] as cunning. I remember, one ſaid, there were no ſallets [8] in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the author of affection [9]: but call'd it, an honeſt method [1], as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more

Florio in his Italian Dictionary, 1598, defines, *Caviaro*, "a kinde of ſalt meat, uſed in Italie, like black ſope; it is made of the roes of fiſhes."

Lord Clarendon uſes *the general* for *the people*, in the ſame manner as it is uſed here. "And ſo by undervaluing many particulars, (which they truly eſteemed,) as rather to be conſented to than that *the general* ſhould ſuffer,—" B. V. p. 530. MALONE.

B. Jonſon has ridiculed the introduction of theſe foreign delicacies in his *Cinthia's Revels*, 1602:—"He doth learn to eat anchovies, Macaroni, Bovoli, Fagioli, and *Caviare*," &c.

Again, in Marſton's *What you will*, 1607:

"—a man can ſcarce eat good meat,
"Anchovies, *caviare*, but he's ſatired." STEEVENS.

[6] —*cried in the top of mine*,] i. e. that *were higher than mine*. JOHNSON.

Whoſe judgment, in ſuch matters, was in much higher vogue than mine. HEATH.

Perhaps it means only—whoſe judgment was more clamorouſly delivered than mine. We ſtill ſay of a bawling actor, that he ſpeaks *on the top of his voice*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*ſet down with as much* modeſty—] *Modeſty* for *ſimplicity*. WARBURTON.

[8] —*there were no* ſallets, &c.] Such is the reading of the old copies. I know not why the late editors continued to adopt the alteration of Mr. Pope, and read, no *ſalt*, &c.

Mr. *Pope's* alteration may indeed be in ſome degree ſupported by the following paſſage in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*, 1602:—"—a prepared troop of gallants, who ſhall diſtaſte every *unſalted* line in their fly-blown comedies." Though the other phraſe was uſed as late as in the year 1665, in a *Banquet of Jeſts*, &c. "—for junkets, joci; and for curious *ſallets*, ſales." STEEVENS.

[9] —*that might* indite *the author*—] *Indite*, for *convict*. WARBURTON

—*indite* the author of *affection:*] *i. e.* convict the author of being a fantaſtical *affected* writer. Maria calls Malvolio an *affection'd* aſs, *i. e.* an *affected* aſs; and in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *Nathaniel* tells the Pedant, that his reaſons "*have been witty without* affection."

Again, in the tranſlation of *Caſtiglione's Courtier*, by Hobby, 1556: "Among the chiefe conditions and qualityes in a waiting-gentlewoman," is, "to flee *affection* or curioſity." STEEVENS.

[1] —*but call'd it, an honeſt method*,—] Hamlet is telling how much his judgment differed from that of others. *One ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines*, &c. *but called it an honeſt method*. The author probably gave it, *but* I *called it an honeſt method*, &c. JOHNSON.

—*an honeſt method*,—] *Honeſt* for *chaſte*. WARBURTON.

handſome

handſome than fine[2]. One ſpeech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of Priam's ſlaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me ſee, let me ſee;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beaſt,—'tis not ſo; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whoſe ſable arms,
Black as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horſe,
Hath now this dread and black complexion ſmear'd
With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot
Now is he total gules[3]; *horridly trick'd*[4]
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons;
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching ſtreets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roaſted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-ſized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the helliſh Pyrrhus
Old grandſire Priam ſeeks:—So proceed you*.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well ſpoken; with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1. *Play. Anon he finds him*
Striking too ſhort at Greeks; his antique ſword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, ſtrikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell ſword
The unnerved father falls†. *Then ſenſeleſs Ilium,*

[2] — *as wholeſome*, &c.] This paſſage was recovered from the quarto by Dr. Johnſon. STEEVENS.

[3] *Now is he total* gules;] *Gules* is a term in this barbarous jargon peculiar to heraldry, and ſignifies *red*. Shakſpeare has it again in *Timon*:

"With man's blood paint the ground; *gules, gules.*"

Heywood, in the ſecond part of the *Iron Age*, has made a verb from it:

"—— old Hecuba's reverend locks
"Be *gul'd* in ſlaughter."— STEEVENS.

[4] —*trick'd*—] i. e. ſmeared, painted. An heraldick term. MALONE.

* *So proceed you.*] Theſe words are not in the folio. MALONE.

† *But with the whiff and* wind *of his fell* ſword
The unnerved father falls.] So, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, in *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, a tragedy, by Marlowe and Naſhe, 1594:—

"Which he diſdaining, whiſk'd his *ſword* about,
"And with the *wind* thereof the king *fell* down."

The king here ſpoken of is Priam. MALONE.

Seeming

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant[5], *Pyrrhus stood;*
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death[6]*: anon, the dreadful thunder*
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!
Pol. This is too long.
Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry[7],
Or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hecuba.

[5] —*as a* painted *tyrant*—] Shakspeare was probably here thinking of the tremendous personages often represented in old tapestry, whose uplifted swords *stick in the air*, and *do nothing*. MALONE.

[6] —*as we often see*, against some storm,
The bold winds *speechless, and the orb below*
As hush *as death:*] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
"Even as the *wind is hush'd before it raineth.*"
This line leads me to suspect that Shakspeare wrote—the bold *wind* speechless. Many similar mistakes have happened in these plays, where one word ends with the same letter with which the next begins. MALONE.

[7] —*he's for a* jig, *or a tale of bawdry,*] A *jig*, in our poet's time signified a ludicrous metrical composition, as well as a dance. Here it is used in the former sense. So, in Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Frottola, a countrie *jigg*, or round, or countrie song, or wanton verses." See the *Historical Account of the English Stage*, &c. in Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

1. *Play.* *But who, ah woe*[8] *! had seen the mabled queen*—[9]
Ham. The mabled queen?
Pol. That's good; mabled queen is good.
1 *Play.* *Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames*
With bisson rheum[1]; *a clout upon that head,*
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch[2] *the burning eyes of heaven,*
And passion in the gods.
Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

[8] *But who,* ah *woe!*] Thus the quarto, except that it has—*a* woe. *A* is printed instead of *ah* in various places in the old copies. *Woe* was formerly used adjectively for *woeful*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
" All your true followers out."

The folio reads—But who, *O who*, &c. MALONE.

[9] —*the* mabled *queen*—] The *mabled* queen, (or *mobled* queen, as it is spelt in the quarto,) means, the queen attired in a large, coarse, and careless head-dress. A few lines lower we are told she had " a *clout* upon that head, where late the diadem stood." The word is used (as Dr. Warburton has observed) by Sandys in his travels. Speaking of the Turkish women, he says, " their heads and faces are *mabled* in fine linen; that no more is to be seen of them than their eyes."

To *mab*, (which in the North is pronounced *mob*, and hence the spelling of the old copy in the present instance,) says Ray in his Dict. of North Country words, is " to dress carelessly. *Mabs are flatterns.*"

The ordinary morning head-dress of ladies continued to be distinguished by the name of a *mab*, to almost the end of the reign of George the second. The folio reads—the *inobled* queen. MALONE.

Mobled signifies *huddled, grossly covered.* JOHNSON.

I meet with this word in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice:*

" The moon does *mobble* up herself." FARMER.

[1] *With* bisson *rheum*;—] *Bisson* or *beesen*, i. e. blind. A word still in use in some parts of the north of England.

So, in *Coriolanus:* " What harm can your *bisson* conspectuities glean out of this character?" STEEVENS.

[2] —*made* milch—] Drayton in the 15th Song of his *Polyolbion* gives this epithet to dew: " Exhaling the *milch* dew," &c. STEEVENS.

Ham.

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Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon.—Good my lord, will you ſee the players well beſtow'd? Do you hear, let them be well uſed; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better: Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? Uſe them after your own honour and dignity: The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, ſirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Doſt thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1. *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could you not?

1. *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exeunt* POLONIUS *and* Players.] My good friends, [*to* Roſ. *and* Guil.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elſinore.

Roſ. Good my lord! [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

Ham. Ay, ſo, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous, that this player here[3],
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his viſage wann'd[4];

Tears

[3] *Is it not monſtrous, that this player here,*] It ſhould ſeem from the complicated nature of ſuch parts as Hamlet, Lear, &c. that the time of Shakſpeare had produced many excellent performers. He would ſcarce have taken the pains to form characters which he had no proſpect of ſeeing repreſented with force and propriety on the ſtage. STEEVENS.

[4] *That, from her working, all his viſage* wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction *in's aſpect,*] *Wan'd* (*wann'd* it ſhould have been ſpelt,) is the reading of the quarto, which Dr. Warburton, I think rightly, reſtored. The folio reads *warm'd*, for which Mr. Steevens contends in the following note.

" The

Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in 's aſpect[5],
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba[6],

That

" The working of the ſoul, and the effort to ſhed tears, will give a colour to the actor's face, inſtead of taking it away. The viſage is always *warm'd* and fluſh'd by any unuſual exertion in a paſſionate ſpeech; but no performer was ever yet found, I believe, whoſe feelings were of ſuch exquiſite ſenſibility as to produce paleneſs in any ſituation in which the drama could place him. But if players were indeed poſſeſſed of that power, there is no ſuch circumſtance in the ſpeech uttered before Hamlet, as could introduce the *wanneſs* for which Dr. Warburton contends."

Whether an actor *can produce paleneſs*, it is, I think, unneceſſary to inquire. That Shakſpeare *thought* he could, and conſidered the ſpeech in queſtion as likely to produce *wanneſs*, is proved deciſively by the words which he has put into the mouth of Polonius in this ſcene; which add ſuch ſupport to the original reading, that I have without heſitation reſtored it. Immediately after the player has finiſhed his ſpeech, Polonius exclaims,

" Look, whether he has not *turn'd his colour*, and has *tears in his eyes*." Here we find the effort to ſhed tears, *taking away*, not *giving* a colour. If it be objected, that by *turn'd his colour*, Shakſpeare meant that the player *grew red*, a paſſage in *King Richard III.* in which the poet is again deſcribing an actor, who is maſter of his art, will at once anſwer the objection.

Rich. Come, couſin, canſt thou *quake*, and *change thy colour?*
Murther thy breath in middle of a word;
And then again begin, and ſtop again,
As if thou wert *diſtraught and mad with terror?*

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the *deep tragedian*;
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw, &c.

The words, *quake*, and *terror*, and *tremble*, as well as the whole context, ſhew, that by " *change thy colour*," Shakſpeare meant *grow pale.*

MALONE.

[5] *Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in 's aſpect,*] The word *aſpect* (as Dr. Farmer very properly obſerves) was in Shakſpeare's time accented on the ſecond ſyllable. The folio exhibits the paſſage as I have printed it.

STEEVENS.

[6] *What's Hecuba to him,* &c.] The expreſſion of Hamlet, *What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba*, is plainly an alluſion to a paſſage in *Plutarch's Life of Pelopidas*, ſo exquiſitely beautiful, and ſo pertinent, that I wonder it has never yet been taken notice of.

" And another time, being in a theatre where the tragedy of *Troades* " of *Euripides* was played, he [Alexander Pheræus] went out of the " theatre, and ſent word to the players notwithſtanding, that they ſhould " go on with their play, as if he had been ſtill among them; ſaying, " that he came not away for any miſliking he had of them or of the play,

That he ſhould weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion[7],
That I have? He would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the general ear [8] with horrid ſpeech;
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak,
Like John a-dreams[9], unpregnant of my cauſe[1],
And can ſay nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whoſe property, and moſt dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made[2]. Am I a coward?

Who

" but becauſe he was aſhamed his people ſhould ſee him weep, to ſee the " miſeries of *Hecuba* and Andromache played, and that they never ſaw " him pity the death of any one man, of ſo many of his citizens as he " had cauſed to be ſlain." Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

This obſervation had been already made by Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, it is highly probable, had read the life of Pelopidas, but I ſee no ground for ſuppoſing there is here an alluſion to it. Hamlet is not aſhamed of being ſeen to weep at a theatrical exhibition, but mortified that a player, in *a dream of paſſion*, ſhould appear more agitated by fictitious ſorrow, than the prince was by a real calamity. MALONE.

7 — *the* cue *for paſſion*,] The *hint*, the *direction*. JOHNSON.

8 — *the general ear*—] The ears of all mankind. So before, *caviare to the general*, that is, to the *multitude*. JOHNSON.

9 *Like* John-a-dreams,—] John-a-dreams, i. e. *of dreams*, means only *John* the *dreamer*; a nick-name, I ſuppoſe, for any ignorant ſilly fellow. Thus the puppet formerly thrown at during the ſeaſon of Lent, was called *Jack-a-lent*, and the ignis fatuus *Jack-a-lantern*. *John-a-droynes*, however, if not a corruption of this nick-name, ſeems to have been ſome well-known character, as I have met with more than one alluſion to him. So, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, by Naſhe, 1596: "The deſcription of that poor *John-a-droynes* his man, whom he had hired," &c. *John-a-droynes* is likewiſe a fooliſh character in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, who is ſeized by informers, has not much to ſay in his defence, and is cheated out of his money. STEEVENS.

1 — unpregnant *of my cauſe*,] *Unpregnant*, for *having no due ſenſe of*. WARBURTON.

Rather, *not quickened with a new deſire of vengeance*; *not teeming with revenge*. JOHNSON.

2 *A damn'd* defeat *was made* —] *Defeat*, for *deſtruction*. WARBURTON.

Rather, *diſpoſſeſſion*. JOHNSON.

The word *defeat* is very licentiouſly uſed by the old writers. Shakſpeare in *Othello* employs it yet more quaintly:—" *Defeat* thy favour with

Who calls me villain? breaks my pate acroſs?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the noſe? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! Why, I ſhould take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, lecherous, kindleſs villain[3]!
Why, what an aſs am I? This is moſt brave[4];
That I, the ſon of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing, like a very drab,
A ſcullion[5]!
Fie upon't! foh! About my brains[6]! Humph! I have heard,

with an uſurped beard;" and Middleton, in his comedy called *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, ſays—"I have heard of your *defeat* made upon a mercer."

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"That he might meantime *make* a ſure *defeat*
"On our good aged father's life." STEEVENS.

In the paſſage quoted from *Othello*, to *defeat* is uſed for *undo* or alter: *defaire*, Fr. See Minſheu in v. Minſheu conſiders the ſubſtantives *defeat* and *defeature* as ſynonymous. The former he defines *an overthrow*; the latter, *execution or ſlaughter of men*. In *K. Henry V.* we have a ſimilar phraſeology:

"*Making defeat upon* the powers of France."

And the word is again uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the laſt act of this play:

"Their *defeat*
"Doth by their own inſinuation grow." MALONE.

[3] —*kindleſs*—] *Unnatural.* JOHNSON.

[4] *Why, what an aſs am I? This is moſt brave;*] The folio reads,

O vengeance!
Who? what an aſs am I? Sure this is moſt brave.
STEEVENS.

[5] *A ſcullion!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read,—*a ſtallion.* STEEVENS.

[6] *About, my brains!*] *Wits, to your work. Brain*, go *about* the preſent buſineſs. JOHNSON.

This expreſſion occurs in the Second Part of the *Iron Age*, by *Heywood*, 1632:

"*My brain, about* again! for thou haſt found
"New projects now to work on." STEEVENS.

That guilty creatures, ſitting at a play[7],
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him[8] to the quick; if he do blench[9],
I know my courſe. The ſpirit, that I have ſeen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakneſs, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,)
Abuſes me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this[1]; The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the king. [*Exit.*

[7] ——— *I have heard,*
That guilty creatures, ſitting at a play,] A number of theſe ſtories are collected together by Thomas Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication:* STEEVENS.

[8] — *tent him—*] Search his wounds. JOHNSON.

[9] — *if he do* blench,] If he *ſhrink*, or ſtart. The word is uſed by Fletcher, in *The Night-walker*:
" *Blench* at no danger, though it be a gallows."
Again in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. vi. fol. 128:
" Without *blenchinge* of mine eie." STEEVENS.

[1] *More* relative *than this*;—] *Relative*, for *conviction*. WARBURTON.

Convictive is only the conſequential ſenſe. *Relative* is, *nearly related, cloſely connected*. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Caſtle.

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you by no drift of conference[2]
Get from him, why he puts on this confuſion:
Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Roſ. He does confeſs, he feels himſelf diſtracted;
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But, with a crafty madneſs, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. Niggard of queſtion; but, of our demands,
Moſt free in his reply[3].

Queen. Did you aſſay him
To any paſtime?

Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way[4]: of theſe we told him;
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;

[2] — *conference*—] The folio reads, *circumſtance*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Niggard of queſtion; but, of our demands,*
Moſt free in his reply.] Slow to begin converſation, but free enough in his anſwers to our demands. Guildenſtern has juſt ſaid that Hamlet kept aloof when they wiſhed to bring him to confeſs the cauſe of his diſtraction: Roſencrantz therefore here muſt mean, that *up to that point*, till they touch'd on that, he was free enough in his anſwers. MALONE.

[4] — o'er-raught *on the way:*—] *Over-raught* is *over-reached*, that is, *over-took*. JOHNSON.
So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. 6. c. 3:
" Having by chance a cloſe advantage view'd,
" He *over-raught* him," &c. STEEVENS.

And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to entreat your majeſties,
To hear and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe on to theſe delights.

Ros. We ſhall, my lord. [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have cloſely ſent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia[5]: Her father, and myſelf[6]
Will ſo beſtow ourſelves, that, ſeeing, unſeen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.

Queen. I ſhall obey you:
And, for your part[7], Ophelia, I do wiſh,
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of Hamlet's wildneſs; ſo ſhall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wiſh it may. [*Exit* Queen.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, ſo pleaſe you,
We will beſtow ourſelves:—Read on this book;
[*to* Ophelia.
That ſhow of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs[8].—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd[9],—that, with devotion's viſage,

[5] Affront *Ophelia:*] To *affront*, is only *to meet directly*. JOHNSON.
Affrontare, Ital. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:
" *Affronting* that port where proud Charles ſhould enter."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Her father, and myſelf*—] Thus the quarto. The folio after theſe words adds—*lawful eſpials*, i. e. ſpies. MALONE.

[7] *And, for* your *part*,] Thus the quarto 1604, and the folio. The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, read—for *my* part.
MALONE.

[8] *Your* lonelineſs.] Thus the folio. The firſt and ſecond quartos read *lowlineſs*. STEEVENS.

[9] *'Tis too much prov'd*,—] It is found by too frequent experience.
JOHNSON.

And

And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience! [*Aside.*
The harlot's cheek, beauty'd with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it [1],
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt* King, *and* POLONIUS.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be [2], that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The

[1] —*more ugly* to *the thing that helps it*,] That is, *compared with* the thing that helps it. JOHNSON.

[2] *To be, or not to be*,—] Of this celebrated soliloquy, which bursting from a man distracted with contrariety of desires, and overwhelmed with the magnitude of his own purposes, is connected rather in the speaker's mind, than on his tongue, I shall endeavour to discover the train, and to shew how one sentiment produces another.

Hamlet, knowing himself injured in the most enormous and atrocious degree, and seeing no means of redress, but such as must expose him to the extremity of hazard, meditates on his situation in this manner: *Before I can form any rational scheme of action under this pressure of distress*, it is necessary to decide, whether, *after our present state, we are* to be, or not to be. That is the question, which, as it shall be answered, will determine, *whether 'tis nobler*, and more suitable to the dignity of reason, *to suffer the outrages of fortune* patiently, or to take arms against *them*, and by opposing end them, *though perhaps* with the loss of life. If *to die*, were *to sleep, no more, and by a sleep to end* the miseries of our nature, such a sleep were *devoutly to be wished*; but if *to sleep* in death, be *to dream*, to retain our powers of sensibility, we must *pause* to consider, *in that sleep of death what dreams may come.* This consideration *makes calamity* so long endured; *for who would bear* the vexations of life, which might be ended *by a bare bodkin*, but that he is afraid of something in unknown futurity? This fear it is that gives efficacy to conscience, which, by turning the mind upon *this regard*, chills the ardour of *resolution*, checks the vigour of *enterprize*, and makes the *current* of desire stagnate in inactivity.

We may suppose that he would have applied these general observations to his own case, but that he discovered Ophelia. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication of the first five lines of this passage is surely wrong. Hamlet is not deliberating whether after our present state we are to exist or not, but whether he should continue to live or put an end to his life: as is pointed out by the second and the three following lines, which are manifestly a paraphrase on the first; "whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer, &c. or to take arms." The question concerning our existence in a future state is not considered till the tenth line:—"to

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune[3];
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles[4],
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—[5]
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance, to dream;—ay, there's the rub;

sleep! perchance, to *dream*," &c. The train of Hamlet's reasoning from the middle of the fifth line, "If to die, were to sleep," &c. Dr. Johnson has marked out with his usual accuracy.

In our poet's *Rape of Lucrece* we find the same question stated, which is proposed in the beginning of the present soliloquy:

"—with herself she is in mutiny,
"To *live or die, which of the twain were better.*" MALONE.

[3] —arrows *of outrageous* fortune;] "Homines nos ut esse meminerimus, eâ lege natos, ut omnibus *telis fortunæ* proposita sit vita nostra." Cic. Epist. Fam. v. 16. STEEVENS.

[4] *Or to take arms against a* sea *of troubles,*] One cannot but wonder that the smallest doubt should be entertained concerning an expression which is so much in Shakspeare's manner; yet, to preserve the integrity of the metaphor, Dr. Warburton reads *assail* of troubles, and Mr. Pope proposed *siege*. In the *Prometheus Vinctus* of *Æschylus* a similar imagery is found:

Δυσχειμερον γε πελαγος ατεραος δυης.
The stormy *sea* of dire *calamity*.

and in the same play, as an anonymous writer has observed, (*Gent. Magazine*, Aug. 1772,) we have a metaphor no less harsh than that of the text:

Θολεροι δε λογοι παιουσ' εικη
Στυγνης προς κυμασιν ατης.
"My plaintive *words* in vain confusedly beat
"Against the *waves of hateful misery*."

Shakspeare might have found the very phrase that he has employed, in *The Tragedy of Queen Cordila*, MIRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES, 1575, which undoubtedly he read:

"For lacke of frendes to tell my *seas of* giltlesse *smart*." MALONE.

A sea of troubles among the Greeks grew into a proverbial usage; κακῶν θαλασσα, κακῶν τρικυμία. So that the expression figuratively means, the troubles of human life, which flow in upon us, and encompass us round, like a sea. THEOBALD.

I know not why there should be so much solicitude about this metaphor. Shakspeare breaks his metaphors often, and in this desultory speech there was less need of preserving them. JOHNSON.

[5] —*To die,—to sleep,*—] This passage is ridiculed in the *Scornful Lady* of B. and Fletcher, as follows:

"—be deceas'd, that is, asleep, for so the word is taken. "*To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep*; a very figure, sir," &c. &c.
STEEVENS.

For

For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil[6],
Muſt give us pauſe: There's the reſpect[7],
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time[8],

[6] — *mortal* coil,] *i. e.* turmoil, buſtle. WARBURTON.

[7] *There's* the reſpect,] i. e. the conſideration. MALONE.

[8] — *the whips and ſcorns* of time,] The evils here complained of are not the product of time or duration ſimply, but of a corrupted age or manners. We may be ſure, then, that Shakſpeare wrote

— *the whips and ſcorns* of th' time.

And the deſcription of the evils of a corrupt age, which follows, confirms this emendation. WARBURTON.

It may be remarked, that Hamlet, in his enumeration of miſeries, forgets, whether properly or not, that he is a prince, and mentions many evils to which inferior ſtations are expoſed. JOHNSON.

I think we might venture to read the *whips and ſcorns o' th'* times, i. e. of times ſatirical as the age of Shakſpeare, which probably furniſhed him with the idea.

In the reigns of Elizabeth and James (particularly in the former) there was more illiberal private abuſe and peeviſh ſatire publiſhed, than in any others I ever knew of, except the preſent one. I have many of theſe publications, which were almoſt all pointed at individuals.

Daniel, in his *Muſophilus*, 1599, has the ſame complaint:

" Do you not ſee theſe pamphlets, *libels*, rhimes,
" Theſe ſtrange confuſed tumults of the mind,
" Are grown to be the ſickneſs *of theſe times*,
" The great diſeaſe inflicted on mankind?"

Whips and *ſcorns* are ſurely as inſeparable companions, as public puniſhment and infamy.

Quips, the word which Dr. Johnſon would introduce, is derived, by all etymologiſts, from *whips*.

Hamlet is introduced as reaſoning on a queſtion of general concernment. He therefore takes in all ſuch evils as could befall mankind in general, without conſidering himſelf at preſent as a prince, or wiſhing to avail himſelf of the few exemptions which high place might once have claimed.

In part of K. James Iſt's *Entertainment paſſing to his Coronation*, by Ben Jonſon and Decker, is the following line, and note on that line:

" *And firſt account of years, of months*, OF TIME.

" By *time* we underſtand *the preſent*." This explanation affords the ſenſe for which I have contended, and without alteration. STEEVENS.

The word *whips* is uſed by Marſton in his *Satires*, 1599, in the ſenſe required here:

" Ingenuous melancholy,——
" Inthrone thee in my blood; let me entreat,
" Stay his quick jocund ſkips, and force him run
" A ſad-pac'd courſe, untill my *whips* be done." MALONE.

The oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely[9],
The pangs of deſpis'd love[1], the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin[2]? who would fardels bear,

To

[9] —*the* proud *man's contumely,*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads —the *poor* man's contumely; the contumely which the poor man is obliged to endure.

" Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,
" Quam quod ridiculos homines facit." MALONE.

[1] —*of* deſpis'd *love,*] The folio reads—of *diſprix'd* love. STEEVENS.

[2] —*might his* quietus *make*
With a bare bodkin?—] The firſt expreſſion probably alluded to the writ of diſcharge, which was formerly granted to thoſe barons and knights who perſonally attended the king on any foreign expedition. This diſcharge was called a *quietus.*

It is at this time the term for the acquittance which every ſheriff receives on ſettling his accounts at the exchequer.

The word is uſed for the diſcharge of an account, by Webſter, in his *Dutcheſs of Malfy,* 1623:

" You had the trick in audit-time to be ſick,
" Till I had ſign'd your *quietus.*"

A *bodkin* was, the ancient term for a *ſmall dagger.* So, in the Second Part of *The Mirrour of Knighthood,* 4to. bl. let. 1598: " Not having any more weapons but a poor poynado, which uſually he did weare about him, and taking it in his hand, delivered theſe ſpeeches unto it: Thou, ſilly *bodkin,* ſhalt finiſh the piece of worke," &c.

In the margin of *Stowe's Chronicle,* edit. 1614, it is ſaid, that Cæſar was ſlain with *bodkins.*

Again, in *Chaucer,* as he is quoted at the end of a pamphlet called *The Serpent of Diviſion,* &c. *whereunto is annexed the Tragedy of Gorboduc,* &c. 1591:

" With *bodkins* was Cæſar Julius
" Murder'd at Rome, of Brutus Craſſus." STEEVENS.

Lydgate in his *Fall of Princes,* ſays that Julius Cæſar was ſlain in the Capitol with *bodkins.*

The firſt Lord Lyttelton, it ſeems, was of opinion that Pope's edition of Shakſpeare was better than that of Theobald's, becauſe " Theobald was continually making alterations." " For *bodkin,*" ſays the noble lord, " he would read *dodkin,* which he has found out to be an old word for *dagger*; whereas the beauty of the thought depends on the inſignificance of the inſtrument." Graves's *Recollections of ſome particulars in the life of* William Shenſtone, Eſq;—His lordſhip's meaning, as Fluellen ſays, was goot, " ſave the phraſe is a little variations." Theobald never did propoſe to read *dodkin,* though he gave the ancient ſignification of the word *bodkin,* which, as we have ſeen was *dagger.*

By

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To grunt and ſweat [3] under a weary life;
But that the dread of ſomething after death,—
The undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns [4],—puzzles the will;

And

By a *bare* bodkin, does not perhaps mean, "by ſo *little* an inſtrument as a dagger," but "*by an unſheathed dagger.*"

In the account which Mr. Steevens has given of the original meaning of the term *quietus*, after the words, "who perſonally attended the king on any foreign expedition," ſhould have been added,—*and were therefore exempted from the claim of ſcutage, or a tax on every knight's fee.* MALONE.

[3] *To grunt and ſweat*—] All the old copies have, *to* grunt *and ſweat.* It is undoubtedly the true reading, but can ſcarcely be borne by modern ears. JOHNSON.

This word occurs in the *Death of Zoroas*, a fragment in blank verſe, printed at the end of *Lord Surry's Poems*:

"——— none the charge could give:
"Here *grunts*, here grones, echwhere ſtrong youth is ſpent."

And *Stanyhurſt* in his tranſlation of Virgil, 1582, for ſupremum *congemuit* gives us:—"for ſighing it *grunts.*"

The change made by the editors [*to groan*] is however ſupported by the following lines in *Julius Cæſar*, Act IV. ſc. i.

"To *groan* and ſweat under the buſineſs." STEEVENS.

I apprehend that it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his authour wrote, and not to ſubſtitute what may appear to the preſent age preferable: and Dr. Johnſon was of the ſame opinion. See his note on the word *bugger-mugger*, Act IV. ſc. v. I have therefore, though with ſome reluctance, adhered to the old copies, however unpleaſing this word may be to the ear. On the ſtage, without doubt, an actor is at liberty to ſubſtitute a leſs offenſive word. To the ears of our anceſtors it probably conveyed no unpleaſing ſound; for we find it uſed by Chaucer and others:

"But never *gront* he at no ſtroke but on,
"Or elles at two, but if his ſtorie lie."
The Monkes Tale, v. 14627, Tyrwhitt's edit.

Again, in *Wily Beguil'd*, written before 1596:

"She's never well, but *grunting* in a corner." MALONE.

[4] *The* undiſcover'd *country*, *from whoſe bourn*
No traveller *returns.*—] This has been cavilled at by Lord Orrery and others, but without reaſon. The idea of a *traveller* in Shakſpeare's time, was of a perſon who gave an account of his adventures. Every voyage was a *Diſcovery.* John Taylor has "*A Diſcovery* by ſea from London to Saliſbury." FARMER.

Again, Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1603:

"——————— wreſtled with death,
"From whoſe ſtern cave none tracks a backward path."

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricoſum
Illuc unde negant redire quenquam. *Catullus.* STEEVENS.

This paſſage has been objected to by others on a ground which, at the firſt view of it, ſeems more plauſible. Hamlet himſelf, it is objected, has

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith [5] and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry [6],
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons [7]
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

has had ocular demonstration that travellers do sometimes return from this strange country.

I formerly thought this an inconsistency. But this objection also is founded on a mistake. Our poet without doubt in the passage before us intended to say, that from the *unknown* regions of the dead no traveller returns, with all his *corporal powers*; such as he who goes on a voyage of *discovery* brings back, when he returns to the port from which he sailed. The traveller whom Hamlet had seen, though he appeared in the same habit which he had worn in his life time, was nothing but a shadow; "invulnerable as the air," and consequently *incorporeal*.

If, says the objector, the traveller has once reached this coast, it is not an undiscovered country. But by *undiscovered* Shakspeare meant not, undiscovered by departed spirits, but, undiscovered, or unknown to "such fellows as us, who crawl between earth and heaven;" *superis incognita tellus*. In this sense every country, of which the traveller does not return *alive* to give *an account*, may be said to be *undiscovered*. The ghost has given no account of the region from whence he came, being, as he has himself informed us, "forbid to tell the secrets of his prison-house."

Marlowe, before our poet, had compared death to a journey to an undiscovered country:

"————————weep not for Mortimer,
"That scorns the world, and, as a *traveller*,
"Goes to *discover countries* yet unknown."
King Edward II. 1598 (written before 1593).
MALONE.

5 — *great* pith—] Thus the folio. The quartos read, of great *pitch*.
STEEVENS.

6 — *turn* awry,] Thus the quartos. The folio—turn *away*.
STEEVENS.

7 — *Nymph, in thy orisons*, &c.] This is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect, that he is to personate madness, but makes her an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

Oph.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordſhip?

Ham. That, if you be honeſt, and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty [8].

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honeſty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into his likeneſs [9]: this was ſome time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me: for virtue cannot ſo inoculate [1] our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

[8] *That, if you be honeſt, and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.*] This is the reading of all the modern editions, and is copied from the quarto. The folio reads,—your honeſty *ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.* The true reading ſeems to be this: *If you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit* your honeſty *to no diſcourſe with your beauty.* This is the ſenſe evidently required by the proceſs of the converſation. JOHNSON.

[9] —*into* his *likeneſs*:] The modern editors read *its* likeneſs; but the text is right. Shakſpeare and his contemporaries frequently uſe the perſonal for the neutral pronoun. So Spenſer, *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. ix.

"Then forth *it* breaks; and with *his* furious blaſt,
"Confounds both land and ſeas, and ſkies doth overcaſt."

See p. 211, n. 6. MALONE.

[1] —*inoculate*—] This is the reading of the firſt folio. The firſt quarto reads *euocutat*; the ſecond, *euacuat*; and the third *evacuate.* STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'ſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am myſelf indifferent honeſt; but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me[2]: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in[3], imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in: What ſhould ſuch fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewel.

Oph. O, help him, you ſweet heavens!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewel: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a nunnery go; and quickly too. Farewel.

Oph. Heavenly powers, reſtore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough[5]; God hath given you one face, and you make yourſelves another: you jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance[6]: Go to; I'll no more of't; it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages: thoſe that

[2] *I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me:*] So, in our poet's 88th Sonnet:

"——— I can ſet down a ſtory
"Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted." MALONE.

[3] —*with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts* to put them in,] *To put a thing into thought*, is *to think on it.* JOHNSON.

—*at my beck,*—] That is, *always ready to come about me.* STEEVENS.

[5] *I have heard of your* paintings *too, well enough*, &c.] This is according to the quarto; the folio, for *paintings*, has *prattlings*, and for *face*, has *face*, which agrees with what follows, *you jigg, you amble.* Probably the authour wrote both. I think the common reading beſt. JOHNSON.

I would continue to read, *paintings*, becauſe theſe deſtructive aids of beauty ſeem, in the time of Shakſpeare, to have been general objects of ſatire. STEEVENS.

[6] —*make your wantonneſs your ignorance:*] You miſtake by *wanton* affection, and pretend to miſtake by *ignorance.* JOHNSON.

are

are married already, all but one, ſhall live [*]; the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword [7];
The expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form [8],
The obſerv'd of all obſervers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies moſt deject [9] and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſick vows,
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled, out of tune [1] and harſh;
That unmatch'd form and feature [2] of blown youth,
Blaſted with ecſtaſy [3]: O, woe is me!
To have ſeen what I have ſeen, ſee what I ſee!

Re-enter King, *and* Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he ſpake, though it lack'd form a little,

[*] —*all but one ſhall live*;] By the one who ſhall not live, he means, his ſtep-father. Malone.

[7] *The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword*;] The poet certainly meant to have placed his words thus:

The courtier's, ſcholar's, ſoldier's, eye, tongue, ſword;

otherwiſe the excellence of *tongue* is appropriated to the *ſoldier*, and the *ſcholar* wears the *ſword*. Warner.

This regulation is needleſs. So, in *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*:

" — princes are the *glaſs*, the *ſchool*, the *book*,
" Where ſubjects eyes do *learn*, do *read*, do *look*."

And in *Quintilian*: " Multum agit ſexus, ætas, conditio; ut in *fœminis*, *ſenibus*, *pupillis*, *liberis*, *parentes*, *conjuges*, alligantibus."

Farmer.

[8] —*the mould of form*,] The model by whom all endeavoured to form themſelves. Johnson.

[9] —*moſt* deject—] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

" —— What knight is that
" So paſſionately *deject*?" Steevens.

[1] —*out* of tune—] Thus the folio. The quarto—out of *time*.

Steevens.

Theſe two words in the hand-writing of Shakſpeare's age are almoſt indiſtinguiſhable, and hence are frequently confounded in the old copies.

Malone.

[2] —*and* feature—] Thus the folio. The quartos read *ſtature*.

Steevens.

[3] —*with* ecſtaſy:] The word ecſtaſy was anciently uſed to ſignify ſome degree of alienation of mind.

So G. Douglas, tranſlating—*ſtetit acri fixa dolore*:

" In *ecſtaſy* ſhe ſtood, and mad almaiſt." Steevens.

Wa

Was not like madneſs. There's ſomething in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the diſcloſe[4],
Will be ſome danger: Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus ſet it down: He ſhall with ſpeed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the ſeas, and countries different,
With variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething-ſettled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well: But yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet ſaid;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you pleaſe;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To ſhew his grief; let her be round with him[5];
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If ſhe find him not,
To England ſend him; or confine him, where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in great ones muſt not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the ſame.

Enter HAMLET, *and certain Players.*

Ham. Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier ſpoke

4 — *the* diſcloſe,] This was the technical term. So, in the *Maid of Honour*, by Maſſinger:

" One aiery with proportion ne'er *diſcloſes*
" The eagle and the wren." MALONE.

5 — *be* round *with him*;] To be *round* with a perſon, is to reprimand him with freedom. So, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, by Middleton, 1640; " She's *round* with her i'faith." MALONE.

my

my lines. Nor do not ſaw the air too much with your hand, thus; but uſe all gently: for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it ſmoothneſs. O, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious perriwig-pated [6] fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings [7]; who, for

[6] — perriwig-*pated*—] This is a ridicule on the quantity of falſe hair worn in Shakſpeare's time, for wigs were not in common uſe till the reign of Charles II. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Julia* ſays—"I'll get me ſuch a colour'd *perriwig*."

Goff, who wrote ſeveral plays in the reign of James I. and was no mean ſcholar, has the following lines in his tragedy of the *Courageous Turk*, 1632:

"— How now, you heavens,
"Grow you ſo proud you muſt needs put on curl'd locks,
"And clothe yourſelves in *perriwigs* of fire?"

Players, however, ſeem to have worn them moſt generally. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "—as none wear hoods but monks and ladies; and feathers but fore-horſes, &c;—none *perriwigs* but *players* and pictures." STEEVENS.

[7] — *the* groundlings;—] The meaner people then ſeem to have ſat below, as they now ſit in the upper gallery, who, not well underſtanding poetical language, were ſometimes gratified by a mimical and mute repreſentation of the drama, previous to the dialogue. JOHNSON.

Before each act of the tragedy of *Jocaſta*, tranſlated from *Euripides*, by Geo. Gaſcoigne and Fra. Kinwelmerſh, the order of theſe dumb ſhews is very minutely deſcribed. This play was preſented at Gray's Inn by them in 1566. The mute exhibitions included in it are chiefly emblematical, nor do they diſplay a picture of one ſingle ſcene which is afterwards performed on the ſtage. In ſome other pieces I have obſerved, that they ſerve to introduce ſuch circumſtances as the limits of a play would not admit to be repreſented.

Thus in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"——— *Let me now*
"*Intreat your worthy patience to contain*
"*Much in imagination; and, what words*
"*Cannot have time to utter, let your eyes*
"*Out of this* DUMB SHOW, *tell your memories.*"

In ſhort, dumb ſhews ſometimes ſupplied deficiencies, and, at others, filled up the ſpace of time which was neceſſary to paſs while buſineſs was ſuppoſed to be tranſacted in foreign parts. With this method of preſerving one of the unities, our anceſtors appear to have been ſatisfied.

Ben Jonſon mentions the *groundlings* with equal contempt. "The underſtanding gentlemen of the *ground* here."

Again, in *The Caſe is Alter'd*, 1609:—"a rude barbarous crew, that have no brains, and yet *grounded* judgments; they will hiſs any thing that mounts above their *grounded* capacities."

In

for the moſt part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb ſhews, and noiſe[8]: I would have ſuch a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagant[9]; it out-herods Herod[1]: Pray you, avoid it.

1. *Play.*

In our early play-houſes the pit had neither floor nor benches. Hence the term of *groundlings* for thoſe who frequented it.

The *groundling*, in its primitive ſignification, means a fiſh which always keeps at the bottom of the water. STEEVENS.

[8] — *are* capable *of nothing but inexplicable dumb ſhews, and noiſe:*] i. e. have a *capacity* for nothing but dumb ſhews; *underſtand* nothing elſe. So, in Heywood's *Hiſtory of Women*, 1624: "I have therein imitated our *hiſtorical* and comical poets, that write to the ſtage; who, leſt the auditory ſhould be duſted with ſerious diſcourſes, in every act preſent ſome zany, with his mimick geſture to breed in the leſs *capable* mirth and laughter." MALONE.

— *inexplicable dumb ſhews,*] I believe the meaning is, *ſhews, without words to explain them.* JOHNSON.

Rather, I believe, ſhews which are too confuſedly conducted to explain themſelves.

I meet with one of theſe in Heywood's play of the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632, where the *Preſenter* ſays,

"I muſt entreat your patience to forbear
"While we do feaſt your eye, and ſtarve your ear.
"For in *dumb ſhews*, which were they writ at large
"Would aſk a long and tedious circumſtance,
"Their infant fortunes I will ſoon expreſs:" &c.

Then follow the *dumb ſhews*, which well deſerve the character Hamlet has already given of this ſpecies of entertainment, as may be ſeen from the following paſſage: "Enter Tancred, with Bella Franca richly attired: ſhe *ſomewhat affecting him*, though ſhe *makes no ſhow of it.*" Surely this may be called an *inexplicable dumb ſhew.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *Termagant*;] *Termagant* was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities. PERCY.

Termagant is mentioned by Spenſer in his *Fairy Queen*, and by Chaucer in *The Tale of Sir Topas*; and by B. and Fletcher in *A King and no King*, as follows:

"This would make a ſaint ſwear like a ſoldier, and a ſoldier like *Termagant.*"

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"— ſwears, God bleſs us,
"Like a very *Termagant.*"

Again, in *The Picture*, by Maſſinger:

"——— a hundred thouſand Turks
"Aſſail'd him, every one a *Termagaunt.*" STEEVENS.

[1] — *out-herods Herod:*] The character of *Herod* in the ancient myſteries was always a violent one:

See the *Conventriæ Ludus* among the Cotton Miſ. Veſpaſian D. VIII.

"Now I regne lyk a kyng arayd ful rych,
"Rollyd in rynggs and robys of array,

"Duky

1. *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own diſcretion be your tutor: ſuit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'er-ſtep not the modeſty of nature: for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end, both at the firſt, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirrour up to

" Dukys with dentys I dryve into the dych;
" My dedys be ful dowty demyd be day,"

Again, in the *Cheſter Whitſun Plays*, MSS. Harl. 2013:

" I kynge of kynges, non ſoe keene,
" I ſovraigne ſir, as well is ſeene,
" I tyrant that maye bouth take and teene
" Caſtell tower, and towne;
" I welde this worlde withouten wene,
" I beate all thoſe unbuxome beene;
" I drive the devills alby dene
" Deepe in hell adowne.
" For I am kynge of all mankinde,
" I byd, I beate, I loſe, I bynde;
" I maſter the moone; take this in mynde
" That I am moſt of mighte.
" I ame the greateſt above degree,
" That is, that was, or ever ſhall be;
" The ſonne it dare not ſhine on me,
" And I byd him goe downe.
" No raine to fall ſhall now be free,
" Nor no lorde ſhall have that liberty
" That dare abyde and I byd fleey,
" But I ſhall crake his crowne."

See the *Vintner's Play*, p. 67.

Chaucer deſcribing a pariſh clerk, in his *Miller's Tale*, ſays,

" He playeth *Herode* on a ſcaffold high."

The pariſh clerks and other ſubordinate eccleſiaſticks appear to have been our firſt actors, and to have repreſented their characters on diſtinct pulpits or *ſcaffolds*. Thus, in one of the ſtage-directions to the 27th pageant in the Coventry collection already mentioned; " What tyme that proceſſion is entered into y^t^ place, and the Herowdys takyn his *ſchaffalde*, and Annas and Cayphas their *ſchaffaldys*," &c.

STEEVENS.

To the inſtances given by Mr. Steevens of Herod's lofty language, may be added theſe lines from the Coventry plays among the Cotton MSS. p. 92.

" Of bewte and of boldnes I ber evermor the belle,
" Of mayn and of myght I maſter every man;
" I dynge with my dowtineſs the devyl down to helle,
" For bothe of hevyn and of earth I am kynge certayn."

MALONE.

nature;

nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time [2], his form and preſſure [3]. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of which one [4], muſt, in your allowance [5], o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players [6], that I have ſeen play,—and heard others praiſe,

[2] —age *and* body *of the* time,—] To exhibit the *form and preſſure* of the *age* of the *time*, is, to repreſent the manners of the time ſuitable to the period that is treated of, according as it may be ancient, or modern. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon ſays, "*the age of the time* can hardly paſs." Mr. Steevens has endeavoured to explain it. But perhaps Shakſpeare did not mean to connect theſe words. It is the end of playing, ſays Hamlet, to ſhew the age in which we live, and the body of the time, its form and preſſure: to delineate exactly the manners of the age, and the particular humour of the day. MALONE.

[3] —*preſſure*—] Reſemblance, as in a *print*. JOHNSON.

[4] —*the cenſure of which one*, &c.] Ben Jonſon ſeems to have imitated this paſſage in his *Poetaſter*, 1601:

"——I will try
"If tragedy have a more kind aſpect;
"Her favours in my next I will purſue;
"Where if I prove the *pleaſure but of one*,
"*If he judicious be, he ſhall be alone*
"*A theatre unto me.*" MALONE.

[5] —*in your* allowance,] In your approbation. See Vol. XIII. p. 242, n. 8. MALONE.

[6] —*O, there be players*, &c.] I would read thus: "There be players, that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeak profanely) that neither having the accent nor the gait of chriſtian, pagan, nor *Muſſulman*, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made *the men*, and not made them well," &c. FARMER.

I have no doubt that our authour wrote—"that I thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made *them*, and not made them well," &c. *Them* and *men* are frequently confounded in the old copies. See the *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. ſc. ii. folio, 1623:—"becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted *them* [r. *men*] in hair, he hath given them in wit."—In the preſent inſtance the compoſitor probably caught the word *men* from the laſt ſyllable of *journeymen*. Shakſpeare could not mean to aſſert as a general truth, that nature's journeymen had made *men*, i. e. all mankind; for, if that were the caſe, theſe ſtrutting players would have been on a footing with the reſt of the ſpecies. Nature herſelf, the poet means to ſay, made all mankind except theſe ſtrutting players, and they were made by Nature's *journeymen*.

A paſſage in *King Lear*, in which we meet with the ſame ſentiment, in my opinion, fully ſupports the emendation now propoſed:

"*Kent.*

praiſe, and that highly,—not to ſpeak it profanely[7], that, neither having the accent of chriſtians, nor the gait of chriſtian, pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted, and bellow'd, that I have thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

1. *Play.* I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let thoſe, that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them[8]:

" *Kent. Nature* diſclaims in THEE, a *tailor made* THEE.
" *Corn.* Thou art a ſtrange fellow: A tailor make a man!
" *Kent.* Ay, a tailor, ſir; a ſtone-cutter or a painter [*Nature's journeymen*] could not have made *him* ſo ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade."

This notion of Nature keeping a ſhop, and employing journeymen to form mankind, was common in Shakſpeare's time. See Lily's *Woman in the Moon*, a comedy, 1597: " They draw the curtains from before *Nature's Shop*, where ſtands an image clad, and ſome unclad."

MALONE.

[7] —*not to ſpeak it profanely*—] *Profanely* ſeems to relate, not to the praiſe which he has mentioned, but to the cenſure which he is about to utter. Any groſs or indelicate language was called *profane*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:—" he is a moſt *profane* and liberal counſellor."

MALONE.

[8] —*ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them*] So, in *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638:

" —you, ſir, are incorrigible, and
" Take licence to yourſelf to add unto
" Your parts, your own free fancy," &c.
— " That is a way, my lord, has been allow'd
" On elder ſtages, to move mirth and laughter."
— " Yes, in the days of *Tarlton*, and of *Kempe*,
" Before the ſtage was purg'd from barbariſm," &c.

Stowe informs us, (p. 697, edit. 1615,) that among the twelve players who were ſworn the queen's ſervants in 1583, " were two rare men, viz. Thomas Wilſon, for a quicke delicate refined *extemporall witt*; and Richard Tarleton, for a wondrous plentifull, pleaſant *extemporall witt*," &c.

Again, in *Tarleton's Newes from purgatory*: " —I abſented myſelf from all plaies, as wanting that merrye Roſcius of plaiers that famoſed all comedies ſo with his pleaſant and *extemporall invention*."

STEEVENS.

The clown very often addreſſed the audience, in the middle of the play, and entered into a conteſt of raillery and ſarcaſm with ſuch of the audience as choſe to engage with him. It is to this abſurd practice that Shakſpeare alludes. See the *Hiſtorical Account of our old Engliſh Theatres*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

for

for there be of them, that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: that's villainous; and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. Go, make you ready.— [*Exeunt Players.*

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the players make haſte.— [*Exit* POLONIUS. Will you two help to haſten them?

Both. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* GUIL.

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, ſweet lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as juſt a man
As e'er my converſation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
To feed, and cloath thee? Why ſhould the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candy'd tongue lick abſurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee[9],
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul [1] was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election,
She hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf[2]: for thou haſt been

[9] —*the* pregnant *hinges of the knee,*] I believe the ſenſe of *pregnant* in this place is, *quick, ready, prompt.* JOHNSON.

[1] —*my* dear *ſoul*—] *Dear ſoul* is an expreſſion equivalent to the φίλα γυναῖα, φίλον ἦτορ, of Homer. STEEVENS.

[2] She hath *ſeal'd thee for herſelf*:] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf. MALONE.

As

As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks: and bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and judgment [3] are ſo well co-mingled [4],
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe: Give me that man
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One ſcene of it comes near the circumſtance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſeeſt that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy ſoul
Obſerve my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned ghoſt that we have ſeen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's ſtithy [5]. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he ſteal aught, the whilſt this play is playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I muſt be idle:
Get you a place.

Daniſh march. A flouriſh. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Others.*

King. How fares our couſin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd: You cannot feed capons ſo.

3 *Whoſe blood and judgment*—] According to the doctrine of the four humours, *deſire* and *confidence* were ſeated in the blood, and *judgment* in the phlegm, and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character. JOHNSON.

4 —*co-mingled*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*comedled*; which had formerly the ſame meaning. MALONE.

5 —*Vulcan's* ſtithy.] *Stithy* is a ſmith's *anvil*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" Now by the *forge* that *ſtithied* Mars's helm."
So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:—" determined to ſtrike on the *ſtith* while the iron was hot." STEEVENS.

King.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, Hamlet; theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now[6]. My lord,—you play'd once in the univerſity[7], you ſay? [*to* Polonius.

Pol. That did I, my lord: and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

[6] — *nor mine now.*] A man's words, ſays the proverb, are his own no longer than he keeps them unſpoken. JOHNSON.

[7] — *you play'd once in the univerſity,*] The practice of acting Latin plays in the univerſities of Oxford and Cambridge, is very ancient, and continued to near the middle of the laſt century. They were performed occaſionally for the entertainment of princes and other great perſonages; and regularly at Chriſtmas, at which time a *Lord of miſrule* was appointed at Oxford, to regulate the exhibitions, and a ſimilar officer with the title of *Imperator*, at Cambridge. The moſt celebrated actors at Cambridge were the ſtudents of St. John's and King's colleges: at Oxford, thoſe of Chriſt-Church. In the hall of that college a Latin comedy called *Marcus Geminus*, and the Latin tragedy of *Progne*, were performed before Queen Elizabeth in the year 1566; and in 1564, the Latin tragedy of *Dido* was played before her majeſty, when ſhe viſited the univerſity of Cambridge. The exhibition was in the body or nave of the chapel of King's college, which was lighted by the royal guards, each of whom bore a ſtaff-torch in his hand. See Peck's *Deſider. Cur.* p. 36. n. x. The actors in this piece were all of that college. The author of the tragedy, who in the Latin account of this royal viſit, in the Muſeum, [MSS. Baker, 7037, p. 203,] is ſaid to have been *Regalis Collegii olim ſocius*, was, I believe, John Rightwiſe, who was elected a fellow of King's college, in 1507, and according to Anthony Wood, "made the tragedy of *Dido* out of Virgil, and acted the ſame with the ſcholars of his ſchool, [St. Paul's, of which he was appointed maſter in 1522,] before Cardinal Wolſey with great applauſe." In 1583, the ſame play was performed at Oxford, in Chriſt-Church hall, before Albertus de Alaſco, a Poliſh prince Palatine, as was William Gager's Latin comedy, entitled *Rivales*. On Elizabeth's ſecond viſit to Oxford, in 1592, a few years before the writing of the preſent play, ſhe was entertained on the 24th and 26th of September, with the repreſentation of the laſt mentioned play, and another Latin comedy, called *Bellum Grammaticale*.

MALONE.

It ſhould ſeem from the following paſſage in Vice Chancellor Hatchet's letter to Lord Burghley, on June 21, 1580, that the common players were likewiſe permitted to perform in the univerſities. "Whereas it hath pleaſed your honour to recommend my lord of Oxenford his players, that they might ſhew their cunning in ſeveral plays already practiſed by 'em before the Queen's Majeſty;—(denied on account of the peſtilence and commencement:)—"of late we denied the like to the right honourable the Lord of Leiceſter his ſervants." FARMER.

Pol.

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar[8]: I was kill'd i' the capitol*; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him[9], to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience[1].

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*to the king.*

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*lying down at* Ophelia's *feet*[2].

Oph.

[8] *I did enact* Julius Cæsar:—] A Latin play on the subject of Cæsar's death was performed at Christ-Church in Oxford, in 1582; and several years before a Latin play on the same subject, written by Jaques Grevin, was acted in the college of Beauvais, at Paris. I suspect that there was likewise an English play on the story of Cæsar before the time of Shakspeare. See *Essay on the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

* *I was kill'd i' the Capitol*;] This, it is well known, was not the case; for Cæsar, we are expressly told by Plutarch, was killed in *Pompey's portico*. But our poet followed the received opinion, and probably the representation of his own time, in a play on the subject of Cæsar's death, previous to that which he wrote. The notion that Julius Cæsar was killed in the Capitol is as old as the time of Chaucer:

"This Julius to the *capitolie* wente
"Upon a day, as he was wont to gon,
"And in the *capitolie* anon him hente
"This false Brutus, and his other soon,
"And sticked him with bodekins anon
"With many a wound," &c. *The Monkes Tale.*

Tyrwhitt's edit. Vol. II. p. 31. MALONE.

[9] —*it was a* brute part *of him*,—] Sir John Harrington, in his *Metamorphoses of Ajax*, 1596, has the same quibble: "O brave-minded *Brutus!* but this I must truly say, they were two *brutish parts* both of him and you; one to kill his sons for treason, the other to kill his father in treason." STEEVENS.

[1] —*they stay upon your patience.*] May it not be read more intelligibly, *They stay upon your* pleasure. In *Macbeth* it is:

"Noble Macbeth, we stay upon your *leisure.*" JOHNSON.

[2] —*at Ophelia's feet.*] To lie at the feet of a mistress during any dramatic representation, seems to have been a common act of gallantry. So, in the *Queen of Corinth*, by B. and Fletcher:

"Ushers her to her coach, *lies at her feet*
"*At solemn masques*, applauding what she laughs at."

Again, in Gascoigne's *Greene Knight's farewell to Fancie*:

"To *lie along in ladies lappes*," &c.

This fashion, which Shakspeare probably designed to ridicule by appropriating it to Hamlet during his dissembled madness, is likewise exposed by Decker, in his *Guls Hornbook*, 1609.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap[3]?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters[4]?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker[5]. What ſhould a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within theſe two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of ſables[6]. O heavens! die two months ago,

See an extract from it among the prefaces. STEEVENS.

I do not conceive that this faſhion was intended to be ridiculed by Shakſpeare. Decker, in his *Guls Hornebooke*, inveighs in general againſt the cuſtom of ſitting on the ſtage, but makes no mention of lying in *ladies' laps*, nor did any woman, I believe, ſit on the publick ſtage, in our poet's time. MALONE.

[3] *I mean*, &c.] This ſpeech, and *Ophelia's* reply to it, are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[4] *Do you think, I meant* country matters?] Dr. Johnſon, from a caſual inadvertence, propoſed to read—country *manners*. The old reading is certainly right. What Shakſpeare meant to allude to, muſt be too obvious to every reader, to require any explanation. MALONE.

[5] — *your only* jig-maker.] A *jig*, as has been already obſerved, ſignified not only a dance, but alſo a ludicrous proſe or metrical compoſition, which in our author's time was ſometimes repreſented or ſung after a play. So, in the prologue to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

" —— when for approbation
" A *jigg* ſhall be clapp'd at, and every *rhime*
" Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime."

See alſo p. 262, n. 7. and *The Hiſtorical Account of the old Engliſh theatres*, Vol. I. P. II. MALONE.

Many of theſe jiggs are entered in the books of the Stationers' Company:—" Philips his *Jigg* of the flyppers, 1595: Kempe's *Jigg* of the Kitchen-ſtuff-woman, 1595." STEEVENS.

[6] *May, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of* ſables.] Nay then, ſays Hamlet, if my father be ſo long dead as you ſay, let the devil wear black; as for me, ſo far from wearing a mourning dreſs, I'll wear the moſt coſtly and magnificent ſuit that can be procured; *a ſuit trimmed with ſables.*

Our

ago, and not forgotten yet; Then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he muſt build churches then: or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe[7]; whoſe epitaph, is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horſe is forgot*[8].

Trumpets

Our poet furniſhed Hamlet with a ſuit of ſables on the preſent occaſion, not, as I conceive, becauſe ſuch a dreſs was ſuited to "a country where it was bitter cold, and the air was nipping and eager," (as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed,) nor becauſe "a ſuit of ſables was the richeſt dreſs that could be worn in *Denmark*," (as Mr. Steevens has ſuggeſted,) of which probably he had no knowledge, but becauſe a ſuit trimmed with ſables was in Shakſpeare's time the richeſt dreſs worn by men in *England*. We have had again and again occaſion to obſerve, that, wherever his ſcene might happen to be, the cuſtoms of his own country were ſtill in his thoughts.

By the ſtatute of apparel, 24 Henry VIII. c. 13, (article *furres*,) it is ordained, that none under the degree of an *earl* may uſe *ſables*.

Biſhop ſays in his *Bleſſoms*, 1577, ſpeaking of the extravagance of thoſe times, that a *thouſand ducates* were ſometimes given for "a *face of* fables."

That *a ſuit of ſables* was the magnificent dreſs of our authour's time, appears from a paſſage in B. Jonſon's *Diſcoveries*: "Would you not laugh to meet *a great counſellor of ſtate*, in a flat cap, with his trunk-hoſe, and a hobby-horſe cloak, and yond haberdaſher in a velvet gown trimm'd with *ſables*?"

Florio, in his Italian Dict. 1598, thus explains *zibilini*: "The *rich* furre called ſables."—*Sables* is the ſkin of the ſable martin. See Cotgrave's French Dict. 1611. "Sebilline. Martre Sebel. The ſable martin; the beaſt whoſe ſkinne we call *ſables*." MALONE.

7 — *ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe*;—] Amongſt the country may-games there was an hobby-horſe, which, when the puritanical humour of thoſe times oppoſed and diſcredited theſe games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an inſtance of the ridiculous zeal of the ſectaries: from theſe ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. WARBURTON.

8 — *O, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*] In *Love's Labour's Loſt*, this line is alſo introduced.

In TEXNOGAMIA, or *the Marriage of the Arts*, 1618, is the following ſtage-direction.

"Enter a *hobby-horſe*, dancing the morrice," &c.

Again, in B and Fletcher's *Woman Pleaſed*:

Soto. "Shall the *hobby-horſe* be forgot then,

"The hopeful *hobby-horſe*, ſhall he lie founder'd?"

The ſcene in which this paſſage is, will very amply confirm all that Dr. Warburton has ſaid concerning the *hobby-horſe*.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Entertainment for the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*:

Trumpets ſound. The dumb ſhew follows.

Enter a king and a queen, very lovingly; the queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes ſhew of proteſtation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; ſhe, ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kiſſes it, and pours poiſon in the king's ears, and exit. The queen returns; finds the king dead, and makes paſſionate action. The poiſoner, with ſome two or three mutes, comes in again, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poiſoner woos the queen with gifts; ſhe ſeems loath and unwilling a while, but in the end, accepts his love. [*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho[9]; it means miſchief.

Oph. Belike, this ſhew imports the argument of the play.

" But ſee, *the hobby-horſe* is forgot,
" Fool, it muſt be your lot,
" To ſupply his want with faces,
" And ſome other buffoon graces."

See figure 5 in the plate at the end of the Firſt Part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEVENS.

[9] — *micking mallecho*;] A ſecret and wicked contrivance; a concealed wickedneſs. To *mich* is a provincial word, and was probably once general, ſignifying to lie hid, or play the truant. In Norfolk *mickers* ſignify *pilferers*. The ſignification of *miching* in the preſent paſſage may be aſcertained by a paſſage in Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 4to. 1603: " Thoſe that could ſhift for a time,—went moſt bitterly *miching* and muffled, up and downe, with rue and wormwood ſtuft into their ears and noſtrills."

See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. *Acciapinare*. " To *miche*, to ſhrug or *ſneak in ſome corner*, and with powting and lips to ſhew ſome anger." In a ſubſequent paſſage we find that the murderer before he poiſons the king makes *damnable faces*.

Where our poet met with the word *mallecho*, which in Mixſheu's Spaniſh Dictionary, 1617, is defined *malefactum*, I am unable to aſcertain. In the folio, the word is ſpelt *malicho*. The quarto reads —*muncking* Mallico. *Mallico* is printed in a diſtinct character, as a proper name. MALONE.

Enter

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counſel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this ſhew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhew that you'll ſhew him: Be not you aſhamed to ſhew [1], he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poſy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King, and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart [2] gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd ſheen [3],
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutal in moſt ſacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the ſun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you. Yet, though I diſtruſt,

[1] —*Be not you aſham'd to ſhew*, &c.] The converſation of Hamlet with Ophelia, which cannot fail to diſguſt every modern reader, is probably ſuch as was peculiar to the young and faſhionable of the age of Shakſpeare, which was, by no means, an age of delicacy. The poet is, however, blameable; for extravagance of thought, not indecency of expreſſion, is the characteriſtic of madneſs, at leaſt of ſuch madneſs as ſhould be repreſented on the ſcene. STEEVENS.

[2] —*cart*—] A chariot was anciently ſo called. Thus Chaucer in the *Knight's Tale*, late edit. ver. 2024:

"The *carter* overridden with his *cart*." STEEVENS.

[3] —*ſheen*,] Splendour, luſtre. JOHNSON.

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Diſcomfort you, my lord, it nothing muſt:
For women fear too much, even as they love[4];
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is ſiz'd, my fear is ſo.
Where love is great[5], the littleſt doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I muſt leave thee, love, and ſhortly too;
My operant powers[6] their functions leave to do:
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For huſband ſhalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
In ſecond huſband let me be accurſt!
None wed the ſecond, but who kill'd the firſt.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The inſtances[7], that ſecond marriage move
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love;
A ſecond time I kill my huſband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſſes me in bed.

[4] *— even as they love*;] Here ſeems to be a line loſt, which ſhould have rhymed to *love*. JOHNSON.

This line is omitted in the folios. Perhaps a triplet was deſigned, and then inſtead of love, we ſhould read, *luſt*. The folio gives the next line thus:

"*For* women's fear and love *holds* quantity." STEEVENS.

Some trace of the loſt line is found in the quarto, which reads:

Either none in neither aught, &c.

Perhaps the words omitted might have been of this import:

Either none *they feel, or an exceſs approve*;
In neither aught, or in extremity.

In two preceding paſſages in the quarto, half a line was inadvertently omitted by the compoſitor. See p. 261, "*then ſenſeleſs Ilium*, ſeeming," &c. and p. 276, "thus conſcience does make cowards *of us all*:—the words in Italick characters are not found in the quarto. MALONE.

[5] *Where love*, &c.] Theſe two lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[6] —operant *powers*—] *Operant* is active. Shakſpeare gives it in *Timon* as an epithet to *poiſon*. Heywood has likewiſe uſed it in his *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, 1637:

"——— may my *operant* parts
"Each one forget their office!"

The word is now obſolete. STEEVENS.

[7] *The inſtances*,—] The *motives*. JOHNSON.

P. King.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you ſpeak;
But, what we do determine, oft we break,
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, ſticks on the tree;
But fall, unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourſelves what to ourſelves is debt[8]:
What to ourſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themſelves deſtroy[9]:
Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That even our loves ſhould with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But, orderly to tend where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no ſecond huſband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food[1], nor heaven light!
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day, and night!

[8] —*what to ourſelves is debt:*] The performance of a reſolution, in which only the *reſolver* is intereſted, is a debt only to himſelf, which he may therefore remit at pleaſure. JOHNSON.

[9] *The violence of either grief or joy*
Their own enactures *with themſelves deſtroy:*] What grief or joy *enact* or determine in their violence, is revoked in their abatement. *Enactures* is the word in the quarto; all the modern editors have *enactors*. JOHNSON.

[1] *Nor earth* to me give *food*,—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio and the late editors read:

Nor earth *to give me* food,—.

An imperative or optative verb was evidently intended here, as in the following line: "Sport and repoſe *lock* from me," &c. MALONE.

To deſperation [2] turn my truſt and hope!
An anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope [3]!
Each oppoſite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy!
Both here, and hence, purſue my laſting ſtrife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now,— [*to* Oph.

P. King. 'Tis deeply ſworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*ſleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain:
And never come miſchance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth proteſt too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouſe-trap [4]. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna:

[2] *To deſperation*, &c.] This and the following line are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[3] *An anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope!*] May my whole liberty and enjoyment be to live on hermit's fare in a priſon. *Anchor* is for *ancboret*. JOHNSON.

This abbreviation of the word *ancboret* is very ancient. I find it in the Romance of *Robert the Devil*, printed by *Wynkin de Worde*: "We have robbed and killed nonnes, holy *aunkers*, preeſtes, clerkes," &c.

Again, in The *Viſion of Pierce Plowman*:

"As *ankers* and hermits that hold them in her ſelles."

This and the foregoing line are not in the folio. I believe we ſhould read—anchor's *chair*. So, in the ſecond Satire of Hall's fourth book, edit. 1602, p. 18:

"*Sit* ſeven years pining in an *anchore's cheyre*,
"To win ſome parched ſhreds of minevere." STEEVENS.

The old copies read—*And* anchor's cheer. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[4] *The mouſe-trap.*] He calls it the *mouſe-trap*, becauſe it is
——— the thing
In which he'll *catch* the conſcience of the king. STEEVENS.

Gonzago

Gonzago is the duke's name[5]; his wife, Baptiſta[6]: you ſhall ſee anon; 'tis a knaviſh piece of work: But what of that? your majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not: Let the gall'd jade wince[7], our withers are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king[8].

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could ſee the puppets dallying[9].

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worſe[1].

[5] *Gonzago is the* duke's *name*;] Thus all the old copies: yet in the ſtage-direction for the dumb ſhew, and the ſubſequent entrance, we have "Enter a *king* and queen," &c. and in the latter part of this ſpeech both the quarto and folio read—Lucianus, nephew to the *king*.

This ſeeming inconſiſtency however may be reconciled. Though the interlude is the *image* of the murder of a *duke* of Vienna, or in other words founded upon that ſtory, the poet might make the principal perſon of *his fable* a *king*. MALONE.

[6] *Baptiſta*—] is, I think, in Italian, the name always of a man. JOHNSON.

[7] *Let the gall'd jade wince*, &c.] This is a proverbial ſaying. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"I know the *gall'd horſe* will ſooneſt *wince*." STEEVENS.

[8] —*nephew to the* king.]—i. e. to the king in the play then repreſented. The modern editors, following Mr. Theobald, read—"nephew to the *duke*," though they have not followed that editor in ſubſtituting *duke and dutcheſs*, for *king and queen*, in the dumb ſhew and ſubſequent entrance. There is no need of departing from the old copies. See n. 5. MALONE.

[9] *I could interpret*, &c.] This refers to the interpreter, who formerly ſat on the ſtage at all *motions* or *puppet-ſhews*, and interpreted to the audience. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Oh excellent *motion!* oh exceeding *puppet!*

"Now will he *interpret* for her."

Again, in Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621: "—It was I that penn'd the Moral of man's wit, the Dialogue of Dives, and for ſeven years' ſpace was abſolute *interpreter of the puppets*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Still better, and worſe.*] i. e. better in regard to the wit of your *double entendre*, but worſe in reſpect of the groſsneſs of your meaning. STEEVENS.

Ham. So you miſtake your huſbands[2].—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—
The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate ſeaſon, elſe no creature ſeeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick and dire property,
On wholeſome life uſurp immediately.

[*pours the poiſon into the ſleeper's ears.*

Ham. He poiſons him i' the garden for his eſtate. His name's Gonzago: the ſtory is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You ſhall ſee anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king riſes.

Ham. What! frighted with falſe fire[3]!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me ſome light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights[4]!

[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET, *and* HORATIO.

Ham. Why, let the ſtrucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For ſome muſt watch, while ſome muſt ſleep;
Thus runs the world away.—

[2] *So you* miſtake *your huſbands.*] Read, *So you* muſt take *your huſbands*; that is, *for better, for worſe.* JOHNSON.

Theobald propoſed the ſame reading in his *Shakſpeare Reſtored*, however he loſt it afterwards. STEEVENS.

"So you miſtake your huſbands."

I believe this to be right: the word is ſometimes uſed in this ludicrous manner. "Your true trick raſcal (ſays Urſula in *Bartholomew Fair*) muſt be ever buſie, and *miſtake* away the bottles and cans, before they be half drunk off." FARMER.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Augurs*: "—To *miſtake* fix torches from the chandry, and give them one."

Again, in the *Elder Brother* of Fletcher:

"I fear he will perſuade me to *miſtake* him." STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is—you do amiſs for yourſelves to take huſbands for the worſe. You ſhould take them only for the better. TOLLET.

[3] *What! frighted with falſe fire!*] This ſpeech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[4] Pol. *Lights, &c.*] Thus the quarto. In the folio *All* is prefixed to this ſpeech. MALONE.

Would

Would not this, ſir, and a foreſt of feathers[5], (if the reſt of my fortunes turn Turk with me[6],) with two provencial roſes[7] on my razed ſhoes[8], get me a fellowſhip in a cry of players[9], ſir?

Hor. Half a ſhare.

[5] *Would not this, ſir, and a foreſt of* feathers, &c.] It appears from Decker's *Guls Hornebooke*, that feathers were much worn on the ſtage in Shakſpeare's time. MALONE.

[6] —turn Turk *with me*,] This expreſſion has occurred already in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and I have met with it in ſeveral old comedies. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599: "This it is to *turn Turk*, from an abſolute and moſt compleat gentleman, to a moſt abſurd, ridiculous, and fond lover." It means, I believe, no more than to change condition fantaſtically. Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"——'tis damnation,
"If you *turn Turk* again."

Perhaps the phraſe had its riſe from ſome popular ſtory like that of *Ward and Danſiker*, the two famous pirates; an account of whoſe overthrow was publiſhed by A. Barker, 1609; and, in 1612, a play was written on the ſame ſubject called *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*.

STEEVENS.

[7] —*with two* Provencial *roſes*,—] The old copies have *provincial*, which as Mr. Warton has obſerved, was undoubtedly a miſpelling for *Provencial*, or Provençal, i. e. roſes of Provence, "a beautiful ſpecies of roſe formerly much cultivated." Here, roſes of ribbands muſt be underſtood. MALONE.

When ſhoe-ſtrings were worn, they were covered where they met in the middle by a ribband, gathered in the form of a roſe. So, in an old ſong:

"Gilderoy was a bonny boy,
"Had roſes tuel his ſhoon." JOHNSON.

[8] —*on my* razed *ſhoes*.] The quarto has *raz'd*; the folio—*rac'd*. It is the ſame word differently ſpelt. *Razed ſhoes* are ſhoes *ſtreaked*. See Minſheu's DICT. in v. To *raſe*. "To theſe their nether-ſtockes, (ſays Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1583,) they [the people of England] have corked *ſhoes*, pinſnets, and pantoffles, which beare them up a finger or two from the ground; whereof ſome be of white leather, ſome of blacke, and ſome of red; ſome of black velvet, ſome of white, ſome of red, ſome of greene,—*raced*, carved, cut, and diſhed all over *with ſilke*, and laied on with gold, ſilver, and ſuch like." MALONE.

[9] —*a* cry *of players*—] A troop or company of players. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—You have made good work,
"You, and your *cry*."

Again, in *A ſtrange Horſe-race*, by Thomas Decker, 1613: "The laſt race they ran, (for you muſt know they had many,) was from a *cry* of ſerjeants." MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. A whole one, I [1].
For thou doſt know, O Damon dear [2],
This realm diſmantled was
Of Jove himſelf; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock [3].

Hor.

[1] *Hor. Half a* ſhare.
Haml. A whole one, I.] It ſhould be, I think,
A whole one;—*ay*,—
For &c.
The actors in our authour's time had not annual ſalaries as at preſent. The whole receipts of each theatre were divided into ſhares, of which the proprietors of the theatre, or *houſe-keepers*, as they were called, had ſome; and each actor had one or more ſhares, or part of a ſhare, according to his merit. See *The Account of the Ancient Theatres*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

[2] —*O* Damon *dear*,] Hamlet calls Horatio by this name, in alluſion to the celebrated friendſhip between *Damon* and *Pythias*. A play on this ſubject was written by Rich. Edwards, and publiſhed in 1582. STEEVENS.

The friendſhip of Damon and Pythias is alſo enlarged upon in a book that was probably very popular in Shakſpeare's youth, Sir Thomas Elliot's *Governour*, 1553. MALONE.

[3] *A very, very*—peacock.] This alludes to a fable of the birds chooſing a king; inſtead of the eagle, a peacock. POPE.

The old copies have it *paiock*, *paicocke*. and *pajocke*. I ſubſtitute *paddock*, as neareſt to the traces of the corrupted reading. I have, as Mr. Pope ſays, been willing to ſubſtitute any thing in the place of his *peacock*. He thinks a fable alluded to, of the birds chooſing a king; inſtead of the *eagle*, a *peacock*. I ſuppoſe, he muſt mean the fable of Barlandus, in which it is ſaid, the birds, being weary of their ſtate of anarchy, moved for the ſetting up of a king; and the *peacock* was elected on account of his gay feathers. But, with ſubmiſſion, in this paſſage of our Shakſpeare, there is not the leaſt mention made of the *eagle* in antitheſis to the *peacock*; and it muſt be by a very uncommon figure, that Jove himſelf ſtands in the place of his *bird*. I think, Hamlet is ſetting his father's and uncle's characters in contraſt to each other: and means to ſay, that by his father's death the ſtate was ſtripp'd of a godlike monarch, and that now in his ſtead reign'd the moſt deſpicable poiſonous animal that could be; a mere *paddock*, or *toad*. *P A D*, *bufo*, *rubeta major*; a toad. This word, I take to be of Hamlet's own ſubſtituting. The verſes, repeated, ſeem to be from ſome old ballad; in which, rhyme being neceſſary, I doubt not but the laſt verſe ran thus:

A very, very——aſs. THEOBALD.

A peacock ſeems proverbial for a fool. Thus *Gaſcoigne* in his *Weeds*:
" A theſe, a cowarde, and a *peacocke* foole." FARMER.

In the laſt ſcene of this act, Hamlet, ſpeaking of the king, uſes the expreſſion which Theobald would introduce:
" Would from a *paddock*, from a bat, a gib,
" Such dear concernments hide?"

The

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghoſt's word for a thouſand pound. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, ſome muſick; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike[4],—he likes it not, perdy[5].—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Come, ſome muſick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole hiſtory.

Guil. The king, ſir,—

Ham. Ay, ſir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd.

Ham. With drink, ſir[6]?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhew itſelf more richer, to ſignify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, ſir, pronounce.

The reading, *peacock*, which I believe to be the true one, was firſt introduced by Mr. Pope.

Mr. Theobald is unfaithful in his account of the old copies. No copy of authority reads—*paicocke*. The quarto, 1604, has *paiock*; the folio, 1623, *paiocke*.

Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, means, that the king ſtruts about with a falſe pomp, to which he has no right. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Pavonnegiare*. To jet up and down, fondly gazing upon himſelf, as a peacock doth." MALONE.

[4] *Why then, belike,*—] Hamlet was going on to draw the conſequence, when the courtiers entered. JOHNSON.

[5] *—be likes it not,* perdy.] *Perdy* is a corruption of *par Dieu*, and is not uncommon in the old plays. So, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

"In that, you Palmer, as deputie,
"May cleerly diſcharge him *pardie*." STEEVENS.

[6] *With drink, ſir?*] Hamlet takes particular care that his uncle's love of drink ſhall not be forgotten. JOHNSON.

Guil.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courteſy is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, ſhall be the end of my buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord.

Ham. Make you a wholeſome anſwer; my wit's diſeaſed: But, ſir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you ſhall command; or, rather, as you ſay, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you ſay,—

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays; Your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother! —But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade [7] with us?

Roſ. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers [8].

Roſ. Good my lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do, ſurely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himſelf for your ſucceſſion in Denmark [9]?

Ham. Ay, ſir, but, *While the graſs grows*,—the proverb is ſomething muſty [1].

Enter

7 —*further trade*—] Further buſineſs; further dealing. JOHNSON.

8 —*by theſe pickers*, &c.] By theſe hands. JOHNSON.

Alluding to the *Church Catechiſm*:—"to keep my hands from *picking* and ſtealing," &c. MALONE.

9 —*when you have the voice of the king himſelf for your ſucceſſion in Denmark.*] See p. 192, n. 9. MALONE.

1 *Ay, ſir, but*, While the graſs grows,—*the proverb is ſomething muſty.*] The remainder of this old proverb is preſerved in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"Whylſt graſs doth growe, *oft ſterves the ſeely ſteede.*"

Again,

Enter the Players, with Recorders[2].

O, the recorders:—let me ſee one.—To withdraw with you:—[*taking* Guil. *aſide.*] Why do you go about to recover the wind of me[3], as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly[4].

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſy as lying: govern theſe ventages[5] with your fingers and thumb[6], give it breath with your mouth,

Again, in *The Paradiſe of Daintie Deviſes*, 1578:

"To whom of old this proverbe well it ſerves,

"*While graſs doth growe, the ſilly horſe he ſterves.*"

Hamlet means to intimate, that whilſt he is waiting for the ſucceſſion to the throne of Denmark, he may himſelf be taken off by death. MALONE.

[2] — *Recorders.*] i. e. a kind of large flute.

To *record* anciently ſignified to ſing or modulate. STEEVENS.

[3] — *to recover the wind of me,*] So, in an ancient Mſ. play entitled *The ſecond Maidens Tragedy*:

"——— Is that next?

"Why then I have your ladyſhip in *the wind.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.*] i. e. if my duty to the *king* makes me preſs you a little, my love to *you* makes me ſtill more importunate. If that makes me *bold*, this makes me even *unmannerly*. WARBURTON.

I believe we ſhould read—*my love is* not *unmannerly*. My conception of this paſſage is, that, in conſequence of Hamlet's moving to take the recorder, Guildenſtern alſo ſhifts his ground, in order to place himſelf *beneath* the prince in his new poſition. This Hamlet ludicrouſly calls "*going about to recover the wind*," &c. and Guildenſtern may anſwer properly enough, I think, and like a courtier; "*if my duty* to the king makes me *too bold* in preſſing you upon a diſagreeable ſubject, *my love* to you will make me *not unmannerly*, in ſhewing you all poſſible marks of reſpect and attention." TYRWHITT.

[5] — *ventages*—] The holes of a flute. JOHNSON.

[6] — *and thumb,*] The firſt quarto reads—with your fingers and the *umber*. This may probably be the ancient name for that piece of moveable braſs at the end of a flute, which is either raiſed or depreſſed by

mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick. Look you, theſe are the ſtops[7].

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the ſkill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery; you would ſound me from my loweſt note to the top of my compaſs: and there is much muſick, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it ſpeak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am eaſier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bleſs you, ſir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a camel?

by the finger. The word *umber* is uſed by Stowe the chronicler, who, deſcribing a ſingle combat between two knights—ſays, "he braſt up his *umber* three times." Here, the *umber* means the viſor of the helmet. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queene*, b. 3. c. 1. ſt. 42:

"But the brave maid would not diſarmed be,
"But only vented up her *umbriere*,
"And ſo did let her goodly viſage to appere." STEEVENS.

If a *recorder* had a braſs key like the *German Flute*, we are to follow the reading of the quarto; for then the thumb is not concerned in the government of the ventages or ſtops. If a *recorder* was like a *tabourer's pipe*, which has no braſs key, but has a ſtop for the thumb, we are to read—Govern theſe ventages with your finger and thumb. In *Cotgrave's Dictionary*, *ombre*, *ombraire*, *ombriere*, and *ombrelle*, are all from the Latin *umbra*, and ſignify a ſhadow, an umbrella, or any thing that ſhades or hides the face from the ſun; and hence they may have been applied to any thing that hides or covers another; as for example, they may have been applied to the braſs key that covers the hole in the German flute. So Spenſer uſed *ombriere* for the viſor of the helmet, as Rous's hiſtory of the Kings of England uſes *umbrella* in the ſame ſenſe. TOLLET.

[7] —*the* ſtops.] The ſounds formed by occaſionally ſtopping the holes, while the inſtrument is played upon. So, in the Prologue to *K. Henry V.*

"Rumour is a *pipe*—
"And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a *ſtop*," &c. MALONE.

Pol.

Pol. By the maſs, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weazel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weazel[8].

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent[9].—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will ſay ſo. [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* Ros. GUIL. HOR. &c.

'Tis now the very witching time of night:
When church-yards yawn, and hell itſelf breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch buſineſs as the bitter day[1]

[8] *Methinks, it is like a weazel.*

Pol. It is back'd *like a weazel.*] Thus the quarto, 1604, and the folio. The weazel, Mr. Steevens obſerves, is remarkable for the length of its back. In a more modern quarto, that of 1611, *back'd*, the original reading, was corrupted into *black*.

Perhaps in the original edition the words *camel* and *weazel* were ſhuffled out of their places. The poet might have intended the dialogue to proceed thus:

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in the ſhape of a *weazel*?

Pol. By the maſs, and 'tis like a weazel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a *camel*.

Pol. It is back'd like a *camel*.

The protuberant back of a camel ſeems more to reſemble a cloud, than the back of a weazel does. MALONE.

Mr. Tollet obſerves, that we might read—"it is *beck'd* like a weaſel." *i. e.* weaſel-ſnouted. So, in Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England*, p. 172: "if he be *weſell-becked*." Quarles uſes this term of reproach in his *Virgin Widow*: "Go, you *weaſel-ſnouted*, addle-pated," &c. Mr. Tollet adds, that Milton, in his *Lycidas*, calls a promontory *beaked*, i. e. prominent like the *beak* of a bird. STEEVENS.

[9] *They fool me to the top of my bent.*—] They compel me to play the fool, till I can endure it no longer. JOHNSON.

See p. 234, n. 5. MALONE.

[1] *And do ſuch buſineſs as* the bitter day—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

And do ſuch *bitter buſineſs* as the day, &c. MALONE.

The expreſſion *bitter buſineſs* is ſtill in uſe, and though at preſent a vulgar phraſe, might not have been ſuch in the age of Shakſpeare. The *bitter* day is the day rendered hateful or *bitter* by the commiſſion of ſome act of miſchief.

Watts, in his *Logic*, ſays: "*Bitter* is an equivocal word: there is *bitter* wormwood, there are *bitter* words, there are *bitter* enemies, and a *bitter* cold morning." It is, in ſhort, any thing unpleaſing or hurtful. STEEVENS.

Would

Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her[2], but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent[3],
To give them seals[4] never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the same.

Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you[5]:
The terms of our estate may not endure

[2] *I will speak* daggers *to her,*] A similar expression occurs in *The Return from Parnassus*: "They are pestilent fellows, they speak nothing but *bodkins*." It has been already observed, that a *bodkin* anciently signified *a short dagger*. STEEVENS.

[3] —be *shent,*] To *shend*, is to reprove harshly, to treat with injurious language. So, in *The Coxcomb* of B. and Fletcher:

"—We shall be *shent* soundly." STEEVENS.

[4] *To give them seals*—] i. e. put them in execution.
WARBURTON.

[5] *I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,*
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:] In *The Hystory of Hamblett*, bl. let. the king does not adopt this scheme of sending Hamlet to England till after the death of Polonius; and though he is described as doubtful whether Polonius was slain by Hamlet, his apprehension lest he might himself meet the same fate as the old courtier, is assigned as the motive for his wishing the prince out of the kingdom. This at first inclined me to think that this short scene, either from the negligence of the copyist or the printer, might have been misplaced; but it is certainly printed as the authour intended, for in the next scene Hamlet says to his mother, "I must to England; you know that?" before the king could have heard of the death of Polonius.
MALONE.

Hazard

Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes [6].

Guil. We will ourſelves provide:
Moſt holy and religious fear it is,
To keep thoſe many many bodies ſafe,
That live, and feed, upon your majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep itſelf from 'noyance; but much more,
That ſpirit upon whoſe weal [7] depend and reſt
The lives of many. The ceaſe of majeſty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a maſſy wheel [8],
Fix'd on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſt'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king ſigh, but with a general groan.

[6] *Out of his* lunes.] The quarto reads—out of his *browes*; the folio —out of his *lunacies*. *Lunes* was introduced by Mr. Theobald. Shakſpeare probably had here the following paſſage in *The Hiſtory of Hamblett*, bl. l. in his thoughts: "*Fengon* could not content himſelfe, but ſtill his mind gave him that the *foole* [*Hamlet*] would play him *ſome tricke of legerdemaine*. And in that conceit ſeeking to be rid of him, determined to find the meanes to doe it, by the aid of a ſtranger; making the king of England miniſter of his maſſacrous reſolution, to whom he purpoſed to ſend him." MALONE.

I take *browes* to be, properly read, *frowes*, which, I think, is a provincial word for *perverſe humours*; which being, I ſuppoſe not underſtood, was changed to *lunacies*. But of this I am not confident.

JOHNSON.

I would receive Theobald's emendation, becauſe Shakſpeare uſes the word *lunes* in the ſame ſenſe in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, and *The Winter's Tale*. From the redundancy of the meaſure nothing can be inferred.

Since this part of my note was written, I have met with an inſtance in ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's conjecture:

" —were you but as favourable as you are *frowiſe*.—"

Tully's Love, by Greene, 1616.

Perhaps, however, Shakſpeare deſigned a metaphor from horned cattle, whoſe powers of being dangerous encreaſe with the *growth of their browes*. STEEVENS.

[7] *That ſpirit upon whoſe* weal—] So the quarto. The folio gives,
That ſpirit, upon whoſe *ſpirit*,—. STEEVENS.

[8] —*it is a maſſy wheel*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*Or* it is, &c. MALONE.

King.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Roſ. Guil. We will haſte us. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* GUIL.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myſelf[9],
To hear the proceſs; I'll warrant, ſhe'll tax him home;
And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet, that ſome more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial[1], ſhould o'er-hear
The ſpeech of vantage[2]. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
King. Thanks, dear my lord. [*Exit* POLONIUS.
O, my offence is rank, it ſmells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldeſt curſe upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,

[9] *Behind the arras I'll convey myſelf,*] The arras-hangings, in Shakſpeare's time, were hung at ſuch a diſtance from the walls, that a perſon might eaſily ſtand behind them unperceived. The principal witneſs againſt the Counteſs of Exeter, who was unjuſtly charged in the year 1616, with a deſign to poiſon lady Lake and lady Roſſe, was Sarah Wharton, a chambermaid, who ſwore that ſhe ſtood *behind the hangings* at the entrance of the great chamber at Wimbleton, and heard the counteſs confeſs her guilt. The plot againſt this innocent lady was diſcovered by king James, who went to Wimbleton, and found that the hangings, which had not been changed for thirty years, were two feet from the ground, ſo that the chambermaid muſt have been diſcovered, had ſhe been there. His majeſty obſerving a great diſtance between the window, near which the counteſs was ſuppoſed to have ſtood, and the lower end of the room, where the maid was ſaid to have ſtood, placed himſelf behind the hangings, and finding that he could not hear the lords at the window, though they purpoſely ſpoke loud, obtained evidence of the falſhood of this charge. MALONE.

[1] *Since nature makes them partial,* &c.]
" —— Matres omnes filiis
" In peccato adjutrices, auxilii in paterna injuria
" Solent eſſe." *Ter. Heaut.* Act V. Sc. 2.
STEEVENS.

[2] — *of vantage.*] By ſome opportunity of ſecret obſervation.
JOHNSON.

Though

Though inclination be as ſharp as will[3];
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heavens,
To waſh it white as ſnow? Whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be fore-ſtalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt. But O, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence[4]?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law: But 'tis not ſo above:
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourſelves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent[5]?
O wretched ſtate! O boſom, black as death!
O limed ſoul[6]; that, ſtruggling to be free,

[3] *Though inclination be as ſharp as* will;] *Will* is *command, direction.* Thus, *Eccleſiaſticus*, xliii. 16. "—and at his *will* the ſouth wind bloweth." The king ſays, his mind is in too great confuſion to pray, even though his *inclination* were as ſtrong as the *command* which requires that duty. STEEVENS.

[4] *May one be pardon'd, and retain the* offence?] He that does not amend what can be amended, *retains* his *offence*. The king kept the crown from the right heir. JOHNSON.

[5] *Yet what can it, when one* can not *repent?*] *What can* repentance *do for a man that cannot be* penitent? for a man who has only a part of penitence, diſtreſs of conſcience, without the other part, reſolution of amendment? JOHNSON.

[6] *O, limed* ſoul;—] This alludes to *bird-lime*. Shakſpeare uſes the ſame word again, *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"Madam, myſelf have *lim'd* a buſh for her." STEEVENS.

Art

Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees! and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [*retires, and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying[7];
And now I'll do't:—And ſo he goes to heaven:
And ſo am I reveng'd? That would be ſcann'd[8]:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend[9]
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and ſalary[1], not revenge.
He took my father groſsly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown[2], as fluſh as May;
And, how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heaven?
But, in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
No.
Up, ſword; and know thou a more horrid hent[3]:
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage;

[7] —pat, *now he is praying*;] Thus the folio. The quartos read —*but* now, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] —*That would be ſcann'd:*] i. e. that ſhould be conſidered, eſtimated. STEEVENS.

[9] *I, his* ſole *ſon, do this ſame villain ſend*—] The folio reads, *ſeale* ſon, a reading apparently corrupted from the quarto. The meaning is plain. *I, his* only ſon, who am bound to puniſh his murderer. JOHNSON.

[1] —hire *and* ſalary,] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*baſe* and *filly*. STEEVENS.

[2] *He took my father groſsly*, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown,—] The uncommon expreſſion, *full of bread*, our poet borrowed from the ſacred writings: "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy ſiſter Sodom; pride, *fullneſs of bread*, and abundance of idleneſs was in her and her daughters, neither did ſhe ſtrengthen the hand of the poor and needy." Ezekiel, xvi. 49. MALONE.

[3] *Up, ſword, and know thou a more horrid* hent:] To *hent* is uſed by Shakſpeare for, to *ſeize*, to *catch*, to *lay hold on*. *Hent* is, therefore, *hold*, or *ſeizure*. *Lay hold on* him, ſword, at a more horrid time. JOHNSON.

Or

Or in the inceſtuous pleaſures of his bed[4];
At gaming, ſwearing*; or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven[5];
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes[6]. My mother ſtays:
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

The

[4] *When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage;*
Or in the inceſtuous pleaſures of his bed;] So, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1603;
" —Did'ſt thou not kill him drunk?
" Thou ſhould'ſt, or in th' embraces of his luſt." STEEVENS.

* *At gaming, ſwearing;*—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads—At *game, a* ſwearing, &c. MALONE.

[5] —*that his heels may kick at heaven;*] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:
" Whoſe *heels tript* up, *kick'd 'gainſt the firmament.*"
STEEVENS.

[6] *As hell, whereto it goes.*—] This ſpeech, in which Hamlet, repreſented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would puniſh, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered. JOHNSON.

The ſame fiend-like diſpoſition is ſhewn by *Lodowick*, in Webſter's *Vittoria Corombora*, 1612:
" ——— to have poiſon'd
" The handle of his racket. O, that, that!—
" That while he had been bandying at tennis,
" He might have ſworn himſelf to hell, and ſtruck
" *His ſoul* into the hazard!"
Again, in *The Honeſt Lawyer*, 1616:
" I then ſhould ſtrike his body with his *ſoul*,
" And ſink them both together."
Again, in the third of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Four Plays in one*:
" No, take him dead drunk now *without repentance.*"
STEEVENS.

This horrid thought has been adopted by Lewis Machin, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:
" Nay, but be patient; ſmooth your brow a little,
" And you ſhall take them as they clip each other;
" Even in the height of ſin; then damn them both,
" And let them ſtink before they aſk God pardon,
" That *your revenge may ſtretch unto their ſouls.*" MALONE.

I think it not improbable, that when Shakſpeare put this horrid ſentiment into the mouth of Hamlet, he might have recollected the following ſtory: " One of theſe monſters meeting his enemie unarmed, threatened to kill him, if he denied not God, his power, and eſſential properties, viz. his mercy, ſuffrance, &c. the which when the other, deſiring life, pronounced with great horrour, kneeling upon his knees; the

The King *riſes, and advances.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Queen, *and* POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come ſtraight. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me e'en here[7].
Pray you, be round with him.
Queen. I'll warrant you; fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming. [Polonius *hides himſelf*[8].

Enter

the bravo cried out, *nowe will I kill thy body and ſoule*, and at that inſtant thruſt him through with his rapier." *Brief Diſcourſe of the Spaniſh State, with a Dialogue annexed, intitled Philobaſilis*, 4to. 1590, p. 21. REED.

A ſimilar ſtory is told in *The Turkiſh Spy*, Vol. III. p. 243. MALONE.

[7] — *I'll* ſilence me e'en *here:*] *I'll ſilence me e'en here*, is, *I'll uſe no more words.* JOHNSON.

[8] Polonius *hides himſelf.*] The concealment of Polonius in the queen's chamber, during the converſation between Hamlet and his mother, and the manner of his death, were ſuggeſted by the following paſſage in *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*, bl. let. fig. D 1: "The counſellour entered ſecretly into the queene's chamber, and there *bid himſelfe behind the arras*, and long before the queene and Hamlet came thither; who being craftie and pollitique, as ſcone as hee was within the chamber, doubting ſome treaſon, and fearing if he ſhould ſpeake ſeverely and wiſely to his mother, touching his ſecret practiſes, hee ſhould be underſtood, and by that means intercepted, uſed his ordinary manner of diſſimulation, and began to come [r. *crow*] like a cocke, beating with his arms (in ſuch manner as cockes uſed to ſtrike with their wings) upon the hangings of the chamber; whereby feeling ſomething ſtirring under them, he cried, *a rat, a rat*, and preſently drawing his ſworde, thruſt it into the hangings;

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo:
You are the queen, your huſband's brother's wife;
And,—'would it were not ſo!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not budge;
You go not, till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*behind.*] What, ho! help!
Ham. How now! a rat? [*draws.*
Dead, for a ducat, dead.
[Hamlet *makes a paſs through the arras.*
Pol. [*behind.*] O, I am ſlain. [*falls, and dies.*
Queen. O me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
[*lifts up the arras, and draws forth* Polonius.
Queen. O, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed;—almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king[9]!

Ham.

hangings; which done, pulled the counſellour (half-deade) out by the heeles, made an end of killing him; and, being ſlaine, cut his body in pieces, which he cauſed to be boyled, and then caſt it into an open vault or privie." MALONE.

[9] Queen. *As kill a king!*] It has been doubted, whether Shakſpeare intended to repreſent the queen as acceſſary to the murder of her huſband. The ſurprize ſhe here expreſſes at the charge ſeems to tend to her exculpation.

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewel!
[*to* Polonius.

I took

culpation. Where the variation is not particularly marked, we may presume, I think, that the poet intended to tell his story as it had been told before. The following extract therefore from *The History of Hamblet*, bl. let. relative to this point, will probably not be unacceptable to the reader: "Fengon [the king in the present play] boldened and encouraged by such impunitie, durst venture to couple himself in marriage with her, whom he use as his concubine during good Horvendille's life; in that sort spotting his name with a double vice, incestuous aduiterie, and paracide murther.—This adulterer and infamous murtherer slaundered his dead brother, that he would have slaine his wife, and that hee by chance finding him on the point ready to do it, in defence of the lady, had slaine him.—The unfortunate and wicked woman that had received the honour to be the wife of one of the valiantest and wisest princes in the North, imbased herselfe in such vile sort as to falsifie her faith unto him, and, which is worse, to martie him that had bin the tyrannous murtherer of her lawful husband; *which made diverse men think that she had beene the cause of the murther*, thereby to live in her adulterie without controle." *Hyst. of Hamb.* fig. C 1. 2.

In the conference however with her son, on which the present scene is founded, she strongly asserts her innocence with respect to his fact:

"I know well, my sonne, that I have done thee great wrong in marrying with Fengon, the cruel tyrant and murtherer of thy father, and my loyal spouse; but when thou shalt consider the small meanes of resistance, and the treason of the palace, with the little cause of confidence we are to expect, or hope for, of the courtiers, all wrought to his will; as also the power he made ready if I should have refused to like him; thou wouldst rather excuse, than accuse mee of lasciviousnes or inconstancy, much less offer me that wrong *to suspect that ever thy mother* Geruth *once consented to the death and murther of her husband*: swearing unto thee by the majestie of the gods, that if it had layne in me to have resisted the tyrant, although it had beene with the losse of my blood, yea and of my life, I would surely have saved the life of my lord and husband." Ibid. fig. D 4.

It is observable, that in the drama neither the king or queen make so good a defence. Shakspeare wished to render them as odious as he could, and therefore has not in any part of the play furnished them with even the semblance of an excuse for their conduct.

Though the inference already mentioned may be drawn from the surprize which our poet has here made the queen express at being charged with the murder of her husband, it is observable that when the player-queen in the preceding scene says,

"In second husband let me be accurst!
"None wed the second, *but who kill'd the first*,"

he has made Hamlet exclaim—"*that's wormwood.*" The prince, therefore, both from that expression and the words addressed to his mother in the present scene, must be supposed to think her guilty.—Perhaps after

all

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſy, is ſome danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff;
If damned cuſtom have not brazed it ſo,
That it be proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the roſe[1]

From

all this inveſtigation, the truth is, that Shakſpeare himſelf meant to leave the matter in doubt. MALONE.

I know not in what part of this tragedy the king and queen could have been expected to enter into a vindication of their mutual conduct. The former indeed is rendered contemptible as well as guilty; but for the latter our poet ſeems to have felt all that tenderneſs which the ghoſt recommends to the imitation of her ſon. STEEVENS.

Had Shakſpeare thought fit to have introduced the topicks I have ſuggeſted, can there be a doubt concerning his ability to introduce them? The king's juſtification, if to juſtify him had been the poet's object, (which it certainly was not,) might have been made in a ſoliloquy; the queen's, in the preſent interview with her ſon. MALONE.

[1] —*takes off the* roſe, &c.] Some have underſtood theſe words to be only a metaphorical enlargement of the ſentiment contained in the preceding line:

— blurs the grace and *bluſh* of modeſty;

but as the *forehead* is no proper ſituation for a *bluſh* to be diſplayed in, we may have recourſe to another explanation.

It was once the cuſtom for thoſe who were betrothed, to wear ſome flower as an external and conſpicuous mark of their mutual engagement. So, in *Spenſer's Shepherd's Calendar for April*:

"Bring *coronations* and *ſops in wine*,
"*Worn of paramours.*"

Lyte, in his Herbal, 1578, enumerates *ſops in wine* among the ſmaller kind of ſingle gilliflowers or pinks.

Figure 4, in the *Morrice-dance*, (a plate of which is annexed to the Firſt Part of *K. Henry IV.*) has a flower fixed on his *forehead*, and ſeems to be meant for the *paramour* of the female character. The flower might be deſigned for a *roſe*, as the colour of it is red in the painted glaſs, though its form is expreſſed with as little adherence to nature as that of the marygold in the hand of the lady. It may, however, conduct us to affix a new meaning to the lines in queſtion. This flower, as I have ſince diſcovered, is exactly ſhaped like the *ſops in wine*, now called the *Deptford Pink*.

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths: O, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of contraction [2] plucks
The very ſoul; and ſweet religion makes
A rhapſody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act [3].

Queen.

Sets a *bliſter* there, has the ſame meaning as in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Who faſting in the flaws of her own youth,
" Hath *bliſter'd* her report."

See a note on this paſſage, Act II. Sc. 3. STEEVENS.

I believe, by the *roſe* was only meant the *roſeate hue*. The forehead certainly appears to us an odd place for the hue of innocence to dwell on, but Shakſpeare might place it there with as much propriety as a *ſmile*. In *Troilus and Creſſida* we find theſe lines:

" So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
" As *ſmiles* upon the *forehead* of this action."

That part of the forehead which is ſituated between the eye-brows, ſeems to have been conſidered by our poet as the ſeat of innocence and modeſty. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

" ——— brands the harlot,
" Even here, between the *chaſte* unſmirched *brow*
" Of my true mother." MALONE.

[2] — *from the body of* contraction—] *Contraction* for *marriage contract*. WARBURTON.

[3] — *Heaven's face doth glow*;
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.] If any ſenſe can be found here, it is this. The ſun glows, [and does it not always?] and the very ſolid maſs of earth has a triſtful viſage, and is thought-ſick. All this is ſad ſtuff. The old quarto reads much nearer to the poet's ſenſe:

Heaven's face *does glow,*
O'er *this ſolidity and compound maſs,*
With heated *viſage, as againſt the doom,*
Is thought ſick at the act.

From whence it appears, that Shakſpeare wrote:

Heaven's face doth glow,
O'er *this ſolidity and compound maſs,*
With triſtful viſage; and, *as 'gainſt the doom,*
Is thought-ſick at the act.

This makes a fine ſenſe, and to this effect. The ſun looks upon our globe, the ſcene of this murder, with an angry and mournful countenance, half hid in eclipſe, as at the day of doom. WARBURTON.

The

Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index[4] ?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this[5] ;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow :

The word *heated*, though it agrees well enough with *glow*, is, I think, not so striking as *triſtful*, which was, I suppoſe, choſen at the reviſal. I believe the whole paſſage now ſtands as the author gave it. Dr. Warburton's reading reſtores two improprieties, which Shakſpeare, by his alteration, had removed. In the firſt, and in the new reading, *Heaven's* face *glows with triſtful* viſage ; and, *Heaven's face is* thought-ſick. To the common reading there is no objection. JOHNSON.

I am ſtrongly inclined to think that the reading of the quarto, 1604, is the true one. In Shakſpeare's licentious diction, the meaning may be, The face of heaven doth glow with heated viſage, over the earth : *and heaven*, as againſt the day of judgment, is thought-ſick at the act.

Had not our poet St. Luke's deſcription of the laſt day in his thoughts? —" And there ſhall be ſigns in the ſun and in the moon, and in the ſtars ; and upon the earth diſtreſs of nations, with perplexity, the ſea and the waves roaring : men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking on thoſe things which are coming on the earth ; for the powers of heaven ſhall be ſhaken," &c. MALONE.

[4] *That roars ſo loud*, &c.] The meaning is, *What is* this act, of which the *diſcovery*, or mention, cannot be made, but with this violence of clamour? JOHNSON.

—*and thunders in the* index?] Mr. Edwards obſerves, that the *indexes* of many old books were at that time inſerted at the beginning, inſtead of the end, as is now the cuſtom. This obſervation I have often ſeen confirmed.

So, in *Othello*, Act II. ſc. vii.—" an *index* and obſcure *prologue* to the hiſtory of luſt and foul thoughts." STEEVENS.

See Vol. XII. Bullokar in his *Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, defines an *Index* by " A *table* in a booke." The *table* was almoſt always *prefixed* to the books of our poet's age. Indexes, in the ſenſe in which we now underſtand the word, were very uncommon. MALONE.

[5] *Look here, upon this picture, and on this* ;] It is evident from the following words,

A ſtation, like the herald Mercury, &c.

that theſe pictures, which are introduced as miniatures on the ſtage, were meant for whole lengths, being part of the furniture of the queen's cloſet.

—— *like Maia's ſon he ſtood,*
And ſhook his plumes.—Milton, B. V. STEEVENS.

The introduction of miniatures in this place appears to be a modern innovation. A print prefixed to Rowe's edition of *Hamlet*, publiſhed in 1709, proves this. There, the two royal portraits are exhibited as half-lengths, hanging in the Queen's cloſet ; and either thus, or as whole lengths, they probably were exhibited from the time of the original performance of this tragedy to the death of Betterton. To half-lengths, however, the ſame objection lies, as to miniatures. MALONE.

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Hyperion's curls[6]; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A ſtation like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill[7];
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man:
This was your huſband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your huſband; like a mildew'd ear[8],
Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

[6] *Hyperion's curls*;—] It is obſervable that *Hyperion* is uſed by Spenſer with the ſame error in *quantity*. FARMER.

I have never met with an earlier edition of Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs* than that in 1603. In this the following lines occur, which bear a cloſe reſemblance to Hamlet's deſcription of his father:

" A donative he hath of every god;
" *Apollo* gave him *locks*, *Jove* his high *front*." STEEVENS.

[7] *A ſtation like the herald* Mercury,
" *New-lighted on a* heaven-kiſſing hill;] I think it not improbable that Shakſpeare caught this image from Phaer's tranſlation of Virgil, (Fourth Æneid,) a book that without doubt he had read:

" And now approaching neere, the top he ſeeth and mighty lims
" Of *Atlas*, *mountain tough*, that *heaven* on boyſt'rous *ſhoulders beares*;—
" There *firſt* on ground with wings of might doth *Mercury* arrive,
" Then down from thence right over ſeas himſelfe doth headlong drive."

In the margin are theſe words: " The deſcription of *Mercury's* journey from *heaven*, along the *mountain* Atlas in Affrike, *higheſt* on earth. MALONE.

Station in this inſtance does not mean *the ſpot where any one is placed*, but *the act of ſtanding*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. iii.

" Her motion and her *ſtation* are as one."

On turning to Theobald's firſt edition, I find that he had made the ſame remark, and ſupported it by the ſame inſtance. The obſervation is neceſſary, for otherwiſe the compliment deſigned to the attitude of the king, would be beſtowed on the place where Mercury is repreſented as ſtanding. STEEVENS.

In the firſt ſcene of *Timon of Athens*, the poet, admiring a picture, introduces the ſame image:

" ——— How this *grace*
" Speaks his own *ſtanding!*" MALONE.

[8] —*like a* mildew'd ear,
Blaſting *his wholeſome brother*.] This alludes to *Pharoah's dream* in the 41ſt chapter of *Geneſis*. STEEVENS.

And

And batten [9] on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood [1] is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? Senſe, ſure, you have,
Elſe, could you not have motion [2]: But, ſure, that ſenſe
Is apoplex'd: for madneſs would not err;
Nor ſenſe to ecſtaſy was ne'er ſo thrall'd,
But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice,
To ſerve in ſuch a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind [3]?
Eyes without feeling [4], feeling without ſight,
Ears without hand or eyes, ſmelling ſans all,

[9] — *batten*—] i. e. to grow fat. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607.

" —— and for milk
" I *batten'd* was with his blood."

Bat is an ancient word for *increaſe*. Hence the adjective *batful*, ſo often uſed by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. STEEVENS.

[1] *The* hey-day *in the blood*—] This expreſſion occurs in Ford's *'Tis Pity ſhe's a Whore*, 1633:

" ——————— muſt
" The *hey-day* of your luxury be fed
" Up to a ſurfeit?". STEEVENS.

[2] — Senſe, *ſure, you have,*
Elſe, could you not have motion:] Theſe words, and the following lines to the word *difference*, are found in the quarto, but not in the folio. *Senſe* is ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare for ſenſation or *ſenſual appetite*; as *motion* is for the effect produced by the impulſe of nature. Such, I think, is the ſignification of theſe words here. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" — ſhe ſpeaks, and 'tis
" Such ſenſe, that my *ſenſe* breeds with it."

Again, more appoſitely in the ſame play, where both the words occur:

" ——— One who never feels
The wanton ſtings and *motions* of the *ſenſe*."

So, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Hiſtories*, 1614: Theſe *continent* relations will reduce the ſtraggling *motions* to a more ſettled and retired harbour."

Senſe has already been uſed in this ſcene, for *ſenſation*:

" That it be proof and bulwark againſt *ſenſe*."

Dr. Warburton for *motion* ſubſtituted *notion*, i. e. intellect. MALONE.

[3] — *at hoodman-blind?*] This is, I ſuppoſe, the ſame as *blindman's-buff*. So, in *Two lamentable Tragedies in One, the One a murder of Maſter Beech*, &c. 1601:

" Pick out men's eyes, and tell them that's the ſport
" Of *hood-man blind*." STEEVENS.

[4] *Eyes without feeling*, &c.] This and the three following lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope [5].
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? Rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a matron's bones [6],
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
Since froſt itſelf as actively doth burn,
And reaſon panders will [7].

Queen. O Hamlet, ſpeak no more:
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul;
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained [8] ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct [9].

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an enſeamed bed [1];
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the naſty ſtye;—

[5] *Could not ſo* mope.] i. e. could not exhibit ſuch marks of ſtupidity. The ſame word is uſed in the *Tempeſt*, Sc. ult.

" And were brought *moping* hither." STEEVENS.

[6] — Rebellious hell,
If thou can'ſt mutine *in a matron's bones,*] So, in *Othello:*

" This hand is moiſt, my lady;—
" Hot, hot, and moiſt: this hand of yours requires
" A ſequeſter from liberty, faſting and prayer,
" Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
" For here's a young and ſweating *devil* here,
" That commonly *rebels.*"

To *mutine*, for which the modern editors have ſubſtituted *mutiny*, was the ancient term, ſignifying to riſe in mutiny. So, in Knolles's *Hiſtory of the Turks*, 1603: " The Janiſaries—became wonderfully diſcontented, and began to *mutine* in diverſe places of the citie." MALONE.

[7] — *reaſon* panders *will.*] So the folio, I think rightly; but the reading of the quarto is defenſible:

— *reaſon* pardons *will.* JOHNSON.

Panders was certainly Shakſpeare's word. So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" When *reaſon* is the *bawd* to *luſt's abuſe.*" MALONE.

[8] — *grained*—] Dyed in grain. JOHNSON.

[9] *As will not leave their tinct.*] The quartos read:

" As will *leave there* their tinct." STEEVENS.

[1] — *an* enſeamed *bed*;] Thus the quarto, 1604, and the folio. A later quarto of no authority reads—*inceſtuous* bed. *Enſeamed bed*, as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, is *greaſy bed. Seam* ſignifies *bogslard.* MALONE.

In the *Book of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date, we are told that " *Enſayme* of a hauke is *the grece.*" STEEVENS.

Queen.

Queen. O, ſpeak to me no more;
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, ſweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings[2]:
A cutpurſe of the empire and the rule;
That from a ſhelf the precious diadem ſtole[3],
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A king of ſhreds and patches[4]:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide
That, laps'd in time and paſſion[5], let's go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, ſay!

Ghoſt. Do not forget: This viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But, look! amazement on thy mother ſits:
O, ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul;
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works[6];
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,

[2] —*vice of kings:*] A low mimick of kings. The vice is the fool a farce; from whom the modern *punch* is deſcended. JOHNSON.

[3] *That from a ſhelf,* &c.] This is ſaid not unmeaningly, but to ſhew, that the uſurper came not to the crown by any glorious villainy that carried danger with it, but by the low cowardly theft of a common pilferer. WARBURTON.

[4] *A king of ſhreds and patches:*] This is ſaid, purſuing the idea of the *vice of kings.* The *vice* was dreſſed as a fool, in a coat of party-coloured patches. JOHNSON.

[5] —*laps'd in time and paſſion,*—] That, having ſuffered *time* to *ſlip,* and *paſſion* to *cool, let's go,* &c. JOHNSON.

[6] Conceit *in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works;*] *Conceit* for *imagination.* So, in the *Rape of Lucrece:*

"And the *conceited* painter was ſo nice,—." MALONE.

And with the incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep;
And, as the ſleeping ſoldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements[7],
Starts up, and ſtands on end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capable[8].—Do not look upon me;
Leſt, with this piteous action, you convert
My ſtern effects[9]: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?

Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I ſee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourſelves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it ſteals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd[1]!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit* Ghoſt.

[7] —*like life in* excrements,] The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or ſenſation; yet thoſe very hairs, as if they had life, ſtart up, &c. POPE.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"The time has been——
"——— my fell of *hair*,
"Would at a diſmal treatiſe *rouſe and ſtir*,
"*As life were in't.*" MALONE.

[8] *His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,*
Would make them capable.] *Capable* here ſignifies *intelligent*; endued with underſtanding. So, in *King Richard III*:

"——— O, 'tis a parlous boy,
"Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable.*"

We yet uſe *capacity* in this ſenſe. MALONE.

[9] *My ſtern* effects:] *Effects* for actions; deeds *effected*. MALONE.

[1] *My father, in his habit as he liv'd!*] If the poet means by this expreſſion, that his father appeared in his own *familiar habit*, he has either forgot that he had originally introduced him in *armour*, or muſt have meant to vary his dreſs at this his laſt appearance. The difficulty might perhaps be a little obviated by pointing the line thus:

My father—in his habit—as he liv'd. STEEVENS.

It has been ſuggeſted that *as* is here uſed for *as if*. It is frequently ſo uſed in theſe plays; but this interpretation does not entirely remove the difficulty which has been ſtated. MALONE.

Queen.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodileſs creation ecſtaſy
Is very cunning in[2].
Ham. Ecſtaſy!
My pulſe, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſick: It is not madneſs,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs, ſpeaks:
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs yourſelf to heaven;
Repent what's paſt; avoid what is to come;
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds[3],
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For, in the fatneſs of theſe purſy times,
Virtue itſelf of vice muſt pardon beg;
Yea, curb[4] and woo, for leave to do him good.
Queen. O Hamlet! thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Aſſume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monſter, cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this[5];

[2] *This is the very* coinage *of your* brain:
This bodileſs creation *ecſtaſy*
Is very cunning in] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*
" Such *ſhadows* are the weak *brain's forgeries.*" MALONE.

Ecſtaſy in this place, and many others, means a temporary alienation of mind, a fit. So, in *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, a novel, by *John Hinde*, 1606: " — that burſting out of an *ecſtaſy* wherein ſhe had long ſtood, like one beholding Meduſa's head, lamenting," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] — *do not ſpread the compoſt*, &c.] Do not, by any new indulgence, heighten your former offences. JOHNSON.

[4] — *curb*—] That is, *bend* and *truckle*. Fr. *courber*. So, in *Pierce Plowman:*
" Then I *courbid* on my knees," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *That monſter, cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat*
Of habit's devil, *is angel yet in this*;] Dr. Thirlby conjectured that Shakſpeare wrote—of habits *evil*. I incline to think with him; though I have left the text undiſturbed. From *That monſter* to *put on*, is not in the folio. MALONE.

I think Thirlby's conjecture wrong, though the ſucceeding editors have followed it; *angel* and *devil* are evidently oppoſed. JOHNSON.

That

That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence: the next more eaſy [6]:
For uſe almoſt can change the ſtamp of nature,
And either curb the devil [7], or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'll bleſſing beg of you.—For this ſame lord,
[*pointing to* Polonius.
I do repent; But heaven hath pleas'd it ſo,—
To puniſh me with this, and this with me [8],—
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.—
One word more, good lady [9].

Queen. What ſhall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king [1] tempt you again to bed;

[6] —*the next more eaſy:* &c.] This paſſage, as far as *potency*, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[7] *And either* curb *the devil*, &c.] In the quarto, where alone this paſſage is found, ſome word was accidentally omitted at the preſs in the line before us. The quarto, 1604, reads:

And *either the devil*, or throw him out, &c.

For the inſertion of the word *curb* I am anſwerable. The printer or corrector of a later quarto, finding the line nonſenſe, omitted the word *either*, and ſubſtituted *maſter* in its place. The modern editors have accepted the ſubſtituted word, and yet retain *either*; by which the metre is deſtroyed. The word omitted in the firſt copy was undoubtedly a monoſyllable. MALONE.

[8] *To puniſh me with this, and this with me,*] To puniſh me by making me the inſtrument of this man's death, and to puniſh this man by my hand. For this, the reading of both the quarto and folio, Sir T. Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors have ſubſtituted,

To puniſh *him with me*, and *me with this*. MALONE.

[9] *One word more*, &c.] This paſſage I have reſtored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

[1] *Let the* bloat *king*—] i. e. the ſwollen king. *Bloat* is the reading of the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—the *blunt* king. MALONE.

This again hints at his intemperance. He had drunk himſelf into a dropſy. BLACKSTONE.

Pinch

Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouſe[2];
And let him, for a pair of reechy kiſſes[3],
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft[4]. 'Twere good, you let him know:

For

[2] — *his* mouſe;] *Mouſe* was once a term of endearment. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. 2. chap. 10:

" God bleſs thee, *mouſe*, the bridegroom ſaid," &c.

Again, in the *Menæchmi*, 1595: " Shall I tell thee, ſweet *mouſe*? I never look upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife."

STEEVENS.

This term of endearment is very ancient, being found in *A new and merry Enterlude, called the Trial of Treaſure*, 1567:

" *My mouſe*, my nobs, my cony ſweete;

" My hope and joye, my whole delight." MALONE.

[3] — *reechy* kiſſes,] *Reechy* is ſmoky. The author meant to convey a coarſe idea, and was not very ſcrupulous in his choice of an epithet. The ſame, however, is applied with greater propriety to the neck of a cook-maid in *Coriolanus*. Again, in *Hans Beer-Pot's Inviſible Comedy*, 1618:

" ——————— bade him go

" And waſh his face, he look'd ſo *reechily*,

" Like bacon hanging on the chimney's roof." STEEVENS.

Reechy includes, I believe, *beat* as well as ſmoke. The verb to *reech*, which was once common, was certainly a corruption of—to *reek*. In a former paſſage Hamlet has remonſtrated with his mother, on her living

" In the *rank ſweat* of an enſeamed bed." MALONE.

[4] *That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,*

But mad in craft.—] The reader will be pleaſed to ſee Dr. Farmer's extract from the old quarto *Hiſtorie of Hamblet*, of which he had a fragment only in his poſſeſſion.—" It was not without cauſe, and juſt occaſion, that my geſtures, countenances, and words, ſeeme to proceed " from a madman, and that I deſire to haue all men eſteeme mee wholy " depriued of ſenſe and reaſonable underſtanding, bycauſe I am well " aſſured, that he that hath made no conſcience to kill his owne brother, " (accuſtomed to murthers, and allured with deſire of gouernement " without controll in his treaſons) will not ſpare to ſaue himſelfe with " the like crueltie, in the blood and fleſh of the loyns of his bro- " ther, by him maſſacred: and therefore it is better for me to fayne " madneſſe, than to uſe my right ſences as nature hath beſtowed them " upon me. The bright ſhining clearnes thereof I am forced to hide " vnder this ſhadow of diſſimulation, as the ſun doth hir beams under " ſome great cloud, when the wether in ſummer-time ouercaſteth: " the face of a madman ſerueth to couer my gallant countenance, and " the geſtures of a fool are fit for me, to the end that, guiding myſelf " wiſely therin, I may preſerue my life for the Danes and the me- " mory of my late deceaſed father; for that the deſire of reuenging " his

For who, that's but a queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib[5],
Such dear concernings hide? who would do ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe, and ſecrecy,
Unpeg the baſket on the houſe's top,
Let the birds fly[6]; and, like the famous ape,
To try concluſions[7], in the baſket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to England[8]; you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis ſo concluded on.

" his death is ſo ingraven in my heart, that if I dye not ſhortly, I " hope to take ſuch and ſo great vengeance, that theſe countryes ſhall " for euer ſpeake thereof. Neuertheleſſe I muſt ſtay the time, meanes, " and occaſion, leſt by making ouer-great haſt, I be now the cauſe " of mine own ſodaine ruine and ouerthrow, and by that meanes end, " before I beginne to effect my hearts deſire: hee that hath to doe " with a wicked, diſloyall, cruell, and diſcourteous man, muſt vſe " craft, and politike inuentions, ſuch as a fine witte can beſt imagine, " not to diſcouer his interpriſe; for ſeeing that by force I cannot effect " my deſire, reaſon alloweth me by diſſimulation, ſubtiltie, and ſecret " practiſes to proceed therein." STEEVENS.

[5] —a *gib,*] So, in Drayton's Epiſtle from *Elinor Cobham* to *Duke Humphrey:*

" And call me beldam, *gib*, witch, night-mare, trot."

Gib was a common name for a cat. STEEVENS.

[6] *Unpeg the baſket on the houſe's top,*
Let the birds fly;] Sir John Suckling, in one of his letters, may poſſibly allude to the ſame ſtory: " It is the ſtory of the *jackanapes* and the partridges; thou ſtareſt after a beauty till it is loſt to thee, and then let'ſt out another, and ſtareſt after that till it is gone too."

WARNER.

[7] *To* try concluſions,] i. e. experiments. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XIII. p. 25, n. 3. MALONE.

[8] *I muſt to England*;] Shakſpeare does not inform us, how Hamlet came to know that he was to be ſent to England. Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern were made acquainted with the king's intentions for the firſt time in the very laſt ſcene; and they do not appear to have had any communication with the prince ſince that time. Add to this, that in a ſubſequent ſcene, when the king, after the death of Polonius, informs Hamlet he was to go to England, he expreſſes great ſurpriſe, as if he had not heard any thing of it before.—This laſt, however, may perhaps be accounted for, as contributing to his deſign of paſſing for a madman. MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. There's letters ſeal'd[9]: and my two ſchool-fellows,—
Whom I will truſt, as I will adders fang'd[1],—
They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
Hoiſt[2] with his own petar: and it ſhall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis moſt ſweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet*.—
This man ſhall ſet me packing
I'll lug the guts[3] into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating knave.
Come, ſir, to draw toward an end with you[4]:
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt ſeverally*; Hamlet *dragging in* Polonius.

9 *There's letters ſeal'd:* &c.] The nine following verſes are added out of the old edition. POPE.

1 — *adders fang'd,*] That is, adders with their *fangs*, or *poiſonous teeth*, undrawn. It has been the practice of mountebanks to boaſt the efficacy of their antidotes by playing with vipers, but they firſt diſabled their fangs. JOHNSON.

2 *Hoiſt*, &c.] *Hoiſt* for *hoiſed*; as *paſt* for *paſſed*. STEEVENS.

* *When in* one line *two crafts directly meet.*] Still alluding to a *countermine*. MALONE.

3 — *the* guts—] The word *guts* was not anciently ſo offenſive to delicacy as it is at preſent; but was uſed by *Lylly* (who made the *firſt* attempt to poliſh our language) in his ſerious compoſitions. So, in his *Mydas*, 1592: "Could not the treaſure of Phrygia, nor the tributes of Greece, nor mountains in the Eaſt, whoſe *guts* are gold, ſatisfy thy mind?" In ſhort, *guts* was uſed where we now uſe *entrails*. *Stanyhurſt* often has it in his tranſlation of Virgil, 1582:

Pectoribus inhians ſpirantia conſulit *exta*.

"She weens her fortune by *guts* hoate ſmoakye to conſter."

STEEVENS.

4 *Come, ſir, to draw toward an end with you:*] Shakſpeare has been unfortunate in his management of the ſtory of this play, the moſt ſtriking circumſtances of which ariſe ſo early in its formation, as not to leave him room for a concluſion ſuitable to the importance of its beginning. After this laſt interview with the *Ghoſt*, the character of Hamlet has loſt all its conſequence. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT IV[5]. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate: 'tis fit we underſtand them:
Where is your ſon?
Queen. Beſtow this place on us a little while[6].—
[*to* Roſ. *and* Guil. *who go out.*
Ah, my good lord[7], what have I ſeen to-night?
King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
Queen. Mad as the ſea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier*: In his lawleſs fit,
Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And, in this brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.
King. O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all:
To you yourſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas! how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us; whoſe providence

[5] *Act IV.*] This play is printed in the old editions without any ſeparation of the acts. The diviſion is modern and arbitrary; and is here not very happy, for the pauſe is made at a time when there is more continuity of action than in almoſt any other of the ſcenes. JOHNSON.

[6] *Beſtow this place on us a little while.*] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

[7] —*my good lord,*] The quartos read—*mine own* lord. STEEVENS.

* *Mad as the ſea, and wind, when both contend,* &c.] We have preciſely the ſame image in *K. Lear,* expreſſed with more brevity:
" ——— he was met even now,
" *As mad as the* VEX'D *ſea.*" MALONE.

Should

Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt[8],
This mad young man: but, ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore[9],
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shews itſelf pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence: and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our majeſty and ſkill,
Both countenance and excuſe.—Ho! Guildenſtern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath Polonius ſlain,
And from his mother's cloſet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, ſeek him out; ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haſte in this.

[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

[8] —*out of* haunt,] *Out of haunt*, means *out of company*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Dido and her Sichæus ſhall want troops,
"And all the *haunt* be ours."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, book v. chap. 26:

"And from the ſmith of heaven's wife aliure the amorous *haunt*."

The place where men aſſemble, is often poetically called the *haunt of men*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"We talk here in the public *haunt* of men." STEEVENS.

[9] —*like ſome* ore,] Shakſpeare ſeems to think *ore* to be *or*, that is, gold. Baſe metals have *ore* no leſs than precious. JOHNSON.

He has perhaps uſed *ore* in the ſame ſenſe in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"When beauty boaſted bluſhes, in deſpite
"Virtue would ſtain that *ore* with ſilver white."

A *mineral* Minſheu defines in his Dictionary, 1617, "Any thing that grows in mines, and *contains metals*." Shakſpeare ſeems to have uſed the word in this ſenſe,—for *a rude maſs of metals*. In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo, 1616, *Mineral* is defined, "*mettail, or any thing digged out of the earth*." MALONE.

Minerals are *mines*. So, in *The Golden Remains* of Hales of Eton, 1693, p. 34. Controverſies of the times, "like ſpirits in the *minerals*, with all their labour, nothing is done." STEEVENS.

Come,

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: ſo viperous ſlander[1],—
Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Tranſports his poiſon'd ſhot,—may miſs our name,
And hit the woundleſs air[2].—O, come away!
My ſoul is full of diſcord, and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham.—Safely ſtow'd,—[Roſ. *&c. within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But ſoft[3],—what noiſe? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter

[1] —*ſo viperous ſlander*, &c.] Neither theſe words, nor the following three lines and an half, are in the folio. In the quarto, 1604, and all the ſubſequent quartos, the paſſage ſtands thus:

— And what's untimely done.
Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter, &c.

the compoſitor having omitted the latter part of the firſt line, as in a former ſcene; (ſee p. 294, n. 4.) Mr. Theobald ſupplied the *lacuna* by reading—*For baply* ſlander, &c. *So* appears to me to ſuit the context better; for theſe lines are rather in appoſition with thoſe immediately preceding, than an illation from them. Mr. Maſon, I find, has made the ſame obſervation.

Shakſpeare, as Theobald has obſerved, again expatiates on the diffuſive power of ſlander, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— No, 'tis *ſlander*;
" Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
" Out-*venoms* all the worms of Nile, whoſe breath
" Rides on the poſting winds, and doth bely
" All corners of the world." MALONE.

[2] —*the* woundleſs air.] So, in a former ſcene:
" It is as *the air invulnerable*." MALONE.

[3] —*But ſoft*,] I have added theſe two words from the quartos. STEEVENS.

The folio reads:
Ham. Safely ſtow'd.
Roſ. &c. *within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet.
Ham. What noiſe, &c.

In

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt[4], whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it hence, And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a ſpunge!—what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a ſpunge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, ſir; that ſoaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But ſuch officers do the king beſt ſervice in the end: He keeps them, like an ape[5], in the corner of his jaw; firſt mouth'd, to be laſt

In the quarto, 1604, the ſpeech ſtands thus:

Ham. Safely ſtow'd; but ſoft, what noiſe? who calls on Hamlet? &c.

I have therefore printed Hamlet's ſpeech unbroken, and inſerted that of Roſencrantz, &c. from the folio, before the words, *but ſoft*, &c. In the modern editions Hamlet is made to take notice of the noiſe made by the courtiers, before he has heard it. MALONE.

[4] *Compounded it with duſt*,—] So in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"Only *compound* me *with* forgotten *duſt*."

Again, in our poet's 71ſt Sonnet;

"When I perhaps *compounded* am *with clay*." MALONE.

[5] —*like an* ape,] The quarto has *apple*, which is generally followed. The folio has *ape*, which Hanmer has received, and illuſtrated with the following note.

"It is the way of monkeys in eating, to throw that part of their "food, which they take up firſt, into a pouch they are provided with on "the ſide of their jaw, and there they keep it, till they have done with "the reſt." JOHNSON.

Surely this ſhould be "like an *ape* an *apple*." FARMER.

The reading of the folio, *like an ape*, I believe to be the true one, becauſe Shakſpeare has the ſame phraſeology in many other places. The word *ape* refers to the king, not to his courtiers. *He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw*, &c. means, he keeps them, *as* an ape *keeps food*, in the corner of his jaw, &c. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "—your chamber-lie breeds fleas *like a loach*;" i. e. as faſt *as* a loach *breeds loaches*. Again, in *K. Lear*: "They flatter'd me *like a dog*;" i. e. *as* a dog *fawns upon and flatters his maſter*.

That the particular food in Shakſpeare's contemplation was an *apple*, may be inferred from the following paſſage in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And

laſt ſwallow'd: When he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and, ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

Roſ. I underſtand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear[6].

Roſ. My lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king[7], but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing[8]: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after[9]. [*Exit.*

" And lie, and kiſs my hand unto my miſtreſs,
" As often as *an ape does for an apple.*"

I cannot approve of Dr. Farmer's reading. Had our poet meant to introduce both the ape and the apple, he would, I think, have written not *like*, but " *as* an ape an apple."

The two inſtances above quoted ſhew that any emendation is unneceſſary. The reading of the quarto is, however, defenſible. MALONE.

[6] *A knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.*] This, if I miſtake not, is a proverbial ſentence. MALONE.

[7] *The body is with the king,*—] This anſwer I do not comprehend. Perhaps it ſhould be, *The body is* not *with the king*, for *the king is not with the body.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps it may mean this. The body is in the king's houſe, (*i. e.* the preſent king's,) yet the king (*i. e.* he who ſhould have been king) is not with the body. Intimating that the uſurper is here, the true king in a better place. Or it may mean,—*the guilt of the murder lies with the king*, but the king is *not where the body lies.* The affected obſcurity of Hamlet muſt excuſe ſo many attempts to procure ſomething like a meaning. STEEVENS.

[8] *Of nothing:*—] So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

" In troth, my lord, it is a *thing of nothing.*"

And, in one of *Harvey's* letters, " a ſilly bug-beare, a ſorry puffe of winde, *a thing of nothing.*" FARMER.

So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

" At what doſt thou laugh?
" At *a thing of nothing*; at thee."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady:*

" A toy, *a thing of nothing.*" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has given here many parallelisms; but the origin of all is to be look'd for, I believe, in the 144th Pſalm, ver. 5: " Man is like *a thing of nought.*" The book of Common Prayer, and the tranſlation of the bible into Engliſh, furniſhed our old writers with many forms of expreſſion, ſome of which are ſtill in uſe. WHALLEY.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter King, *attended.*

King. I have ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes looſe?
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him:
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis ſo, the offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth and even,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe: Diſeaſes, deſperate grown,
By deſperate appliance are reliev'd.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?
Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Roſ. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleaſure.
King. Bring him before us.
Roſ. Ho, Guildenſtern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At ſupper.

[9] *Hide fox*, &c.] There is a play among children called, *Hide fox, and all after.* HANMER.

The ſame ſport is alluded to in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*: "—our unhandſome faced poet does play at bo-peep with your grace, and cries —*All hid, as boys do.*"

This paſſage is not in the quarto. STEEVENS.

King.

King. At ſupper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures elſe, to fat us; and we fat ourſelves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable ſervice; two diſhes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas[1]!

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to ſhew you how a king may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; ſent thither to ſee: if your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i' the other place yourſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobby.

King. Go ſeek him there. [*to ſome Attendants.*

Ham. He will ſtay till you come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt done,—muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs[2]: Therefore, prepare thyſelf;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help[3],
The aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a cherub, that ſees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one fleſh; and ſo, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*

[1] *Alas, alas!*] This ſpeech, and the following, are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] *With fiery quickneſs.*] Theſe words are not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] — *the wind at* help,] I ſuppoſe it ſhould be read,
" *The bark is ready, and the wind at* helm. JOHNSON.

King.

King. Follow him at foot: tempt him with ſpeed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on the affair: Pray you, make haſte.
[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.
And, England, if my love thou hold'ſt at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Daniſh ſword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'ſt not coldly ſet
Our ſovereign proceſs[4]; which imports at full,
By letters cónjuring to that effect[5],
The preſent death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

[4] — *thou may'ſt not coldly* ſet
Our ſovereign proceſs;] Our poet has here, I think, as in many other places, uſed an elliptical expreſſion: "thou may'ſt not coldly ſet *by* our ſovereign proceſs; "thou may'ſt not *ſet little by it*, or eſtimate it lightly. "To *ſet by*, Cole renders in his Dict. 1679, by *æſtimo*. "*To ſet little by*," he interprets *parvi-facio*. See many other inſtances of ſimilar ellipſes, in Vol. XIII. p. 152, n. 3. MALONE.

[5] *By letters* cónjuring—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,
"By letters *congruing*. STEEVENS.

The reading of the folio may derive ſome ſupport from the following paſſage in *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*, bl. let. —"making the king of England miniſter of his maſſacring reſolution; to whom he purpoſed to ſend him, [Hamlet,] and by letters *deſire* him to put him to death." So alſo, by a ſubſequent line:
"*Ham.* Wilt thou know the effect of what I wrote?
"*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.
"*Ham.* An earneſt *conjuration* from the king," &c.

The circumſtances mentioned as inducing the king to ſend the prince to England, rather than elſewhere, are likewiſe found in *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*.

Effect was formerly uſed for *act* or *deed*, ſimply, and is ſo uſed in the line before us. So, in Leo's *Hiſtorie of Africa*, tranſlated by Pory, folio, 1600, p. 253: "Three daies after this *effect*, there came to us a Zuum, that is, a captaine," &c. See alſo *ſupra*, p. 322. n. 9.

The verb to *conjure* (in the ſenſe of to *ſupplicate*,) was formerly accented on the firſt ſyllable. So, in *Macbeth*:
"I cónjure you, by that which you profeſs,
"However you come to know it, anſwer me:"
Again, in *K. John*:
"I cónjure thee but ſlowly; run more faſt."
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"I cónjure thee, by Roſaline's bright eyes",—.
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"O Prince, I cónjure thee, as thou believ'ſt," &c.
MALONE.

For

For like the hectick in my blood he rages[6],
And thou muſt cure me: 'Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin[7].

SCENE IV.

A Plain in Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS, *and Forces, marching.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Daniſh king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves [8] the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majeſty would aught with us,
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.
Cap. I will do't, my lord.
For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exeunt* FORTINBRAS *and Forces.*

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *&c.*

Ham. Good ſir [9], whoſe powers are theſe?
Cap. They are of Norway, ſir.
Ham. How purpos'd, ſir, I pray you?
Cap. Againſt ſome part of Poland.

[6] —*like the hectick, in my blood he rages,*] So, in *Lowe's Labour's Loſt*:
" I would forget her, but a *fever*, ſhe,
" *Reigns in my blood.*" MALONE.

[7] *Howe'er my haps, my joys* will *ne'er* begin.] i. e. (as Dr. Johnſon obſerves,) " till I know 'tis done, I ſhall be miſerable, whatever befall me."
This is the reading of the quarto. The folio, for the ſake of rhyme, reads:
" Howe'er my haps, my joys *were* ne'er *begun.*"
But this, I think, the poet could not have written. The king is ſpeaking of the future time. To ſay, till I *ſhall be* informed that a certain act *has been* done, whatever may befall me, my joys never *had* a beginning, is ſurely nonſenſe. MALONE.

[8] *Craves*] Thus the quartos. The folio—*claims.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Good ſir*, &c.] The remaining part of this ſcene is omitted in the folios.

Ham.

Ham. Who commands them, ſir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it againſt the main of Poland, ſir,
Or for ſome frontier?
Cap. Truly to ſpeak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.
Ham. Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand ducats,
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw:
This is the impoſthume of much wealth, and peace;
That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, ſir.
Cap. God be wi'you, ſir. [*Exit* Captain.
Roſ. Will't pleaſe you go, my lord?
Ham. I will be with you ſtraight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and the reſt.*
How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time[1],
Be but to ſleep, and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe[2],
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reaſon
To fuſt in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple[3]
Of thinking too preciſely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means,
To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me:
Witneſs, this army, of ſuch maſs, and charge,

[1] —*chief good, and market of his time*, &c.] If his higheſt good, and *that for which he ſells his time*, be to ſleep and feed. JOHNSON.
Market, I think, here means *profit*. MALONE.
[2] —*large* diſcourſe,] Such latitude of comprehenſion, ſuch power of reviewing the paſt, and anticipating the future. JOHNSON.
[3] —*ſome* craven *ſcruple*—] Some cowardly ſcruple. MALONE.

led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument[4];
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood[5],
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent[6],
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Elsinore. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Queen, *and* HORATIO.

Queen. —— I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate: indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pity'd.

[4] —*Rightly to be great,*
Is, not to stir without, &c.] The sentiment of Shakspeare is partly just, and partly romantick.
—— *Rightly to be great,*
Is not to stir without great argument;
is exactly philosophical.
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake,
is the idea of a modern hero. *But then,* says he, *honour is an argument, or subject of debate, sufficiently* great, *and* when honour is at stake, we must *find cause of quarrel in a straw.* JOHNSON.

[5] *Excitements of my reason, and my blood,*] Provocations which excite both my reason and my passions to vengeance. JOHNSON.

[6] —*continent,*] *Continent,* in our author, means that which comprehends or encloses. So, in *King Lear:*
"Rive your concealing *continents.*" STEEVENS.

Queen.

Queen. What would ſhe have?

Hor. She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays, ſhe hears,
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws[7]; ſpeaks things in doubt,
That carry but half ſenſe: her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection[8]; they aim at it[9],
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much unhappily[1].

Queen. 'Twere good, ſhe were ſpoken with[2]; for ſhe may ſtrew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

7 *Spurns* enviouſly *at ſtraws*;] *Envy* is much oftener put by our poet (and thoſe of his time) for direct *averſion*, than for *malignity conceived at the ſight of another's excellence or happineſs*.

So, in *King Henry VIII.*

"You turn the good we offer into *envy*."

Again, in *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, 1621, *Hiſt.* VI.—"She loves the memory of Sypontus, and *envies* and deteſts that of her two huſbands." STEEVENS.

8 —*to* collection;] i. e. to deduce conſequences from ſuch premiſes. So, in *Cymbeline*, Scene the laſt:

"——————whoſe containing
"Is ſo from ſenſe to hardneſs, that I can
"Make no *collection* of it."

See the note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

9 —*they* aim *at it*,] The quartos read—they *yawn* at it. To *aim* is to gueſs. STEEVENS.

1 *Though nothing ſure, yet much* unhappily.] i. e. though her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a miſchievous interpretation to it. WARBURTON.

That *unhappy* once ſignified *miſchievous*, may be known from P. Holland's tranſlation of *Pliny's Nat. Hiſt.* b. 19. ch. 7. "—the ſhrewd and *unhappie* foules, which lie upon the lands, and eat up the ſeed newſowne." We ſtill uſe *unlucky* in the ſame ſenſe. STEEVENS.

2 *'Twere good, ſhe were ſpoken with*;] Theſe lines are given to the Queen in the folio, and to Horatio in the quarto. JOHNSON.

I think the two firſt lines of Horatio's ſpeech, ['Twere good, &c.] belong to him; the reſt to the queen. BLACKSTONE.

In the quarto, the Queen, Horatio, and a *Gentleman*, enter at the beginning of this ſcene. The two ſpeeches, "She is importunate," &c. and "She ſpeaks much of her father," &c. are there given to the *Gentleman*, and the line now before us, as well as the two following, to *Horatio*: the remainder of this ſpeech to the queen. I think it probable that the regulation propoſed by Sir W. Blackſtone was that intended by Shakſpeare. MALONE.

Let her come in. [*Exit* Horatio.
To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,
Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs[3]:
So full of artleſs jealouſy is guilt,
It ſpills itſelf, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majeſty of Denmark?
Queen. How now, Ophelia?
Oph. How ſhould I your true love know[4]
From another one?
By his cockle hat, and ſtaff,
And his ſandal ſhoon[5]. [Singing.
Queen. Alas, ſweet lady, what imports this ſong?
Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady, [ſings.
He is dead and gone;

[3] — *to ſome great* amiſs;] Shakſpeare is not ſingular in his uſe of this word as a ſubſtantive. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:
" Gracious forbearers of this world's *amiſs*."
Again, in Lilly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:
" Pale be my looks, to witneſs my *amiſs*." STEEVENS.
Each *toy* is, each trifle. MALONE.

[4] *How ſhould I your true love*, &c.] There is no part of this play, in its repreſentation on the ſtage, more pathetick than this ſcene; which, I ſuppoſe, proceeds from the utter inſenſibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes.
A great ſenſibility, or none at all, ſeems to produce the ſame effect. In the latter the audience ſupply what ſhe wants, and with the former they ſympathize. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

[5] *By his cockle hat, and ſtaff,*
And his ſandal ſhoon.] This is the deſcription of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intrigues were carried on under that maſk. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the ſubjects of their plots. The cockle-ſhell hat was one of the eſſential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond ſea, or on the coaſts, the pilgrims were accuſtomed to put cockle-ſhells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. WARBURTON.
So, in *Greene's Never too late*, 1616:
" A hat of ſtraw like to a ſwain,
" Shelter for the ſun and rain,
" With a *ſcallop-ſhell* before," &c.
Again, in *The Old Wives Tale*, by George Peele, 1595: " I will give thee a Palmer's *ſtaffe* of yvorie, and a *ſcallop-ſhell* of beaten gold." STEEVENS.

At

At his head a graſs-green turf,
At his heels a ſtone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his ſhroud as the mountain ſnow, [ſings.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord,

Oph. Larded all with ſweet flowers[6];
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With true-love ſhowers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you[7]! They ſay, the owl was a baker's daughter[8]. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they aſk you, what it means, ſay you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day[9],
All in the morning betime,

And

[6] Larded *all with ſweet flowers*;] The expreſſion is taken from cookery. JOHNSON.

[7] *Well,* God'ield *you!*] i. e. Heaven reward you! So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
"And the *Gods yield you* for't!"

So Sir John Grey, in a letter in Aſhmole's Appendix to his Account of the Garter, Numb. 46: "The king of his gracious lordſhipe, *God yeld* him, hafe choſen me to be owne of his brethrene of the knyghts of the garter." THEOBALD.

[8] —*the owl was a baker's daughter.*] This was a metamorphoſis of the common people, ariſing from the mealy appearance of the owl's feathers, and her guarding the *bread* from mice. WARBURTON.

To *guard the* bread *from mice*, is rather the office of a *cat* than an *owl*. In *barns* and *granaries*, indeed, the ſervices of the *owl* are ſtill acknowledged. This was, however, no *metamorphoſis of the common people*, but a legendary ſtory, which both Dr. Johnſon and myſelf have read, yet in what book at leaſt I cannot recollect.—Our Saviour being refuſed bread by the *daughter of a baker*, is deſcribed as puniſhing her by turning her into an *owl*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Saint* Valentine's *day*,] There is a rural tradition that about this time of year birds chooſe their mates. Bourne in his *Antiquities of the Common People*, obſerves, that "it is a ceremony never omitted among

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And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then up he roſe, and donn'd his cloaths[1],
And dupp'd the chamber door[2];
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.
By Gis, and by Saint Charity[3],
Alack, and fie for ſhame!

the vulgar, to draw lots, which they term *Valentines*, on the *eve* before Valentine-day. The names of a ſelect number of one ſex are by an equal number of the other put into ſome veſſel; and after that every one draws a name, which for the preſent is called their *Valentine*, and is alſo look'd upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards." Mr. Brand adds, that he has "ſearched the Legend of St. Valentine, but thinks there is no occurrence in his life, that could have given riſe to this ceremony." MALONE.

[1] — donn'd *his cloaths*,] To *don*, is to *do on*, to put on, as *doff* is to *do off*, put off. STEEVENS.

[2] *And* dupp'd *the chamber-door*;] To *dup*, is to *do up*; to lift the latch. It were eaſy to write, *And* op'd—. JOHNSON.

To *dup*, was a common contraction of to *do up*. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582; "—the porters are drunk; will they not *dup* the gate to-day?"

Lord Surrey, in his tranſlation of the ſecond Æneid, renders *Panduntur portæ*, "The gates *caſt up*, we iſſued out to play." The phraſe ſeems to have been adopted either from *doing up* the *latch*, or drawing up the *portcullis*.

It appears from *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, that in the cant of gypſies, &c. *Dup the gigger*, ſignified *to open the doore*. STEEVENS.

[3] *By* Gis, *and by* Saint Charity,] *Saint Charity* is a known ſaint among the Roman Catholics. Spenſer mentions her, Eclog. V. 255:

"Ah dear lord, and ſweet *Saint Charity!*"

I find, by *Giſſe*, uſed as an adjuration, both by Gaſcoigne in his Poems, by Preſton in his *Cambyſes*, and in *K. Edward III.* 1599:

"By *Gis*, fair lords, ere many daies be paſt," &c. STEEVENS.

In the ſcene between the baſtard Faulconbridge and the friers and nunne in the firſt part of *The troubleſome Raigne of King John*, (edit. 1779, p. 256, &c.) the nunne ſwears by *Gis*, and the friers pray to *Saint Withold*, (another obſolete ſaint mentioned in *K. Lear*, Act III.) and adjure him by *Saint Charitie* to hear them. BLACKSTONE.

By *Gis*—There is not the leaſt mention of any ſaint whoſe name correſponds with this, either in the *Roman Calendar*, the ſervice *in Uſum Sarum*, or in the Benedictionary of Biſhop Athelwold. I believe the word to be only a corrupted abbreviation of *Jeſus*, the letters J. H. S. being anciently all that was ſet down to denote that ſacred name, on altars, the covers of books, &c. RIDLEY.

Young

Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock[4]*, they are to blame.*
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
[He answers[5].]
So would I ha done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies[6]; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* Horatio.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death: And now behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: The people muddy'd,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts, and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly[7],
In hugger-mugger to enter him[8]: Poor Ophelia

Divided

[4] *By cock,*—] This is likewise a corruption of the sacred name. Many instances of it are given in a note at the beginning of the fifth Act of the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

[5] *He answers,*] These words I have added from the quartos. STEEVENS.

[6] Come, my coach! *Good night, ladies;*] In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, Zabina in her frenzy uses the same expression: "Hell, *make ready my coach*, my chair, my jewels I *come*, I *come*." MALONE.

[7] —*but* greenly,] But *unskilfully*; with *greenness*; that is, without *maturity* of judgment. JOHNSON.

[8] *In* hugger-mugger *to enter him*:—] All the modern editions that I have consulted, give it,

In private *to enter him*;——

That the words now replaced are better, I do not undertake to prove; it is sufficient that they are Shakspeare's: if phraseology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost; we shall no longer have the words of any author; and, as these alterations will be often unskilfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning. JOHNSON.

Divided from herſelf, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beaſts.
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder[9], keeps himſelf in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his father's death;
Wherein neceſſity, of matter beggar'd[1],
Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece[2], in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death! [*A noiſe within.*

Queen. Alack! what noiſe is this[3]?

On this juſt obſervation I ground the reſtoration of a groſs and unpleaſing word in a preceding paſſage, for which Mr. Pope ſubſtituted *grean*. See p. 275, n. 3. The alteration in the preſent inſtance was made by the ſame editor. MALONE.

Shakſpeare probably took the expreſſion from the following paſſage in Sir T. North's tranſlation of Plutarch.—"Antonius thinking that his body ſhould be honourably buried, and not in *bugger-mugger*."

It is uſed in Harrington's *Arioſto*:

"So that it might be done in *bugger-mugger*."

It appears from Greene's *Groundwork of Conycatching*, 1592, that *to bugger*, was to lurk about. STEEVENS.

The meaning of the expreſſion is aſcertained by Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Dinaſcoſo*, Secretly, hiddenly, *in bugger-mugger*." MALONE.

[9] Feeds *on his wonder*,—] The folio reads—Keeps *on his wonder*,—. The quarto,—Feeds *on* this *wonder*.—Thus the true reading is picked out from between them. Hanmer reads unneceſſarily,—Feeds *on his* anger. JOHNSON.

[1] *Wherein neceſſity*, &c.] *Wherein*, that is, *in which peſtilent ſpeeches, neceſſity*, or, *the obligation of an accuſer to ſupport his charge, will nothing ſtick*, &c. JOHNSON.

[2] *Like to a* murdering-piece, &c.] Dr. Warburton thought that by a *murdering-piece* was meant "ſuch a piece as aſſaſſins uſe, with many barrels"; and Mr. Steevens conceived, that this explanation was juſtified by the following paſſage in *The Double Marriage* of B. and Fletcher:

"And, like a *murdering piece*, aims not at one,
"But all that ſtand within the dangerous level."

But Dr. Warburton was certainly miſtaken. A *murdering-piece* was the ſpecific term in Shakſpeare's time, for a piece of ordnance, or ſmall cannon. The word is found in Coles's Latin Dictionary, 1679, and rendered, "*tormentum murale*."

The ſmall cannon, which are, or were, uſed in the forecaſtle, half-deck, or ſteerage of a ſhip of war, were within this century called *murdering-pieces*. MALONE.

[3] *Alack!* &c.] This ſpeech of the Queen is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend. Where are my Switzers* ? Let them guard the door:
What is the matter ?

Gen. Save yourſelf, my lord;
The ocean, over-peering of his liſt[4],
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word[5],

* *Where are my* Switzers ?] I have obſerved in many of our old plays, that the guards attendant on kings are called *Switzers*, and that without any regard to the country where the ſcene is laid. REED.

The reaſon is, becauſe the Swiſs in the time of our poet, as at preſent, were hired to fight the battles of other nations. So, in Naſhe's *Chriſt's Teares over Jeruſalem*, 4to. 1594: "Law, logicke, and the *Switzers*, may be hired to fight for any body." MALONE.

[4] *The ocean over-peering of his* liſt,] *Liſt*, in this place, ſignifies *boundary*, i. e. the ſhore. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.:

"The very *liſt*, the very utmoſt bound
"Of all our fortunes."

The *ſelvage* of cloth was in both places, I believe, in our authour's thoughts. MALONE.

[5] *The ratifiers and props of every* word,] Sir T. Hanmer would tranſpoſe this line and the next. Dr. Warburton propoſes to read, *ward*; and Dr. Johnſon, *weal*, inſtead of word. I ſhould be rather for reading, *work*. TYRWHITT.

In the firſt folio there is only a comma at the end of the above line; and will not the paſſage bear this conſtruction?—The rabble call him lord; and, as if the world were now but to begin, and as if the ancient cuſtom of hereditary ſucceſſion were unknown, they, the ratifiers and props of every word *he utters*, cry, Let us make choice, that Laertes ſhall be king. TOLLET.

This *conſtruction* might certainly be admitted, and *the ratifiers and props of every word* might be underſtood to be applied to the *rabble* mentioned in a preceding line, without Hanmer's tranſpoſition of this and the following line; but there is no authority for what Mr Tollet adds, "of every word *he* [i. e. Laertes] *utters*," for the poet has not deſcribed Laertes as having uttered a word. If therefore the rabble are called *the ratifiers and props of every word*, we muſt underſtand, "of every word *uttered by themſelves*:" which is ſo tame, that it would be unjuſt to our poet to ſuppoſe that to have been his meaning. *Ratifiers, &c.* refer not to the people, but to *cuſtom* and *antiquity*, which the ſpeaker ſays are the true ratifiers and props of every word. The laſt word however of the line may well be ſuſpected to be corrupt; and Mr. Tyrwhitt has probably ſuggeſted the true reading. MALONE.

They cry, *Chooſe we*; *Laertes ſhall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the falſe trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you falſe Daniſh dogs[6].

King. The doors are broke. [*Noiſe within.*

Enter LAERTES, *arm'd*; Danes *following.*

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, ſtand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me baſtard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaſte unſmirched brow[7]
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks ſo giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our perſon;
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a king,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil!
Conſcience, and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!

[6] *O, this is counter, you falſe Daniſh dogs.*] Hounds run *counter* when they trace the trail backwards. JOHNSON.

[7] —*unſmirched brow*—] i. e. clean, not defiled. To *beſmirch*, our author uſes Act I. ſc. v.

This ſeems to be an alluſion to a proverb often introduced in the old comedies. Thus, in the *London Prodigal*, 1605: "—as true as the ſkin between any man's *browes*." STEEVENS.

I dare

I dare damnation: To this point I ſtand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll huſband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, ſweep-ſtake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loſer?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican [8],
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſibly [9] in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your judgment 'pear [1],
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noiſe is that?

[8] —*life-rend'ring pelican,*] So, in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:

"Who taught the cok hys watche-howres to obſerve,
"And ſyng of corage wyth ſhryll throte on hye?
"Who taught the *pellycan* her tender hart to carve?—
"For ſhe nolde ſuffer her byrdys to dye?"

It is almoſt needleſs to add that this account of the bird is entirely fabulous. STEEVENS.

[9] —*moſt* ſenſibly—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio, following the errour of a later quarto, reads—moſt *ſenſible*. MALONE.

[1] —*to your judgment* 'pear,] So the quarto. The folio, and all the later editions, read,—*to your judgment* pierce, leſs intelligibly. JOHNSON.

This eliſion of the verb to *appear*, is common to Beaumont and Fletcher. So, in *The Maid of the Mill*:

"And where they *'pear* ſo excellent in little,
"They will but flame in great." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter OPHELIA, *fantaſtically dreſs'd with ſtraws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, ſeven times ſalt,
Burn out the ſenſe and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madneſs ſhall be pay'd with weight,
Till our ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of May!
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't poſſible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves[2].

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier*[3];
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny[4]:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, *Down a-down*[5], *an you call him a-down-a.*

[2] *Nature is* fine *in love: and, where 'tis fine,*
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves.] Theſe lines are not in the quarto, and might have been omitted in the folio without great loſs, for they are obſcure and affected; but, I think, they require no emendation. *Love* (ſays Laertes) is the paſſion by which *nature is moſt* exalted and *refined*; and as ſubſtances, *refined* and ſubtiliſed, eaſily obey any impulſe, or follow any attraction, ſome part of nature, ſo purified and *refined*, flies off after the attracting object, after the thing it loves.

As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſeparate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew her ſoul.—— JOHNSON.

The meaning of the paſſage may be—that her wits, like the ſpirit of fine eſſences, flew off or evaporated. STEEVENS.

[3] *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,* &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Knighte's Tale*, late edit. ver. 2879:

"He laid him bare the viſage on the bere,
"Therewith he wept that pitee was to here." STEEVENS.

[4] *Hey no nonny,* &c.] Theſe words, which were the burthen of a ſong, are found only in the folio. See Vol. XIII. p. 264, n. 6. MALONE.

[5] —*ſing, Down a-down,*] Perhaps Shakſpeare alludes to *Phœbe's Sonnet*, by Tho. Lodge, which the reader may find in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"*Down*

a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it[6]? It is the falſe ſteward, that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

" *Down a-down*, &c.
" Thus Phillis ſung,
" By fancy once diſtreſſed: &c.
" And ſo ſing I, with *downe a-downe*," &c.

Down a-down is likewiſe the burthen of a ſong in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584, and perhaps common to many others. STEEVENS.

See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: " *Filibuſtacchina*, The burden of a countrie ſong; as we ſay *Hay doune a doune, douna.*"

MALONE.

[6] *O, how the wheel becomes it!*] The ſtory alluded to I do not know; but perhaps the lady ſtolen by the ſteward was reduced to *ſpin.*

JOHNSON.

The *wheel* may mean no more than *the burthen of the ſong*, which ſhe had juſt repeated, and as ſuch was formerly uſed. I met with the following obſervation in an old quarto black-letter book, publiſhed before the time of Shakſpeare;

" The ſong was accounted a good one, though it was not moche graced by the *wheele*, which in no wiſe accorded with the ſubject matter thereof."

I quote this from memory, and from a book, of which I cannot recollect the exact title or date; but the paſſage was in a preface to ſome ſongs or ſonnets. I well remember to have met with the word in the ſame ſenſe in other old books.

Rota, however, as I am informed, is the ancient muſical term in Latin for the burden of a ſong.

The ballad, alluded to by Ophelia, is perhaps entered on the books of the Stationers' Company. " October 1580. Four ballades of the Lord of Lorn and the *Falſe Steward*," &c. STEEVENS.

I am inclined to think that *wheel* is here uſed in its ordinary ſenſe, and that theſe words allude to the occupation of the girl who is ſuppoſed to ſing the ſong alluded to by Ophelia.—The following lines in Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, 1597, appear to me to add ſome ſupport to this interpretation:

" Some drunken rimer thinks his time well ſpent,
" If he can live to ſee his name in print;
" Who when he is once fleſhed to the preſſe,
" And ſees his handſelle have ſuch faire ſucceſſe,
" *Sung to the wheele*, and ſung unto the payle,
" He ſends forth thraves of *ballads* to the ſale."

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1614: " She makes her hands hard with labour, and her heart ſoft with pittie; and when winter evenings fall early, ſitting at her merry *wheele*, ſhe ſings a defiance to the giddy wheele of fortune."

Our authour likewiſe furniſhes an authority to the ſame purpoſe. *Twelfth Night*, Act II. ſc. iv.

" ——— Come, the *ſong* we had laſt night:
" The *ſpinſters*, and the knitters in the ſun,
" Do uſe to *chaunt* it."

A muſical antiquary may perhaps contend, that the controverted words of the text allude to an ancient inſtrument mentioned by Chaucer, and called by him a *rote*, by others a *vielle*; which was played upon by the friction of a *wheel*. MALONE.

Laer.

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Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts[7].

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines[8]:—there's rue for you;—and here's some for me;—we may call it, herb

7 *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;—and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.*] There is probably some mythology in the choice of these herbs, but I cannot explain it. *Pansies* is for *thoughts*, because of its name, *Pensées*; but why *rosemary* indicates *remembrance*, except that it is an ever-green, and carried at funerals, I have not discovered. JOHNSON.

So, in *All Fools*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1605:

"What flowers are these?——

"The *Pansie* this.

"O, that's for lovers' *thoughts!*

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory. It was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings, as appears from a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, Act III. sc. i.

So, in *A Dialogue between Nature and the Phœnix*, by R. Chester, 1601:

"There's *rosemarie*; the Arabians justifie

"(Physitions of exceeding perfect skill)

"It comforteth the braine and *memorie*," &c. STEEVENS.

Rosemary being supposed to strengthen the memory, was the emblem of fidelity in lovers. So, in *A Handfull of Pleasant Delites, containing sundrie new Sonets*, 16mo, 1584:

"*Rosemary* is *for remembrance*

"Betweene us daie and night;

"Wishing that I might alwaies have

"You present in my sight."

The poem in which these lines are found, is entitled *A Nosegaie alwaies sweet for Lovers to send for Tokens of love*, &c. MALONE.

8 *There's* fennel *for you, and* columbines:] Greene, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1620, calls *fennel, women's weeds*: "fit generally for that sex, sith while they are maidens, they wish wantonly."

I know not of what *columbines* were supposed to be emblematical. They are again mentioned in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605:

"What's that?—a *columbine?*

"No: that *thankless* flower grows not in my garden."

Gerard, however, and other herbalists, impute few, if any, virtues to them; and they may therefore be stiled *thankless*, because they appear to make no grateful return for their creation.

Again, in the 15th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"The *columbine* amongst, they sparingly do set."

From the *Calcha Poetarum*, 1599, it should seem as if this flower was the emblem of cuckoldom:

"——the

herb of grace o'ſundays[9] :—you may wear your rue with a difference[1].—There's a daiſy[2] :—I would give you ſome violets ;

" ——— the blew *cornuted* columbine,
" Like to the crooked horns of Acheloy." STEEVENS.

Columbine was an emblem of cuckoldom on account of the horns of its nectaria, which are remarkable in this plant. See *Aquilegia* in Linnæus Genera, 684. S. W.

Ophelia gives her fennel and columbines to the *king*. In the collection of Sonnets quoted above, the former is thus mentioned :

" *Fennel* is *for flatterers*,
" An evil thing 'tis ſure ;
" But I have alwaies meant truely,
" With conſtant heart moſt pure."

See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598 : " *Dare finocchio*, to give *fennel*,—to flatter, to diſſemble." MALONE.

[9] *There's* rue *for you ;—and here's ſome for me :—we may call it* herb of grace o' ſundays :] I believe there is a quibble meant in this paſſage ; *rue* anciently ſignifying the ſame as *ruth*, i. e. ſorrow. Ophelia gives the queen ſome, and keeps a proportion of it for herſelf. There is the ſame kind of play with the ſame word in *King Richard the Second*.

Herb of grace is one of the titles which *Tucca* gives to *William Rufus*, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*. I ſuppoſe the firſt ſyllable of the ſurname *Rufus* introduced the quibble. STEEVENS.

[1] *You may wear your rue* with a difference.] This ſeems to refer to the rules of heraldry, where the younger brothers of a family bear the ſame arms *with a difference*, or mark of diſtinction. So, in Holinſhed's *Reign of King Richard II.* p. 443 : " — becauſe he was the youngeſt of the Spenſers, he bare a border gules for a *difference*."

There may, however, be ſomewhat more implied here, than is expreſſed. *You, madam*, (ſays Ophelia to the Queen,) *may call your* RUE *by its Sunday name,* HERB OF GRACE, *and ſo wear it with a difference to diſtinguiſh it from mine, which can never be any thing but merely* RUE, i. e. *ſorrow*. STEEVENS.

Herb of grace was not the *ſunday name*, but the *every day* name of *rue*. In the common dictionaries of Shakſpeare's time it is called *herb of grace*. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. *ruta*, and Cotgrave's French Dictionary, 1611, in v. *rue*. There is no ground therefore for ſuppoſing, with Dr. Warburton, that *rue* was called herb of grace, from its being uſed in exorciſms performed in churches on ſundays.

Ophelia only means, I think, that the queen may with peculiar propriety on *ſundays*, when ſhe ſolicits pardon for that crime which ſhe has ſo much occaſion to *rue* and repent of, call her rue, *herb of grace*. So, in *King Richard II.*

" Here did ſhe drop a tear ; here in this place
" I'll ſet a bank of *rue*, ſour *herb of grace*.
" *Rue*, even for *ruth*, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
" In the remembrance of a weeping queen."

Ophelia, after having given the queen *rue*, to remind her of the *ſorrow* and *contrition* ſhe ought to feel for her inceſtuous marriage, tells her, ſhe

violets; but they wither'd all, when my father died[3]:—
They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy[4],— [sings.

Laer. Thought and affliction[5], passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?* [sings.
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow[6],
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,

she may wear it with *a difference*, to distinguish it from that worn by Ophelia herself; because her tears flowed from the loss of a father, those of the queen ought to flow for her guilt. MALONE.

2 *There's a* daisy:] Greene in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, has explained the significance of this flower: "—Next them grew the DISSEMBLING DAISIE, to warn such light-of-love wenches not to trust every faire promise that such amorous bachelors make them." HENLEY.

3 *I would give you some* violets, *but they wither'd all, when my father died:*] The violet is thus characterized in the old collection of Sonnets above quoted, printed in 1584:

"*Violet* is for *faithfulnesse*,
"Which in me shall abide;
"Hoping likewise that from your heart
"You will not let it slide." MALONE.

4 *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,*—] This is part of an old song, mentioned likewise by Beaumont and Fletcher. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act IV. sc. i:

"——I can sing the broom,
"And *Bonny Robin*."

In the books of the Stationers' Company, 26 April, 1594, is entered "A ballad, intituled, A doleful adewe to the last Erle of Darbie, to the tune of *Bonny sweet Robin*." STEEVENS.

5 Thought *and affliction*,—] *Thought* here, as in many other places, signifies melancholy. MALONE.

6 *His beard was as white as snow*, &c.] This, and several circumstances in the character of Ophelia, seem to have been ridiculed in *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy written by Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, printed 1605, Act III.:

"*His head as white as milk,*
"*All flaxen was his hair;*
"*But now he's dead,*
"*And laid in his bed,*
"*And never will come again.*
"God be at your labour!" STEEVENS.

And

And we caſt away moan;
God' a mercy on his ſoul!
And of all chriſtian ſouls[7]! I pray God. God be wi' you!
[*Exit* OPHELIA.

Laer. Do you ſee this, O God?

King. Laertes, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in ſatisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo;
His means of death, his obſcure funeral,—
No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones[8],
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *God 'a mercy on his ſoul!*
And of all chriſtian ſouls!] This is the common concluſion to many of the ancient monumental inſcriptions. See Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 657, 658. Barthelette, the publiſher of Gower's *Confeſſio Amantis*, 1554, ſpeaking firſt of the funeral of Chaucer, and then of Gower, ſays, "—he lieth buried in the monaſterie of Seynt Peter's at Weſtminſter, &c. *on whoſe ſoules and all chriſten, Jeſu have mercie.*"
STEEVENS.

[8] *No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,*] It was the cuſtom, in the times of our author, to hang a ſword over the grave of a knight.
JOHNSON.

This practice is uniformly kept up to this day. Not only the ſword, but the helmet, gauntlet, ſpurs, and tabard, (*i. e.* a coat whereon the armorial enſigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term *coat of armour*) are hung over the grave of every knight.
Sir J. HAWKINS.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter HORATIO, *and a* Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would ſpeak with me?
Serv. Sailors, ſir;
They ſay, they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in.— [*Exit* Servant.
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1. *Sail.* God bleſs you, ſir.
Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.
1. *Sail.* He ſhall, ſir, an't pleaſe him. There's a letter for you, ſir; it comes from the ambaſſador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.
Hor. [reads] Horatio, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at ſea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace: Finding ourſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compell'd valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant, they got clear of our ſhip; ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have ſent; and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou would'ſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter*[9]. *Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am.* Roſencrantz *and* Guildenſtern *hold their courſe for England: of them I have much to tell thee, Farewel.*

He that thou knoweſt thine, Hamlet.

[9] —*for the* bore *of the matter.*] The *bore* is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel. *The matter* (ſays Hamlet) *would carry heavier words.* JOHNSON.

Come,

Come, I will give you way for theſe your letters;
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter KING, *and* LAERTES.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father ſlain,
Purſu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So crimeful and ſo capital in nature,
As by your ſafety, greatneſs, wiſdom, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up?

King. O, for two ſpecial reaſons;
Which may to you, perhaps, ſeem much unſinew'd,
But yet to me they are ſtrong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almoſt by his looks; and for myſelf,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She is ſo conjunctive to my life and ſoul,
That, as the ſtar moves not but in his ſphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender [1] bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the ſpring [2] that turneth wood to ſtone,
Convert his gyves to graces; ſo that my arrows,

[1] —*the general gender*—] The *common race* of the people. JOHNSON.

[2] Work *like the ſpring*—] This ſimile is neither very ſeaſonable in the deep intereſt of this converſation, nor very accurately applied. If the *ſpring* had changed baſe metals to gold, the thought had been more proper. JOHNSON.

The folio, inſtead of—*work*, reads—*would*. STEEVENS.

Too

Too ſlightly timber'd for ſo loud a wind[3],
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo have I a noble father loſt;
A ſiſter driven into deſperate terms;
Whoſe worth, if praiſes may go back again[4],
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your ſleeps for that: you muſt not think,
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger[5],
And think it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourſelf;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,
How now? what news[6]?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet[7]:
This to your majeſty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Meſſ. Sailors, my lord, they ſay: I ſaw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he received them
Of him that brought them[8].

King. Laertes, you ſhall hear them:—
Leave us. [*Exit* Meſſ.

[reads.] *High and mighty, you ſhall know, I am ſet naked on your kingdom. To-morrow ſhall I beg leave to*

[3] —*for ſo loud a wind,*] Thus the folio. The quarto 1604, has—for ſo *loued arm'd*: as extraordinary a corruption as any that is found in theſe plays. MALONE.

[4] —*if praiſes may go back again,*] If I may praiſe what has been, but is now to be found no more. JOHNSON.

[5] *That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger,*] It is wonderful that none of the advocates for the learning of Shakſpeare have told us that this line is imitated from Perſius, Sat. 2:

Idcirco ſolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam
Jupiter? STEEVENS.

[6] *How now,* &c.] Omitted in the quartos. THEOBALD.

[7] *Letters,* &c.] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[8] *Of him that brought them.*] I have reſtored this hemeſtich from the quartos. STEEVENS.

ſee

ſee your kingly eyes: when I ſhall, firſt aſking your pardon thereunto, recount the occaſion of my ſudden and more ſtrange return. Hamlet.

What ſhould this mean? Are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe, and no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*—
And, in a poſtſcript here, he ſays, *alone:*
Can you adviſe me?

Laer. I am loſt in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeſt thou.

King. If it be ſo, Laertes,—
As how ſhould it be ſo?—how otherwiſe?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at his voyage[9], and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe;
But even his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer[1]. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could deviſe it ſo,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of ſince your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality

[9] *As* checking *at his voyage,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, exhibits a corruption ſimilar to that mentioned in n. 3. It reads: As *the king* at his voyage. MALONE.

The phraſe is from falconry; and may be juſtified from the following paſſage in *Hinde's Elioſto Libidinoſo*, 1606: "For who knows not, quoth ſhe, that this hawk, which comes now ſo fair to the fiſt, may to-morrow *check at* the lure?"

Again, in G. Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576:

"But as the hawke, to gad which knowes the way,
"Will hardly leave to *checke at* carren crowes," &c.

STEEVENS.

[1] *Laer.*] The next ſixteen lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

Wherein,

Wherein, they ſay, you ſhine: your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthieſt ſiege[2].

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds,
Importing health, and graveneſs[3].—Two months ſince,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt, the French,
And they can well on horſeback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wond'rous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt: ſo far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of ſhapes and tricks[4],
Come ſhort of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord[*].

King. The very ſame.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confeſſion of you;
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence[5],
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,

[2] *Of the unworthieſt ſiege.*] Of the loweſt rank. *Siege*, for *ſeat*, *place*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Othello*:
" ——I fetch my birth
" From men of royal *ſiege*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Importing* health, *and graveneſs.*—] *Importing* here may be, not *inferring* by logical conſequence, but *producing* by phyſical effect. A young man regards ſhow in his dreſs; an old man, *health*. JOHNSON.
Importing health, I apprehend, means, *denoting an attention to health*. MALONE.

[4] —*in forgery of ſhapes and tricks*,] I could not contrive ſo many proofs of dexterity as he could perform. JOHNSON.

[*] —*Lamord.*] Thus the quarto, 1604. Shakſpeare, I ſuſpect, wrote *Lamode*. See the next ſpeech but one. The folio has—*Lamound*. MALONE.

[5] —*in your defence*,] That is, in the *ſcience of* defence. JOHNSON.

That

That he cried out, 'twould be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you: the ſcrimers [6] of their nation,
He ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aſk you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is begun by time [7];
And that I ſee, in paſſages of proof [8],
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love [9]
A kind of wick, or ſnuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
For goodneſs, growing to a plurisy [1],

Dies

[6] —*the ſcrimers*—] The *fencers*. JOHNSON.
From *eſcrimeur*, Fr. a fencer. From here to the word *them* inclusively, is not in the folio. MALONE.

[7] —*love is begun by time*;] This is obſcure. The meaning may be, *love* is not innate in us, and co-eſſential to our nature, but begins at a certain time from ſome external cauſe, and being always ſubject to the operations of time, ſuffers change and diminution. JOHNSON.

[8] —*in paſſages of proof*,] In tranſactions of daily experience. JOHNSON.

[9] *There lives*, &c.] The next ten lines are not in the folio. STEEVENS.

[1] *For goodneſs, growing to a plurisy*,] I would believe, for the honour of Shakſpeare, that he wrote *plethory*. But I obſerve the dramatic writers of that time frequently call a fulneſs of blood a *pleurisy*, as if it came, not from πλευρα, but from *plus*, *pluris*. WARBURTON.

I think the word ſhould be ſpelt—*plurisy*. This paſſage is fully explained by one in Maſcal's treatiſe on cattle, 1662, p. 187. "Againſt the blood, or *plurisie* of blood. The diſeaſe of blood is, ſome young horſes will feed, and being fat will *increaſe* blood, and ſo *grow to a plurisie*, and *die* thereof if he have not ſoon help." TOLLET.

Dr. Warburton is right. The word is ſpelt *plurisy* in the quarto, 1604, and is uſed in the ſame ſenſe as here, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*:

" ——— that heal'ſt with blood
" The earth, when it is ſick, and cur'ſt the world
" Of the *plurisie* of people."

Again,

Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpendthrift ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing[2]. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To ſhew yourſelf in deed your father's ſon
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, ſhould murder ſanctuarize;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep cloſe within your chamber:

Again, in *'Tis Pity ſhe's a Whore*, by Ford, 1633:

"Muſt your hot itch and *pluriſie* of luſt,
"The hey-day of your luxury, be fed
"Up to a ſurfeit?" MALONE.

[2] *And then this* ſhould *is like a* ſpendthrift *ſigh,*
That hurts by eaſing.—] A *ſpendthrift* ſigh is a *ſigh* that makes an unneceſſary waſte of the vital flame. It is a notion very prevalent, that *ſighs* impair the ſtrength, and wear out the animal powers. JOHNSON.

Hence they are call'd, in *K. Henry VI.*—blood-conſuming *ſighs*.

Again, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"Do not *conſume* your *blood with ſorrowing*,"

The idea is enlarged upon in Fenton's *Tragical Diſcourſes*, 1579: "Why ſtaye you not in tyme the ſource of your ſcorching *ſighes*, that have already drayned your body of his wholeſome humoures, appoynted by nature to gyve ſucke to the entrals and inward parts of you?"

The original quarto, as well as the folio, reads—a ſpendthrift's ſigh; but I have no doubt that it was a corruption, ariſing from the firſt letter of the following word *ſigh*, being an s. I have therefore, with the other modern editors, printed—*ſpendthrift* ſigh, following a late quarto, (which however is of no authority,) printed in 1611. That a ſigh, if it conſumes the blood, *hurts us by eaſing*, or is prejudicial to us on the whole, though it affords a temporary relief, is ſufficiently clear: but the former part of the line, *and then this ſhould*, may require a little explanation. I ſuppoſe the king means to ſay, that if we do not promptly execute what we are convinced we *ſhould* or ought to do, we ſhall afterwards in vain repent our not having ſeized the fortunate moment for action: and this opportunity which we have let go by us, and the reflection that we *ſhould* have done that, which, from ſupervening accidents, it is no longer in our power to do, is as prejudicial and painful to us as a blood-conſuming ſigh, that at once hurts and eaſes us.

I apprehend the poet meant to compare ſuch a conduct, and the conſequent reflection, *only* to the *pernicious* quality which he ſuppoſed to be annexed to ſighing, and not to the temporary eaſe which it affords. His ſimiles, as I have frequently had occaſion to obſerve, ſeldom run on four feet. MALONE.

Hamlet,

Hamlet, return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiſs[3],
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that, with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A ſword unbated[4], and, in a paſs of practice[5],
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:
And, for the purpoſe, I'll anoint my ſword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplaſm ſo rare,
Collected from all ſimples that have virtue
Under the moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratch'd withall: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our ſhape[6]: if this ſhould fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore, this project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,

[3] —*be being remiſs,*] He being not vigilant or cautious. JOHNSON.

[4] *A ſword* unbated,—] Not blunted, as foils are by a button fixed to the end. So in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"That honour, which ſhall *bate* his ſcythe's keen *edge*."
MALONE.

In Sir Thomas North's Tranſlation of Plutarch, it is ſaid of one of the *Metelli*, that "he ſhewed the people the cruel fight of fencers at *unrebated* ſwords." STEEVENS.

[5] —*a paſs of practice,*] Practice is often by Shakſpeare, and other writers, taken for an *inſidious ſtratagem*, or *privy* treaſon, a ſenſe not incongruous to this paſſage, where yet I rather believe, that nothing more is meant than a *thruſt for exerciſe*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"I pray God there be no *practice* in this change."

Again, more appoſitely in our author's *Twelfth Night*, Act V. Sc. ult.

"This *practiſe* hath moſt ſhrewdly *paſs'd* upon thee."
STEEVENS.

[6] *May fit us to our ſhape:*—] May *enable* us to *aſſume proper characters*, and to act our part. JOHNSON.

If this ſhould blaſt in proof[7]. Soft;—let me ſee:—
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him[8]
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtuck[9],
Our purpoſe may hold there. But ſtay, what noiſe[1]?

Enter Queen.

How now, ſweet queen[*]?
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel[2],
So faſt they follow:—Your ſiſter's drown'd, Laertes.

[7] —*blaſt in proof.*] This, I believe, is a metaphor taken from a mine, which, in the proof or execution, ſometimes breaks out with an ineffectual *blaſt*. JOHNSON.

The word *proof* ſhews the metaphor to be taken from the trying or proving fire-arms or cannon, which often *blaſt* or *burſt* in the *proof*. STEEVENS.

[8] —*I'll have* preferr'd *him*—] i. e. preſented to him. Thus the quarto, 1604. The word indeed is miſpelt, *prefard*. The folio reads —I'll have *prepar'd* him. MALONE.

[9] —*Your venom'd* ſtuck,] Your venom'd thruſt. *Stuck* was a term of the fencing ſchool. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "—and he gives me the *ſtuck* with ſuch a mortal motion,—." Again, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606: "Here is a fellow, Judicio, that carried the deadly *ſtocke* in his pen."—See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Stoccata*, a foyne, a thruſt, a *ſtoceado* given in fence." MALONE.

[1] —*But ſtay, what noiſe?*] I have recovered this from the quartos. STEEVENS.

[*] *How* now *ſweet queen?*] Theſe words are not in the quarto. The word *now*, which appears to have been omitted by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or compoſitor, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] *One woe doth tread upon another's heel,*] A ſimilar thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"One ſorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
"That may ſucceed as his inheritor." STEEVENS.

Again, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

"—— miſeries, which ſeldom come alone,
"Thick on the neck one of another fall."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 131ſt ſonnet:

"A thouſand groans, but thinking on thy fall,
"One on another's neck,—." MALONE.

Laer.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aſcaunt the brook[3],
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream;
Therewith fantaſtick garlands did ſhe make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples[4],
That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herſelf,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her cloaths ſpread wide;
And, mermaid like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes[5];
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs[6],
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element[7]: but long it could not be,

Till

[3] — aſcaunt *the brook*,] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *aſlant*. *Aſcaunce* is interpreted in the Gloſſary to Chaucer—*aſkew*, *aſide*, *ſideways*. STEEVENS.

[4] — *and* long purples,] By *long purple* is meant a plant, the modern botanical name of which is *orchis morio mas*, anciently *teſticulus morionis*. The *groſſer name* by which it paſſes, is ſufficiently known in many parts of England, and particularly in the county where Shakſpeare lived. Thus far Mr. Warner. Mr. Collins adds, that in Suſſex it is ſtill called *dead men's hands*; and that in Lyte's Herbal, 1578, its various names, too groſs for repetition, are preſerved. STEEVENS.

One of the groſſer names of this plant Gertrude had a particular reaſon to avoid:—*the rampant widow*. *Liberal* is free-ſpoken, licentious in language. So, in *Othello*: "Is he not a moſt profane and *liberal* counſellor? Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612:

" ——— Next that, the fame
" Of your neglect, and *liberal*-talking tongue,
" Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong." MALONE.

[5] *Which time, ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes*;] Fletcher, in his *Scornful Lady*, very injudiciouſly ridicules this incident:

" I will run mad firſt, and if that get not pity,
" I'll drown myſelf to a moſt diſmal ditty." WARBURTON.

The quartos read—"ſnatches of old *lauds*," i. e. *hymns*. STEEVENS.

[6] *As one* incapable *of her own diſtreſs*,] As one having no *underſtanding* or knowledge of her danger. See p. 322, n. 8. MALONE.

[7] — *like a creature native and* indu'd
Unto that element.] As we are indued with certain original diſpoſitions and propenſities at our birth, Shakſpeare here uſes *indued* with great licentiouſneſs, for formed by nature; clothed, endowed, or furniſhed, with properties ſuited to the element of water.

Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death[8].

Laer. Alas then, ſhe is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her cuſtom holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will: when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out[9].—Adieu, my lord?
I have a ſpeech of fire; that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it[1]. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it ſtart again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

Our old writers uſed *indued* and *endowed* indiſcriminately. "To indue," ſays Minſheu in his Dictionary, "ſepiſſime refertur ad dotes animo infuſas, quibus nimirum ingenium alicujus imbutum et initiatum eſt, unde et G. *inſtruire* eſt. L. *imbuere*. *Imbuere* proprie eſt inchoare et initiari."

In Cotgrave's French Dictionary, 1611, *inſtruire* is interpreted, "to faſhion, to furniſh with." MALONE.

[8] *To muddy death.*] In the firſt ſcene of the next act we find Ophelia buried with ſuch rites as betoken ſhe *foredid her own life*. Shakſpeare, Mr. Maſon has obſerved, "ſeems to have forgotten himſelf in the ſpeech before us, for there is not a ſingle circumſtance in this relation of her death, that induces us to think ſhe had drowned herſelf intentionally." But it ſhould be remembered, that the account here given, is that of a friend; and that the queen could not poſſibly know what paſſed in the mind of Ophelia, when ſhe placed herſelf in ſo perilous a ſituation. After the facts had been weighed and conſidered, the prieſt in the next act pronounces, that *her death was doubtful*. MALONE.

[9] *The woman will be out.*] i. e. tears will flow. So, in *K. Henry V.*

"And all *the woman* came into my eyes." MALONE.

[1] —*that fain would blaze,*
But that this folly drowns it.] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—But that this folly *doubts* it, i. e. *douts*, or extinguiſhes it. See p. 211, n. 6. MALONE.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Church-yard.

Enter two Clowns, *with ſpades, &c.*

1. *Clown.* Is ſhe to be buried in chriſtian burial, that wilfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2. *Clown.* I tell thee, ſhe is; therefore, make her grave ſtraight[2]: the crowner hath ſet on her, and finds it chriſtian burial.

1. *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drown'd herſelf in her own defence.

2. *Clown.* Why, 'tis found ſo.

1. *Clown.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*; it cannot be elſe. For here lies the point: If I drown myſelf wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform[3]: Argal, ſhe drown'd herſelf wittingly.

2. *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1. *Clown.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here ſtands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark

[2] — *make her grave* ſtraight:] Make her grave from eaſt to weſt in a direct line parallel to the church; not from north to ſouth, athwart the regular line. This, I think, is meant. JOHNSON.

I cannot think that this means any more than *make her grave immediately*. She is to be buried in *chriſtian burial*, and conſequently the grave is to be made as uſual. My interpretation may be juſtified from the following paſſages in *K. Henry V.* and the play before us: "— We cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, who live by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-houſe *ſtraight*."

Again, in *Hamlet*, Act III. ſc. iv. "*Pol.* He will come *ſtraight*." Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "— we'll come and dreſs you *ſtraight*." Again, in *Othello*:

"Farewell, my Deſdemona, I will come to thee *ſtraight*."

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "Let us make ready *ſtraight*."

MALONE.

[3] — *an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform*:] Ridicule on ſcholaſtic diviſions without diſtinction; and of diſtinctions without difference. WARBURTON.

you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himſelf: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2. *Clown.* But is this law?

1. *Clown.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's-queſt law[4].

2. *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been bury'd out of chriſtian burial.

1. *Clown.* Why, there thou ſay'ſt: And the more pity; that great folks ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than their even chriſtian[5]. Come; my ſpade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardiners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profeſſion.

2. *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

[4] — *crowner's queſt-law.*] I ſtrongly ſuſpect that this is a ridicule on the caſe of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his Commentaries, as determined in 3 Eliz.

It ſeems, her huſband Sir James Hales had drowned himſelf in a river; and the queſtion was, whether by this act a forfeiture of a leaſe from the dean and chapter of Canterbury, which he was poſſeſſed of, did not accrue to the crown: an inquiſition was found before the coroner, which found him *felo de ſe.* The legal and logical ſubtleties, ariſing in the courſe of the argument of this caſe, gave a very fair opportunity for a ſneer at *crowner's queſt-law.* The expreſſion, a little before, that *an act hath three branches*, &c. is ſo pointed an alluſion to the caſe I mention, that I cannot doubt but that Shakſpeare was acquainted with and meant to laugh at it.

It may be added, that on this occaſion a great deal of ſubtilty was uſed, to aſcertain whether Sir James was the *agent* or the *patient*; or, in other words, whether *he went to the water, or the water came to him.* The cauſe of Sir James's madneſs was the circumſtance of his having been the judge who condemned *lady Jane Gray.* Sir J. HAWKINS.

If Shakſpeare meant to allude to the caſe of Dame Hales, (which indeed ſeems not improbable,) he muſt have heard of that caſe in converſation; for it was determined before he was born, and Plowden's Commentaries, in which it is reported, were not tranſlated into Engliſh till a few years ago. Our authour's ſtudy was probably not much encumbered with old French Reports. MALONE.

[5] — *their* even *chriſtian.*] So all the old books, and rightly. An old Engliſh expreſſion for fellow-chriſtians. THIRLBY.

So, in Chaucer's *Jack Upland:* "If freres cannot or mow not excuſe 'hem of theſe queſtions aſked of 'hem, it ſemeth that they be horrible giltie againſt God, and *ther even chriſtian*;" &c. STEEVENS.

So King Henry the Eighth in his anſwer to parliament in 1546: "— you might ſay that I, beyng put in ſo ſpeciall a truſt as I am in this caſe, were no truſtie frende to you, nor charitable man to mine *even chriſtian*,—." Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 261. MALONE.

1. *Clown.*

1. *Clown.* He was the firſt that ever bore arms.

2. *Clown*[6]. Why, he had none.

1. *Clown.* What, art a heathen? How doſt thou underſtand the ſcripture? The ſcripture ſays, Adam digg'd; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee: if thou anſwer'ſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thyſelf—*.

2. *Clown.* Go to.

1. *Clown.* What is he, that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhipwright, or the carpenter?

2. *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.

1. *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay, the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2. *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhipwright, or a carpenter?

1. *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke[7].

2. *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1. *Clown.* To't.

2. *Clown.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET, *and* HORATIO, *at a diſtance.*

1. *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it[8]; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating: and,

[6] 2. *Clown.*] This ſpeech, and the next as far as—*without arms*, is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

* —*confeſs thyſelf*—] *and be hang'd*, the clown, I ſuppoſe, would have ſaid, if he had not been interrupted. This was a common proverbial ſentence. See *Othello*, Act IV. ſc. i.—He might, however, have intended to ſay, *confeſs thyſelf an aſs.* MALONE.

[7] *Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.*] If it be not ſufficient to ſay, with Dr. Warburton, that the phraſe might be taken from huſbandry, without much depth of reading, we may produce it from a dittie of the workmen of Dover, preſerved in the editions to Holinſhed, p. 1546:

"My bow is broke, I would *unyoke*,
"My foot is ſore, I can worke no more." FARMER.

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, at the end of Song I.

"Here I'll *unyoke* awhile and turne my ſteeds to meat."

Again, in *P. Holland's* Tranſlation of *Pliny's Nat. Hiſt.* p. 593: "—in the evening, and when thou doſt *unyoke*." STEEVENS.

[8] *Cudgel thy brains no more about it*;] So, in *The Maydes Metamorphoſis*, by John Lily, 1600:

"In vain, I fear, *I beate my brains* about,
"Proving by ſearch to find my miſtreſſe out." MALONE.

when you are aſk'd this queſtion next, ſay, a grave-maker; the houſes that he makes, laſt till doomſday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit 2. Clown.*

He digs, and ſings.

In youth when I did love, did love[9],
Methought, it was very ſweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove
O, methought, there was nothing meet[1].

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs? he ſings at grave-making.

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it in him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo: the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

1. Clown. *But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,* [ſings.
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

[9] *In youth when I did love*, &c.] The three ſtanzas, ſung here by the grave-digger, are extracted, with a ſlight variation, from a little poem, called *The Aged Lover renounceth love*, written by Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, who flouriſhed in the reign of king Henry VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a ſtrained accuſation of treaſon. THEOBALD.

[1] — *nothing meet.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads:

O me thought there *a* was nothing *a* meet. MALONE.

The original poem from which this ſtanza is taken, like the other ſucceeding ones, is preſerved among lord Surrey's poems; though, as Dr. Percy has obſerved, it is attributed to lord Vaux by George Gaſcoigne. See an epiſtle prefixed to one of his poems, printed with the reſt of his works, 1575. By others it is ſuppoſed to have been written by Sir Thomas Wyatt.

I lothe that I did love;
In youth that I thought ſwete:
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not mete.

All theſe difficulties, however, (ſays the Rev. Thomas Warton, *Hiſt. of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 45.) are at once adjuſted by Mſs. Harl. in the Britiſh Muſeum, 1713—25, in which we have a copy of Vaux's poems, beginning, *I lothe that I did love*, with this title: "A dyttie or ſonet made by the lord Vaus, in the time of the noble quene Marye, repreſenting the image of death."

The entire ſong is publiſhed by Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*. STEEVENS.

An

And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I had never been ſuch[2]. [throws up a ſcull.

Ham. That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the firſt murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this aſs now o'er-reaches[3]; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could ſay, *Good-morrow, ſweet lord! How doſt thou, good lord?* This might be my lord ſuch-a-one, that prais'd my lord ſuch-a-one's horſe, when he meant to beg it[4]; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'n ſo: and now my lady Worm's[5]; chapleſs, and knock'd about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them[6]? mine ache to think on't.

1. *Clown.*

2 *As if I had never been ſuch.*] Thus, in the original:
For age with ſtealing ſteps
Hath claude me with his crowch;
And luſty youthe away he leapes,
As there had bene none ſuch. STEEVENS.

3 — *which this aſs now* o'er-reaches;] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—*o'er-offices.* MALONE.

Over-reaches agrees better with the ſentence: it is a ſtrong exaggeration to remark, that an *aſs* can *over-reach* him who would once have tried to *circumvent*—. I believe both the words were Shakſpeare's. An author in reviſing his work, when his original ideas have faded from his mind, and new obſervations have produced new ſentiments, eaſily introduces images which have been more newly impreſſed upon him, without obſerving their want of congruity to the general texture of his original deſign. JOHNSON.

4 *This might be my lord ſuch-a-one, that prais'd my lord ſuch-a one's horſe, when he meant to beg it;*] So, in *Timon of Athens*, Act I.:
" ——— my lord, you gave
" Good words the other day of a bay courſer
" I rode on; it is yours, becauſe you lik'd it." STEEVENS.

5 — *and now my lady Worm's;*] The ſcull that was *my lord Such-a-one's*, is now *my lady Worm's.* JOHNSON.

6 — *to play at* loggats *with them?*] So Ben Jonſon, *Tale of a Tub*, Act IV. ſc. vi.
" Now are they toſſing of his legs and arms,
" Like *loggats* at a pear-tree."
So, in an old collection of epigrams, ſatires, &c.
" To play at *loggats*, nine holes, or ten pinnes."

1. *Clown. A picke-axe, and a ſpade, a ſpade,* [ſings.
For—and a ſhrouding ſheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet[7]. [throws up a ſcull.

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits[8] now, his quillets[9], his caſes, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce[1] with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes[2], his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine

It is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the ſtatute of 33 of Henry VIII. STEEVENS.

Loggetting in the fields is mentioned for the firſt time among other "*new* and crafty games and plays," in the ſtatute 33 Henry VIII. c. 9. Not being mentioned in former acts againſt unlawful games, it was probably not practiſed long before the ſtatute of Henry the Eighth was made. MALONE.

A *loggat*-ground, like a ſkittle-ground, is ſtrewed with aſhes, but is more extenſive. A bowl much larger than the jack of the game of bowls is thrown firſt. The pins, which I believe are called *loggats*, are much thinner and lighter at one extremity than the other. The bowl being firſt thrown, the players take the pins up by the thinner and lighter end, and fling them towards the bowl, and in ſuch a manner that the pins may once turn round in the air, and ſlide with the thinner extremity foremoſt towards the bowl. The pins are about one or two and twenty inches long. BLOUNT.

[7] *For ſuch a gueſt is meet.*] Thus in the original.
A pick-axe and a ſpade,
And eke a ſhrowding ſheet;
A houſe of clay for to be made,
For ſuch a gueſt moſt meet. STEEVENS.

[8] —*quiddits*, &c.] i. e. ſubtleties. So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*:
"I am wiſe, but *quiddits* will not anſwer death." STEEVENS.
Again, in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to. 1604:
"By ſome ſtrange *quiddit*, or ſome wreſted clauſe,
"To find him guiltie of the breach of lawes." MALONE.

[9] —*his* quillets,] *Quillets* are nice and frivolous diſtinctions. The word is rendered by Coles in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, *res frivola*. MALONE.

[1] —*the ſconce*—] *i. e.* the head. STEEVENS.

[2] —*his* ſtatutes,] By a ſtatute is here meant, not an act of parliament, but a ſpecies of ſecurity for money, affecting real property; whereby the lands of the debtor are conveyed to the creditor, till out of the rents and profits of them his debt may be ſatisfied. MALONE.

of

of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries[3], to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-ſkins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-ſkins too.

Ham. They are ſheep, and calves, which ſeek out aſſurance in that[4]. I will ſpeak to this fellow:—Whoſe grave's this, ſirrah?

1. *Clown.* Mine, ſir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [ſings.
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. I think it to be thine, indeed; for thou ly'ſt in't.

1. *Clown.* You lie out on't, ſir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lie in't, to be in't, and ſay it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou ly'ſt.

1. *Clown.* 'Tis a quick lie, ſir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

1. *Clown.* For no man, ſir.

Ham. What woman then?

1. *Clown.* For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1. *Clown.* One, that was a woman, ſir; but, reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is! we muſt ſpeak by the card[5], or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio

[3] *Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries,*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[4] —aſſurance *in that.*] A quibble is intended. Deeds, which are uſually written on parchment, are called the common *aſſurances* of the kingdom. MALONE.

[5] —*by the* card,—] i. e. we muſt ſpeak with the ſame preciſion and accuracy as is obſerved in marking the true diſtances of coaſts, the heights, courſes, &c. in a ſea-*chart*, which in our poet's time was called a *card*. So in *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, 4to. 1599, p. 177: "Sebaſtian Munſter in his *carde* of Venice—." Again, in Bacon's *Eſſays*, p. 326. edit. 1740: "Let him carry with him alſo ſome *card*, or book, deſcribing the country where he travelleth."

ratio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked[6], that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1. *Clown.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1. *Clown.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born[7]; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1. *Clown.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1. *Clown.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1. *Clown.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1. *Clown.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1. *Clown.* Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1. *Clown.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days[8], that will scarce

velleth." In 1589 was published in 4to, *A briefe Discourse of* Mappes *and* Cardes, *and of their Uses.*—The "shipman's *card*" in *Macbeth*, is the paper on which the different points of the compass are described. MALONE.

[6] —*the age is grown so* picked,—] i. e. so spruce, so quaint, so affected.

There is, I think, no allusion to *picked* or pointed shoes, as has been supposed. *Picked* was a common word of Shakspeare's age, in the sense above given, and is found in Minsheu's Dictionary, 1617, with its original signification: "*Trimm'd* or dreſt sprucely." It is here used metaphorically. MALONE.

[7] —*that young Hamlet was born*;] By this scene it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-two years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is spoken of as a *very young* man, one that designed to go back to school, i. e. to the university of Wittenberg. The poet in the fifth act had forgot what he wrote in the first. BLACKSTONE.

[8] —*now-a-days*,] Omitted in the quarto. MALONE.

hold

hold the laying in,) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year: a tanner will laſt you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1. *Clown.* Why, ſir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

1. *Clown.* A whoreſon mad fellow's it was; Whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1. *Clown.* A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, ſir, was Yorick's ſcull[9], the king's jeſter.

Ham. This? [*takes the ſcull.*

1. *Clown.* E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times; and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is; my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning[*]? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber[1], and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour[2] ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think, Alexander look'd o' this faſhion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? pah! [*throws down the ſcull.*

[9] —*Yorick's ſcull,*—] Thus the folio.—The quarto reads—*Sir* Yorick's ſcull. MALONE.

[*] —*your own* grinning?] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads —your own *jeering*. In that copy, after this word, and *chap-fallen*, there is a note of interrogation, which all the editors have adopted. I doubt concerning its propriety. MALONE.

[1] —*my lady's* chamber,] Thus the folio. The quartos read—my lady's *table*, meaning, I ſuppoſe, her *dreſſing-table*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*to this* favour—] i. e. to this countenance or complexion. MALONE.

Hor.

Hor. E'en ſo, my lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of Alexander, till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died; Alexander was buried. Alexander returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæſar[3], dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw[4]!

But ſoft! but ſoft! aſide;—Here comes the king.

Enter Prieſts, &c. *in proceſſion; the corpſe of* OPHELIA, LAERTES *and Mourners following it*; King, Queen, *their Trains*, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with ſuch maimed rites[5]! This doth betoken,
The corſe, they follow, did with deſperate hand
Fordo its own life[6]. 'Twas of ſome eſtate[7]:
Couch we a while, and mark. [*retiring with* Horatio.

[3] Imperious *Cæſar*,] Thus the quarto, 1604. The editor of the folio ſubſtituted *imperial*, not knowing that *imperious* was uſed in the ſame ſenſe. See Vol. XIII. p. 97, n. *. There are other inſtances in the folio of a familiar term being ſubſtituted in the room of a more ancient word. See p. 80, note 9. MALONE.

[4] — *winter's flaw!*] Winter's *blaſt*. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—to expel the *water's* flaw. STEEVENS.

A *flaw* meant a ſudden guſt of wind. So, in Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Groppo, a *flaw*, or berrie of wind." See alſo Cotgrave's Dictionary, 1611: "*Lis de vent*, a *guſt* or *flaw* of wind." MALONE.

[5] — *maimed rites!*—] Imperfect obſequies. JOHNSON.

[6] Fordo *its own life.*] To *fordo*, is to undo, to deſtroy. So, in *Othello*:

"— this is the night
"That either makes me, or *fordoes* me quite."

Again, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "—wolde to God it might be leful for me to *fordoo* myſelf, or to make an end of me!" STEEVENS.

[7] —*ſome eſtate:*] Some perſon of high rank. JOHNSON.

Laer.

Laer. What ceremony elſe?
Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: Mark.
Laer. What ceremony elſe?
1. *Prieſt*[8]. Her obſequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty *: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'erſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctify'd have lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her:
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin crants[9],
Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial[1].
Laer. Muſt there no more be done?
Prieſt. No more be done;
We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *requiem*[2], and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſouls.

[8] *Prieſt.*] This *prieſt* in the old quarto is called *doctor.* STEEVENS.

* *As we have* warranty:] Is there any alluſion here to the coroner's warrant, directed to the miniſters and church-wardens of a pariſh, and permitting the body of a perſon who comes to an untimely end, to receive chriſtian burial? WHALLEY.

[9] — *allow'd her virgin* crants,] Thus the quarto, 1604. For this unuſual word the editor of the firſt folio ſubſtituted *rites.* By a more attentive examination and compariſon of the quarto copies and the folio, Dr. Johnſon, I have no doubt, would have been convinced that this and many other changes in the folio were not made by Shakſpeare, as is ſuggeſted in the following note. MALONE.

I have been informed by an anonymous correſpondent, that *crants* is the German word for *garlands*, and I ſuppoſe it was retained by us from the Saxons. To carry *garlands* before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, is ſtill the practice in rural pariſhes.

Crants therefore was the original word, which the author, diſcovering it to be provincial, and perhaps not underſtood, changed to a term more intelligible, but leſs proper. *Maiden rites* give no certain or definitive image. He might have put *maiden wreaths*, or *maiden garlands*, but he perhaps beſtowed no thought upon it; and neither genius nor practice will always ſupply a haſty writer with the moſt proper diction. JOHNSON.

In Minſhew's *Dictionary*, ſee *Beades*, where *rooſen krans* means *ſertum roſaceum*; and ſuch is the name of a character in this play. TOLLET.

[1] *Of bell and burial.*] *Burial*, here, ſignifies interment in conſecrated ground. WARBURTON.

[2] *To ſing a* requiem,—] A *Requiem* is a maſs performed in Popiſh churches for the reſt of the ſoul of a perſon deceaſed. The folio reads—ſing *ſage* requiem. STEEVENS.

Laer.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.
Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!
Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewel!
[*scattering flowers.*
I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.
Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
Ham. [*advancing*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*leaps into the grave.*
Laer. The devil take thy soul! [*grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.
King. Pluck them asunder.
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!
All[3]. Gentlemen,—
Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.
Queen. O my son! what theme?
Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

3 *All*, &c.] This is restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

King.

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, ſhew me what thou'lt do:

Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't faſt? woul't tear thyſelf?

Woul't drink up eiſel[4]? eat a crocodile?

[4] *Woul't drink up* eiſel?] *Woul't* is *a* contraction of *wouldeſt*, [wouldeſt thou] and perhaps ought rather to be written *woul'ſt*. The quarto, 1604, has *eſil*. In the folio the word is ſpelt *eſile*. *Eiſil* or *eiſel* is vinegar. The word is uſed by Chaucer, and Skelton, and by Sir Thomas More, *Works*, p. 21. edit. 1557:

" ——with ſowre pocion
" If thou paine thy taſt, remember therewithal
" How Chriſt for thee taſted *eiſil* and gall."

The word is alſo found in Minſheu's Dictionary, 1617, and in Coles's Latin Dictionary, 1679.

Our poet, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved, has again employed the ſame word in his 111th ſonnet:

" ——like a willing patient, I will drink
" Potions of *eyſell* 'gainſt my ſtrong infection;
" No *bitterneſs* that I will bitter think,
" Nor double penance, to correct correction."

Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes, that a river was meant, either the *Yſſel*, or *Oeſil*, or *Weiſel*, a conſiderable river which falls into the Baltick ocean. The words, *drink up*, he conſiders as favourable to his notion. " Had Shakſpeare," he obſerves, " meant to make Hamlet ſay, *Wilt thou drink vinegar*, he probably would not have uſed the term *drink up*, which means, *totally to exhauſt*. In *King Richard II.* Act II. ſc. ii. (he adds) a thought in part the ſame occurs:

" — the taſk he undertakes,
" Is numb'ring ſands, and *drinking oceans dry*."

But I muſt remark, in that paſſage evidently *impoſſibilities* are pointed out. Hamlet is only talking of difficult or painful exertions. Every man can weep, fight, faſt, tear himſelf, drink a potion of vinegar, and eat *a piece* of a diſſected crocodile, however diſagreeable; for I have no doubt that the poet uſes the words *eat a crocodile*, for *eat of a crocodile*. We yet uſe the ſame phraſeology in familiar language.

On the phraſe *drink up* no ſtreſs can be laid, for our poet has employed the ſame expreſſion in his 114th ſonnet, without any idea of *entirely exhauſting*, and merely as ſynonymous to *drink*:

" Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
" *Drink up* the monarch's plague, this flattery?

Again, in the ſame ſonnet:

" —'tis flattery in my ſeeing,
" And my great mind moſt kingly *drinks* it *up*."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" And how his ſilence *drinks up* his applauſe."

In Shakſpeare's time, as at preſent, to *drink up*, often meant no more than ſimply to drink. So, in Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: " *Sorbire*, to ſip or *ſup up* any drink." In like manner we ſometimes ſay, " when you have *ſwallow'd down* this potion," though we mean no more than—" when you have ſwallow'd this potion." MALONE.

I'll

I'll do't.—Doſt thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and ſo will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate againſt the burning zone,
Make Oſſa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madneſs [5]:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are diſclos'd [6],
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, ſir;
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Exit* HORATIO.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech;
[*to* LAERTES.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.—
Good Gertrude, ſet ſome watch over your ſon.—
This grave ſhall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
Till then in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

[5] *This is mere madneſs:* &c.] This ſpeech in the firſt folio is given to the king. MALONE.

[6] *When that her golden couplets are* diſclos'd,] To *diſcloſe* was anciently uſed for to *hatch*. So, in the *Booke of Huntynge, Hauking, Fyſhyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "Firſt they ben eges; and after they ben *diſcloſed* haukes; and commonly goshaukes ben *diſcloſed* as ſone as the choughes." To *exclude* is the technical term at preſent. During three days after the pigeon has *hatched* her *couplets*, (for ſhe lays no more than *two* eggs,) ſhe never quits her neſt, except for a few moments in queſt of a little food for herſelf; as all her young require in that early ſtate, is to be kept warm, an office which ſhe never entruſts to the male. STEEVENS.

The young neſtlings of the pigeon, when firſt diſcloſed, are callow, only covered with a yellow down: and for that reaſon ſtand in need of being cheriſhed by the kindly warmth of the hen, to protect them from the chillneſs of the ambient air, for a conſiderable time after they are hatched. HEATH.

The word *diſcloſe* has already occurred in a ſenſe nearly allied to *batch*, in this play:

"And I do doubt, the hatch and the *diſcloſe*
"Will be ſome danger." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Caſtle.

Enter HAMLET, *and* HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, ſir: now ſhall you ſee the other;—
You do remember all the circumſtance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep[7]; methought, I lay

Worſe

[7] *Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,*
That would not let me ſleep; &c.] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
"Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight,
"Of this ſtrange nature," &c.

The Hyſtorie of Hamblet, bl. let. furniſhed our authour with the ſcheme of ſending the prince to England, and with moſt of the circumſtances deſcribed in this ſcene:

[After the death of Polonius] "Fengon [the king in the preſent play] could not content himſelfe, but ſtill his mind gave him that the foole [Hamlet] would play him ſome trick of legerdemaine. And in that conceit, ſeeking to be rid of him, determined to find the meanes to doe it by the aid of a ſtranger, making the king of England miniſter of his maſſacreous reſolution; to whom he purpoſed to ſend him, and by letters deſire him to put him to death.

"Now, to beare him company, were aſſigned two of Fengon's faithful miniſters, bearing letters ingraved in wood, that contained Hamlet's death, in ſuch ſort as he had advertiſed the king of England. But the ſubtil Daniſh prince, (being at ſea,) whilſt his companions ſlept, having read the letters, and knowing his uncle's great treaſon, with the wicked and villainous mindes of the two courtiers that led him to the ſlaughter, raced out the letters that concerned his death, and inſtead thereof graved others, with commiſſion to the king of England to hang his two companions; and not content to turn the death they had deviſed againſt him, upon their own neckes, wrote further, that king Fengon willed him to give his daughter to Hamblet in marriage." *Hyſt. of Hamblet*, ſignat. G 2.

From this narrative it appears that the faithful miniſters of Fengon were not unacquainted with the import of the letters they bore. Shakſpeare, who has followed the ſtory pretty cloſely, probably meant to deſcribe their repreſentatives, Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern, as equally guilty; as confederating with the king to deprive Hamlet of his life.

So

Worſe than the mutines in the bilboes[8]. Raſhly,
And prais'd be raſhneſs for it—[9], Let us know,

So that his procuring their execution, though certainly not abſolutely neceſſary to his own ſafety, does not appear to have been a wanton and unprovoked cruelty, as Mr. Steevens has ſuppoſed in his very ingenious obſervations on the general character and conduct of the prince throughout this piece.

In the concluſion of his drama the poet has entirely deviated from the fabulous hiſtory, which in other places he has frequently followed.

After Hamblet's arrival in England, (for no ſea-fight is mentioned,) "the king, (ſays *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*) admiring the young prince,—gave him his daughter in marriage, according to the counterfeit letters by him deviſed; and the next day cauſed the two ſervants of Fengon to be executed, to ſatisfy, as he thought, the king's deſire." *Hyſt. of Hamb.* Ibid.

Hamlet, however, returned to Denmark, without marrying the king of England's daughter, who, it ſhould ſeem, had only been *betrothed* to him. When he arrived in his native country, he made the courtiers drunk, and having burnt them to death, by ſetting fire to the banquetting-room wherein they ſat, he went into Fengon's chamber, and killed him, "giving him (ſays the relater) ſuch a violent blowe upon the chine of the neck, that he cut his head clean from the ſhoulders." Ibid. ſignat. F 3.

He is afterwards ſaid to have been crowned king of Denmark.

MALONE.

[8] — mutines *in the bilboes.*] To *mutine* was formerly uſed for to *mutiny*. See p. 320, n. 6. So *mutine*, for *mutiner*, or *mutineer*: "un homme *mutin*," Fr. a mutinous or ſeditious perſon. In *The Miſfortunes of Arthur*, a tragedy, 1587, the adjective is uſed:

"Suppreſſeth *mutin* force, and practicke fraud." MALONE.

The *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or diſorderly ſailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain where inſtruments of ſteel were fabricated in the utmoſt perfection. To underſtand Shakſpeare's alluſion completely, it ſhould be known, that as theſe fetters connect the legs of the offenders very cloſe together, their attempts to reſiſt muſt be as fruitleſs as thoſe of Hamlet, in whoſe mind *there was a kind of fighting, that would not let him ſleep.* Every motion of one muſt diſturb his partner in confinement. The *bilboes* are ſtill ſhewn in the Tower of London, among the other ſpoils of the Spaniſh Armada. The following is the figure of them. STEEVENS.

Our

Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do pall[1]: and that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will[2].

Hor. That is moſt certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My ſea-gown ſcarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my deſire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making ſo bold,

9 ——— *Raſhly*,
And prais'd be raſhneſs for it,—Let us know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,

When, &c.] Hamlet, delivering an account of his eſcape, begins with ſaying, That he *raſhly*—and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakneſs of human wiſdom. I raſhly—praiſed be raſhneſs for it,—*Let us* not think theſe events caſual, but *let us know*, that is, *take notice and remember*, that we ſometimes ſucceed by *indiſcretion*, when we *fail* by *deep plots*, and infer the perpetual ſuperintendance and *agency* of the *Divinity*. The obſervation is juſt, and will be allowed by every human being who ſhall reflect on the courſe of his own life.

JOHNSON.

This paſſage, I think, ſhould be thus diſtributed.

——— Raſhly
(And prais'd be raſhneſs, for it *lets* us know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will;—
Hor. That is moſt certain.)

Ham. Up from my cabin, &c. So that *raſhly* may be joined in conſtruction with *in the dark grop'd I to find out them.* TYRWHITT.

1 *When our* deep *plots do* pall:] Thus the firſt quarto, 1604. The editor of the next quarto, for *pall*, ſubſtituted *fall*. The folio reads—when our *dear* plots do *paule*.

Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—when our deep plots do *fail*: but *pall* and *fail* are by no means likely to have been confounded. I have therefore adhered to the old copies. In *Antony and Cleopatra* our poet has uſed the participle:

" I'll never follow thy *pall'd* fortunes more." MALONE.

2 *There's a divinity that* ſhapes our ends,
Rough hew *them how we will.*] Dr. Farmer informs me, that theſe words are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and dealer in *ſkewers*, lately obſerved to him, that his nephew (an idle lad, could only *aſſiſt* him in making them; " — he could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *ſhape their ends.*" Whoever recollects the profeſſion of Shakſpeare's father, will admit that his ſon might be no ſtranger to ſuch a term. I have ſeen packages of wool pinn'd up with *ſkewers*.

STEEVENS.

My

My fears forgetting manners, to unſeal
Their grand commiſſion; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,—
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons *,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! ſuch bugs and goblins in my life [3],—
That, on the ſuperviſe, no leiſure bated [4],
No, not to ſtay the grinding of the axe,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.

Hor. Is't poſſible?

Ham. Here's the commiſſion; read it at more leiſure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Or I could make * a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play [5];—I ſat me down;
Devis'd a new commiſſion; wrote it fair:

* Larded *with many ſeveral ſorts of* reaſons,] I am afraid here is a very poor conceit, founded on an equivoque between *reaſons* and *raiſins*, which in Shakſpeare's time were undoubtedly pronounced alike. *Sorts* of *raiſins*, ſugars, &c. is the common phraſeology of ſhops.—We have the ſame quibble in another play. MALONE.

[3] *With, ho! ſuch bugs and goblins in my life*;] With *ſuch cauſes of terror*, riſing from my character and deſigns. JOHNSON.

A *bug* was no leſs a terrific being than a goblin. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. 2. c. 3:

"As ghaſtly *bug* does unto them affeare."

We call it at preſent a *bugbear*. STEEVENS.

[4] — *no leiſure* bated,] *Bated*, for *allowed*. To *abate*, ſignifies to *deduct*; this deduction, when applied to the perſon in whoſe favour it is made is called an *allowance*. Hence he takes the liberty of uſing *bated* for *allowed*. WARBURTON.

No leiſure bated—means, without any *abatement* or intermiſſion of *time*. MALONE.

* Or *I could make*—] *Or* in old Engliſh ſignified *before*. MALONE.

[5] *Being thus benetted round with villanies,*
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play:—] Hamlet is telling how luckily every thing fell out; he groped out their commiſſion in the dark without waking them; he found himſelf doomed to immediate deſtruction. Something was to be done for his preſervation. An expedient occurred, not produced by the compariſon of one method with another, or by a regular deduction of conſequences, but before he *could make a prologue to his brains, they had begun the play*. Before he could ſummon his faculties, and propoſe to himſelf what ſhould be done, a complete ſcheme of action preſented itſelf to him. His mind operated before he had excited it. This appears to me to be the meaning. JOHNSON.

I once

I once did hold it, as our ſtatiſts do[6],
A baſeneſs to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, ſir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice[7]: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flouriſh;
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,
And ſtand a comma 'tween their amities[8]:
And many ſuch like aſes of great charge[9],—

That,

[6] —*as our* ſtatiſts *do*,] A *ſtatiſt* is a *ſtateſman*. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady*:

"Will ſcrew you out a ſecret from a *ſtatiſt*." STEEVENS.

Moſt of the great men of Shakſpeare's times, whoſe autographs have been preſerved, wrote very bad hands; their ſecretaries very neat ones. BLACKSTONE.

[7] —*yeoman's ſervice*:] The meaning, I believe, is, *This yeomanly qualification was a moſt uſeful ſervant, or yeoman, to me*; i. e. did me eminent ſervice. The ancient *yeomen* were famous for their military valour. "Theſe were the good archers in time paſt (ſays Sir Tho. Smith), and the ſtable troop of footmen that affraide all France." STEEVENS.

[8] *As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,*
And ſtand a comma *'tween their amities*;] The expreſſion of our author is, like many of his phraſes, ſufficiently conſtrained and affected, but it is not incapable of explanation. The *comma* is the note of *connection* and continuity of ſentences; the *period* is the note of *abruption* and diſjunction. Shakſpeare had it perhaps in his mind to write, That unleſs England complied with the mandate, *war ſhould put a* period *to their amity*; he altered his mode of diction, and thought that, in an oppoſite ſenſe, he might put, that *peace ſhould ſtand a* comma *between their amities*. This is not an eaſy ſtile; but is it not the ſtile of Shakſpeare? JOHNSON.

[9] —aſes *of great charge*,] *Aſſes* heavily *loaded*. A quibble is intended between *as* the conditional participle, and *aſs* the beaſt of burthen. That *charg'd* anciently ſignified *loaded*, may be proved from the following paſſage in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"Thou muſt be the *aſs charg'd with crowns* to make way." JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare has ſo many quibbles of his own to anſwer for, that there are thoſe who think it hard he ſhould be charged with others which he never thought of. STEEVENS.

Though the firſt and obvious meaning of theſe words certainly is, "*many ſimilar* adjurations, or monitory injunctions, *of great weight and importance*," yet Dr. Johnſon's notion of a quibble being alſo in the

That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal*;
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave 't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known[1]: Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man[2], they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation[3] grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

---

the poet's thoughts is supported by two other passages of Shakspeare, in which *asses* are introduced as usually employed in the carriage of gold, a *charge* of no small weight:

"He shall but bear them, as the *ass bears gold*,
"To groan and sweat under the business." *Julius Cæsar.*

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"——like an *ass*, whose back with *ingots* bows,
"Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
"And death unloads thee."

In further support of his observation, it should be remembered, that the letter *s* in the particle *as* is in the midland counties usually pronounced hard, as in the pronoun *ass*. Dr. Johnson himself always pronounced the particle *as* hard, and so I have no doubt did Shakspeare. It is so pronounced in Warwickshire at this day. The first folio accordingly has—*asses*. MALONE.

* —*the* model *of that Danish seal:*] The *model* is in old language the *copy*. The signet was formed in imitation of the Danish seal. MALONE.

[1] *The* changeling *never known*—] A *changeling* is a *child* which the fairies are supposed to leave in the room of that which they steal. JOHNSON.

[2] *Why, man,* &c.] This line is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] —*by their own* insinuation—] By their having insinuated or thrust themselves into the employment. MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. Does it not, think thee [4], ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle [5] for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him [6] with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly known to him from England,
What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.

Ham. It will be ſhort: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to ſay, one.
But I am very ſorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myſelf;
For by the image of my cauſe, I ſee
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours * :
But, ſure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering paſſion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRICK.

Oſr. Your lordſhip is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, ſir.—Doſt know this water-fly †?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile: let a beaſt

[4] — think *thee*,] i. e. bethink thee. MALONE.

[5] *Thrown out his* angle—] An *angle* in Shakſpeare's time ſignified a fiſhing-rod. So, in Lily's *Sapho and Phao*, 1591:

"*Phao.* But he may bleſs fiſhing, that caught ſuch a one in the ſea.

"*Venus.* It was not with an *angle*, my boy, but with a net."

MALONE.

[6] *To quit him*, &c.] To requite him; to pay him his due. JOHNSON.

This paſſage, as well as the three following ſpeeches, is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

* *I'll* count *his favours?*] I'll *count* his favours is—*I will make account* of them, i. e. *reckon upon them, value them.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe for *count* very plauſibly reads *court*. MALONE.

† — *Doſt know this water-fly?*] A *water-fly* ſkips up and down upon the ſurface of the water, without any apparent purpoſe or reaſon, and is thence the proper emblem of a buſy trifler. JOHNSON.

be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough[7]; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord; if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit: Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry[8] and hot; or my complexion—[9].

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry[1],—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—[2]

[Hamlet *moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith[3]. Sir,

[7] —*'Tis a chough*;—] A kind of jackdaw. JOHNSON.

[8] *But yet, methinks, it is very sultry*, &c.] Hamlet is here playing over the same farce with Osrick, which he had formerly done with Polonius. STEEVENS.

[9] —*or* my complexion—] The folios read—*for* my complexion. STEEVENS.

[1] *Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,*]

——— ignículum brumæ si tempore poscas,
Accipit endromidem; si dixeris æstuo, sudat. *Juv.* MALONE.

[2] *I beseech you*, remember—] "*Remember not your courtesy*," I believe, Hamlet would have said, if he had not been interrupted." "Remember thy courtesy," he could not possibly have said, and therefore this abrupt sentence may serve to confirm an emendation which I propose: in Love's *Labour's Lost*, where Armado says—"*I do beseech thee, remember* thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head." I have no doubt that Shakspeare there wrote, "—remember *not* thy courtesy,"—and that the negative was omitted by the negligence of the compositor. MALONE.

[3] *Nay, good my lord*; for my ease, *in good faith.*] This seems to have been the affected phrase of the time.—Thus in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604; "I beseech you, sir, be covered."—"No, in good faith, *for my ease*." And in other places. FARMER.

It appears to have been the common language of ceremony in our poet's time. "Why do you stand *bare-headed?* (says one of the speakers in Florio's SECOND FRUTES, 1591,) you do yourself wrong. Pardon

Sir[4], here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an abſolute gentleman, full of moſt excellent differences[5], of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhewing: Indeed, to ſpeak feelingly[6] of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry[7], for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee[8].

Ham. Sir, his definement[9] ſuffers no perdition in you; —though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; and yet but raw neither[1], in reſpect of his quick ſail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a ſoul of great article[2]; and his infuſion of ſuch dearth[3] and rareneſs, as, to make

Pardon me, good ſir (replies his friend); I do it *for my eaſe*." Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Maſſinger, 1633:

" ——— Is't *for your eaſe*
" You keep your hat off?" MALONE.

4 *Sir*, &c.] The folio omits this and the following fourteen ſpeeches; and in their place ſubſtitutes only, " Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon." STEEVENS.

5 — *full of moſt excellent differences*,—] Full of *diſtinguiſhing* excellencies. JOHNSON.

6 — *ſpeak* feelingly—] The firſt quarto reads *ſellingly*. STEEVENS.

7 — *the card or calendar of gentry*;] The general preceptor of elegance; the *card* by which a gentleman is to direct his courſe; the *calendar* by which he is to chooſe his time, that what he does may be both excellent and ſeaſonable. JOHNSON.

8 — *for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.*] *You ſhall find him containing* and compriſing every *quality* which a *gentleman* would deſire to *contemplate* for imitation. I know not but it ſhould be read, *You ſhall find him the continent*. JOHNSON.

9 *Sir, his definement*, &c.] This is deſigned as a ſpecimen, and ridicule of the court jargon amongſt the *precieux* of that time. The ſenſe in Engliſh is, " Sir, he ſuffers nothing in your account of him, though " to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be endleſs; yet " when we had done our beſt, it would ſtill come ſhort of him. How- " ever, in ſtrictneſs of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character " ſo rarely to be met with, that to find any thing like him we muſt look " into his mirrour, and his imitators will appear no more than his ſha- " dows." WARBURTON.

1 — *and yet but* raw *neither*, &c.] *Raw* is a word of great latitude; *raw* ſignifies *unripe*, *immature*, thence *unformed*, *imperfect*, *unſkilful*. The beſt account of him would be *imperfect*, in reſpect of his quick ſail. The phraſe *quick ſail* was, I ſuppoſe, a proverbial term for *activity of mind*. JOHNSON.

2 — *a ſoul of great* article;—] This is obſcure. I once thought it might have been, *a ſoul of great altitude*; but, I ſuppoſe, *a ſoul of great article*, means *a ſoul of* large comprehenſion, of many contents. The particulars of an inventory are called *articles*. JOHNSON.

3 — *of ſuch dearth*—] *Dearth is dearneſs*, value, price. And his internal qualities of ſuch value and rarity. JOHNSON.

true diction of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour; and, who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Oſr. Your lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, ſir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Oſr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? You will do't, ſir, really[4].

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Oſr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purſe is empty already; all his golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him, ſir.

Oſr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, ſir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me[5];—Well, ſir.

Hor. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

[4] *Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? you will do't, ſir, really.*] Of this interrogatory remark the ſenſe is very obſcure. The queſtion may mean, *might not all this be underſtood in plainer language.* But then, *you will do it, ſir, really*, ſeems to have no uſe, for who could doubt but plain language would be intelligible? I would therefore read, *Is't poſſible* not to be underſtood in a mother *tongue.* You will do it, ſir, really. JOHNSON.

Suppoſe we were to point the paſſage thus: Is't not poſſible to underſtand? in another tongue you will do it, ſir, really.

The ſpeech ſeems to be addreſſed to *Oſrick*, who is puzzled by Hamlet's imitation of his own affected language. STEEVENS.

Theobald has ſilently ſubſtituted *rarely* for *really*. I think Horatio's ſpeech is addreſſed to Hamlet. *Another tongue* does not mean, as I conceive, *plainer language*, (as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed,) but "language ſo fantaſtical and affected as to have the appearance of a *foreign tongue*:" and in the following words Horatio, I think, means to praiſe Hamlet for imitating this kind of babble ſo happily. I ſuſpect, however, that the poet wrote—"Is't *poſſible not* to underſtand in *a mother* tongue? MALONE.

Since this note was written, I have found the very ſame errour in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, 4to. 1605. B. II. p. 60: "—the art of grammar, whereof the uſe in *another* tongue is ſmall, in a foreine tongue more." The author in his table of errata ſays, it ſhould have been printed—in *mother* tongue. MALONE.

[5] —*if you did, it would not much* approve *me*;] If you knew I was not ignorant, your eſteem would not much advance my reputation. To *approve*, is to *recommend to approbation.* JOHNSON.

Ham.

Ham. I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence [6]; but, to know a man well, were to know himſelf.

Oſr. I mean, ſir, for his weapon; but, in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed [7] he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Oſr. The king, ſir, hath wager'd with him ſix Barbary horſes: againſt the which he has impawn'd [8], as I take it, ſix French rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hangers [9], and ſo: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you muſt be edified by the margent [1], ere you had done.

Oſr.

[6] *I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him,* &c.] I dare not pretend to know him, leſt I ſhould pretend to an equality: no man can completely know another, but by knowing himſelf, which is the utmoſt extent of human wiſdom. JOHNSON.

[7] —*in his meed*—] In his excellence. JOHNSON.

[8] —*impawn'd*,—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—*impon'd*. *Pignare* in Italian ſignifies both to *pawn*, and to lay a wager. MALONE.

Perhaps it ſhould be, *depon'd*. So Hudibras:

"I would upon this cauſe *depone*
"As much as any I have known."

But perhaps *imponed* is pledged, *impawned*; ſo ſpelt to ridicule the affectation of uttering Engliſh words with French pronunciation. JOHNSON.

[9] —*as girdle*, hangers, *and ſo*:] i. e. and ſo forth. The word *hangers* has been miſunderſtood. That part of the girdle or belt by which the ſword was ſuſpended, was in our poet's time called *the hangers*. See Minſheu's Dictionary, 1616: "The *hangers* of a ſword. G. Pendants d'eſpée, L. Subcingulum," &c. So, in an Inventory found among the papers of Hamlet Clarke, an attorney of a court of record in London in the year 1611, and printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LVIII, p. 111:

"*Item*, One *payre* of girdle and *hangers*, of ſilver purle, and cullored ſilke.

Item. One payre of girdler and *hangers* upon white ſattene."

The hangers ran in an oblique direction from the middle of the forepart of the girdle acroſs the left thigh, and were attached to the girdle behind. MALONE.

[1] —*you muſt be edified by the margent*,—] Dr. Warburton very properly obſerves, that in the old books the gloſs or comment was uſually

Ofr. The carriages, ſir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more german [2] to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our ſides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horſes againſt ſix French ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet againſt the Daniſh: Why is this impawn'd, as you call it?

Ofr. The king, ſir, hath lay'd [3], that in a dozen paſſes between yourſelf and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits;

printed on the margent of the leaf. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, part 2d, 1630:

" ——————— I read

" Strange comments on thoſe *margins* of your looks."

This ſpeech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] —*more* german—] More *a-kin*. JOHNSON.

[3] *The king, ſir, hath lay'd*, &c.] This wager I do not underſtand. In a dozen paſſes one muſt exceed the other more or leſs than three hits. Nor can I comprehend, how, in a dozen, there can be twelve to nine. The paſſage is of no importance; it is ſufficient that there was a wager. The quarto has the paſſage as it ſtands. The folio, *He hath one twelve for mine*. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, The king hath laid that *in* a game of *a dozen paſſes*, or in other words, in a trial of ſkill with foils, which is to be *within*, or at the utmoſt, *not to go beyond*, a dozen paſſes or bouts, Laertes does not exceed you three hits; *the king hath laid on* the principle of him who makes a bet, with the chance of gaining *twelve for nine* that he may loſe: or, in the language of gameſters, the king (by the advantage allowed to the prince,) hath *odds*, tantamount to *four to three*.

So, in *The Tempeſt*,

——each putter out, *on three for one*,"

means, each layer out of money on the terms of *gaining three* pounds, &c. if he returns from his travels, *for one* that he hath ſtaked, and will loſe, if he does not return.

If the words, "*he hath lay'd*, &c. relate to *Laertes*, they muſt mean, I think, that "*Laertes hath laid on* the principle of one who undertakes to make *twelve paſſes for nine*, that his adverſary ſhall make; on the *ratio* of twelve to nine.

Dr. Johnſon objects very plauſibly to this wager, that in a dozen paſſes one muſt exceed the other more or leſs than three hits: nor can there, ſays he, in a dozen paſſes be *twelve to nine*. If my interpretation of the words—*he hath laid on twelve for nine*, be right, the latter objection is done away: for theſe words relate to the nature or *principle of the bet*, and not to the *number of paſſes* actually to be made.

Let us then conſider the other objection.—In a dozen paſſes or bouts, *if they are play'd out*, one muſt certainly exceed the other more or leſs than three hits; for the victor muſt either gain eight to four, or ſeven to five. But Shakſpeare by the words—*in a dozen paſſes*, meant, I believe,—

hits; he hath lay'd, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer, no?

Oſr. I mean, my lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it pleaſe his majeſty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpoſe, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Oſr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect, ſir; after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend it himſelf; there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

lieve,—*within a dozen paſſes*, or *in a game that at the utmoſt may be extended to a dozen paſſes*. In ſuch a game it *might* be aſcertained that Laertes could not exceed Hamlet by three hits, without the twelve paſſes being made: for if Hamlet obtained the firſt five hits, the king would win his wager, and it would be uſeleſs to play out the remaining paſſes, inaſmuch as Laertes could not, in that caſe, exceed his adverſary by three hits. So, if Laertes was ſucceſsful in the firſt five, and Hamlet in the ſecond five,—the game would be at an end, and Hamlet be victorious; for the remaining hits could avail Laertes nothing: and ſo in other caſes that might be put.

A caſe, however, it muſt be acknowledged, might ariſe, in which it might be neceſſary to play out the whole twelve paſſes. Thus, if Hamlet had made four hits, and Laertes, ſeven, Hamlet would have a right to inſiſt on the twelfth bout being played, becauſe if he was ſucceſsful in that, his antagoniſt would be defeated, and loſe his wager.

Shakſpeare probably did not advert to the circumſtance, that if the whole twelve paſſes were made, one muſt exceed the other by more or leſs than three hits, becauſe it is obvious that the wager *might* be determined without twelve paſſes being made.

Three bits, was, I ſuppoſe, the uſual number by which ſuperior ſkill in the uſe of the ſword was aſcertained in Shakſpeare's time. In Maſter Slender's engagement with a maſter of defence, the victor on making *three venies*, i. e. *bits*, more than his antagoniſt, was to have a diſh of ſtew'd prunes. How many bouts or paſſes were allowed, is not mentioned; but probably the game generally was limited, and not permitted to exceed twelve paſſes.—The paſſage alluded to, has been miſunderſtood. See the note on it in Vol. XIV. in the APPENDIX. MALONE.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head[4].

Ham. He did comply with his dug[5], before he ſuck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the ſame breed[6], that, I know, the droſſy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter[7]; a kind of

[4] *This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.*] I ſee no particular propriety in the image of the lapwing. Oſrick did not run till he had done his buſineſs. We may read, *This lapwing* ran *away*—That is, *this fellow was full of unimportant buſtle from his birth.* JOHNSON.

The ſame image occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*:

" ——— and coachmen
" To mount their boxes reverently, and drive,
" Like *lapwings with a ſhell upon their heads*,
" Thorough the ſtreets."

And I have ſince met with it in ſeveral other plays. The meaning, I believe, is,—This is a *forward* fellow. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*, 1612:

" ——— *Forward* lapwing,
" He flies with the ſhell on's head."

Again, in *Revenge of Honour*, by Chapman:

" Boldneſs enforces youth to hard atchievements
" Before their time; makes them run forth like *lapwings*
" From their warm neſt, part of the *ſhell yet ſticking*
" Unto their downy heads." STEEVENS.

I believe, Hamlet means to ſay that Oſrick is, buſtling and impetuous, and yet "but *raw* in reſpect of his quick ſail." So, in *The Character of an Oxford Incendiary*, 1643: "This *lapwing* incendiary ran away *half-hatch'd* from Oxford, to raiſe a combuſtion in Scotland."

In Meres's *Wit's Treaſury*, 1598, we have the ſame image expreſſed exactly in our poet's words: "As *the lapwing runneth away with the ſhell on her head*, as ſoon as ſhe is hatched," &c. MALONE.

[5] *He did* comply *with his dug*, &c.] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads—*A* [i. e. *be*] did, ſir, with his dug, &c. For *comply* Dr. Warburton and the ſubſequent editors; read—*compliment*. The verb *to compliment* was not uſed, as I think, in the time of Shakſpeare. MALONE.

Shakſpeare ſeems to have uſed *comply* in the ſenſe in which we uſe the verb *compliment*. See before, Act II. ſc. ii. *let me* comply *with you in this garb*. TYRWHITT.

[6] — *and* many *more of the ſame* breed.] The firſt folio has—*and* mine *more of the ſame* beavy. The ſecond folio—*and* nine *more*, &c. Perhaps the laſt is the true reading. STEEVENS.

There may be a propriety in *beavy*, as he has juſt call'd him a *lapwing*. TOLLET.

" Many more of the ſame breed," is the reading of the quarto, 1604. MALONE.

[7] — *outward habit of encounter*;] Thus the folio. The quartos—read—*out of an* habit of encounter. STEEVENS.

We ſhould, I think, read—*an* outward habit, &c. MALONE.

yeſty

yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt fond and winnow'd opinions[8]; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out[9].

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord[1], his majeſty commended him to you by young Oſrick, who brings back to him, that you at-

[8] — *a kind of* yeſty *collection, which carries them through and through the moſt* fond *and winnow'd opinions*;] This paſſage in the quarto ſtands thus: "They have got out of the habit of encounter, a kind of miſty "collection, which carries them through and through the moſt profane "and trennowned opinions." If this printer preſerved any traces of the original, our author wrote, "the moſt *fane* and *renowned* opinions," which is better than [the reading propoſed by Dr. Warburton,] *fann'd* and *winnowed*.

The meaning is, "theſe men have got the cant of the day, a ſuper-"ficial readineſs of ſlight and curſory converſation, a kind of frothy "collection of faſhionable prattle, which yet carries them through the "moſt ſelect and approved judgments. This airy facility of talk ſome-"times impoſes upon wiſe men."

Who has not ſeen this obſervation verified? JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1604, reads, "—dotes on; *only* got the tune of the time, and out of *an* habit," &c. and—not *miſty*, but *biſty*; the folio rightly, *yeſty*: the ſame quarto has not *trennowned*, but *trennowed* (a corruption of *winnowed*,) for which (according to the uſual proceſs,) the next quarto gave *trennowned*. *Fond* and *winnowed* is the reading of the folio. MALONE.

Fond is evidently oppoſed to *winnowed*. Fond, in the language of Shakſpeare's age, ſignified *fooliſh*. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Thou naughty jailer, why art thou ſo *fond*," &c.

Winnowed is *ſifted, examined*. The ſenſe is then, that their converſation was yet ſucceſsful enough to make them paſſable not only with the weak, but with thoſe of ſounder judgment. The ſame oppoſition in terms is viſible in the reading which the quartos offer. *Profane* or *vulgar*, is oppoſed to *trenowned*, or *thrice renowned*. STEEVENS.

Fann'd and *winnow'd* ſeems right to me. Both words, *winnowed*, *fand** and dreſt, occur together in Markham's *Engliſh Huſbandman*, p. 117. So do fan'd and winnow'd, fanned and winnowed, in his *Huſbandry*, p. 18, 76, and 77. So Shakſpeare mentions together the *fan* and *wind* in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V. ſc. iii. TOLLET.

[9] — *do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.*] Theſe men of ſhow, without ſolidity, are like bubbles raiſed from ſoap and water, which dance, and glitter, and pleaſe the eye, but if you extend them, by blowing hard, ſeparate into a miſt; ſo, if you oblige theſe ſpecious talkers to extend their compaſs of converſation, they at once diſcover the tenuity of their intellects. JOHNSON.

[1] *My lord*, &c.] All that paſſes between *Hamlet* and this *Lord* is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

* So written without the apoſtrophe, and eaſily might in MS. be miſtaken for *fond*.

tend him in the hall: He ſends to know, if your pleaſure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the king's pleaſure: if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready; now, or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen deſires you, to uſe ſome gentle entertainment [2] to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well inſtructs me. [*Exit* Lord.

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo; ſince he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds [3]. But thou would'ſt not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gain-giving [4], as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it [5]: I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readineſs is all: Since

[2] —*gentle entertainment*—] Mild and temperate converſation. JOHNSON.

[3] *I ſhall win at* the odds.] I ſhall ſucceed with the advantage that I am allowed. MALONE.

[4] —*of* gain-giving,] *Gain-giving* is the ſame as *miſ-giving*. STEEVENS.

[5] *If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it:*] With theſe preſages of future evils ariſing in the mind, the poet has forerun many events which are to happen at the concluſion of his plays; and ſometimes ſo particularly, that even the circumſtances of calamity are minutely hinted at, as in the inſtance of Juliet, who tells her lover from the window, that he appears *like one dead in the bottom of a tomb*. The ſuppoſition that the genius of the mind gave the alarm before approaching diſſolution, is a very ancient one, and perhaps can never be totally driven out: yet it muſt be allowed the merit of adding beauty to poetry, however injurious it may ſometimes prove to the weak and the ſuperſtitious. STEEVENS.

no

no man of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes[6]? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, *and Attendants with foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.
[*The* King *puts the hand of* Laertes *into that of* Hamlet.
Ham. Give me your pardon, sir[7]: I have done you wrong;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

[6] *Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes?*] The old quarto reads, *Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.* This is the true reading. Here the premises conclude right, and the argument drawn out at length is to this effect: "It is true, that, by death, we lose all the goods of life, yet "seeing this loss is no otherwise an evil than as we are sensible of it; "and since death removes all sense of it, what matters it how soon "we lose them? Therefore come what will, I am prepared."

WARBURTON.

The reading of the quarto was right, but in some other copy the harshness of the transposition was softened, and the passage stood thus: *Since no man knows aught of what he leaves.* For *knows* was printed in the later copies *has*, by a slight blunder in such typographers.

I do not think Dr. Warburton's interpretation of the passage the best that it will admit. The meaning may be this: Since *no man knows aught of* the state of life which *he leaves*, since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should he be afraid of *leaving* life betimes? Why should he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an exclusion of happiness, or an interception of calamity. I despise the superstition of augury and omens, which has no ground in reason or piety; my comfort is, that I cannot fall but by the direction of providence.

Hanmer has, *Since no man* owes *aught*, a conjecture not very reprehensible. Since *no man can call any possession certain*, what is it to leave? JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has truly stated the reading of the first quarto, 1604. The folio reads—Since no man *has* ought *of what* he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

In the late editions neither copy has been followed. MALONE.

[7] *Give me your pardon, sir:*] I wish Hamlet had made some other defence; it is unsuitable to the character of a good or a brave man, to shelter himself in falsehood. JOHNSON.

Was't

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himſelf be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himſelf, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madneſs: If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madneſs is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience[8],
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me ſo far in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I have ſhot my arrow o'er the houſe,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am ſatisfy'd in nature[9],
Whoſe motive, in this caſe, ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I ſtand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
'Till by ſome elder maſters, of known honour[1],
I have [illegible] voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your ſkill ſhall, like a ſtar i' the darkeſt night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

[8] *Sir*, &c.] This paſſage I have reſtored from the folio. STEEVENS.

[9] *I am ſatisfied in* nature, &c.] This was a piece of ſatire on fantaſtical honour. Though *nature* is ſatisfied, yet he will aſk advice of older men of the ſword, whether *artificial honour* ought to be contented with Hamlet's ſubmiſſion.

There is a paſſage ſomewhat ſimilar in the *Maid's Tragedy*:

"*Evad.* Will you forgive me then?

"*Mel.* Stay, I muſt *aſk mine honour* firſt." STEEVENS.

[1] *Till by ſome* elder maſters, *of known honour*,] Mr. Steevens thinks that "this is ſaid in alluſion to the *ancient maſters of defence*," of Shakſpeare's time. Our poet frequently alludes to Engliſh cuſtoms, and may have done ſo here, but I do not believe that gentlemen ever ſubmitted points of honour to perſons who exhibited themſelves for money as prize-fighters on the publick ſtage; though they might appeal in certain caſes to Raleigh, Eſſex, or Southampton, who from their high rank, their courſe of life, and eſtabliſhed reputation, might with ſtrict propriety be ſtyled, "elder maſters, *of known honour*." MALONE.

Laer.

Laer. You mock me, ſir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Oſrick.—Couſin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker ſide[2].

King. I do not fear it; I have ſeen you both:—
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well: Theſe foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*

Oſr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the ſtoups of wine upon that table[3]:
If Hamlet give the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king ſhall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union ſhall he throw[4],
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeak,

[2] *Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker ſide.*] Hamlet either means, that what the king hath laid was more valuable than what Laertes ſtaked; or that *the king hath made his bet, an advantage being given to the weaker party.* I believe the firſt is the true interpretation. In the next line but one the word *odds* certainly means *an advantage given to the party*, but here it may have a different ſenſe. This is not an uncommon practice with our poet. MALONE.

[3] —*the ſtoups* of wine—] A *ſtoup* is a *flaggon*, or *bowl*. STEEVENS.

Containing ſomewhat more than two quarts. MALONE.

[4] *And in the cup an* union *ſhall he throw,*] Thus the folio rightly. In the firſt quarto by the careleſſneſs of the printer, for *union*, we have *unice*; which in the ſubſequent quarto copies was made *onyx*. An *union* is a very precious pearl. See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, and Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. MALONE.

The *union* is thus mentioned in P. Holland's tranſlation of *Pliny's Nat. Hiſt.* "And hereupon it is that our dainties and delicates here at Rome, &c. call them *unions*, as a man would ſay ſingular and by themſelves alone."

To ſwallow a *pearl* in a draught ſeems to have been equally common to royal and mercantile prodigality. So, in the ſecond part of *If you know not me, you know No Body*, 1606, Sir Thomas Greſham ſays:

"Here 16,000 pound at one clap goes.
"Inſtead of ſugar, Greſham *drinks this pearle*
"Unto his queen and miſtreſs." STEEVENS.

The

The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine[5];
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.*

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.
Come.—Another hit; What say you? [*They play.*

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath[6].—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late. [*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

5 —*this* pearl *is thine*;] Under pretence of throwing a *pearl* into the cup, the king may be supposed to drop some poisonous drug into the wine. Hamlet seems to suspect this, when he afterwards discovers the effects of the poison, and tauntingly asks him,—*Is the union here?* STEEVENS.

6 Queen. *He's fat, and scant of breath.*] It seems that *John Lowin*, who was the original *Falstaff*, was no less celebrated for his performance of *Henry VIII.* and *Hamlet*. See the *Historia Histrionica*, &c. If he was adapted, by the corpulence of his figure, to appear with propriety in the two former of these characters, Shakspeare might have put this observation into the mouth of her majesty, to apologize for the want of such elegance of person as an audience might expect to meet with in the representative of the youthful Prince of Denmark, whom Ophelia speaks of "as the glass of fashion, and the mould of form." This, however, is mere conjecture, as *Joseph Taylor* likewise acted *Hamlet* during the life of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

The authour of *Historia Histrionica*, and Downes the prompter, concur in saying that Taylor was the performer of Hamlet. Roberts the player alone has asserted, (apparently without any authority,) that this part was performed by Lowin. MALONE.

Queen.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think it.
Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience. [*Aſide.*
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but dally; I pray you, paſs with your beſt violence; I am afeard, you make a wanton of me[7].
Laer. Say you ſo? come on. [*They play.*
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet; *then, in ſcuffling, they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again. [*The queen falls.*
Oſr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both ſides:—How is it, my lord?
Oſr. How is't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own ſpringe, Oſrick; I am juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!—
The drink, the drink;—I am poiſon'd! [*dies.*
Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out. [Laertes *falls.*
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art ſlain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itſelf on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to riſe again: Thy mother's poiſon'd;
I can no more;—the king, the king's to blame.

[7] —*you make a* wanton *of me.*] A *wanton* was a man feeble and effeminate. In *Cymbeline*, Imogen ſays, I am not
" —ſo citizen a *wanton*, as
" To ſeem to die, ere ſick." JOHNSON.
A paſſage in *K. John* ſhews that *wanton* here means *a man feeble and effeminate*, as Dr. Johnſon has explained it:
" ——— Shall a beardleſs *boy*,
" A cocker'd ſilken *wanton*, brave our fields,
" And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil," &c. MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work. [*ſtabs the king.*

Oſr. and Lords. Treaſon! treaſon!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou inceſtuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—Is the union here[8]?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is juſtly ſerv'd;
It is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.—
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act[9],
Had I but time, (as this fell ſerjeant, death,
Is ſtrict in his arreſt[1],) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'ſt; report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet ſome liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have it.—
O God!—Horatio[2], what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind me[3]?
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart,

[8] *Is the* union *here?*] Thus the folio. In a former paſſage in the quarto, 1604, for *union* we had *unice*; here it has *onyx*.

It ſhould ſeem from this line, and Laertes's next ſpeech, that Hamlet here forces the expiring king to drink ſome of the poiſoned cup, and that he dies while it is at his lips. MALONE.

[9] *That are but mutes or audience to this act,*] That are either mere *auditors* of this *cataſtrophe*, or at moſt only *mute performers*, that fill the ſtage without any part in the action. JOHNSON.

[1] — *as this* fell ſerjeant, *death*,
Is ſtrict in his arreſt,] So, in our poet's 74th Sonnet:
" — when that *fell arreſt*,
" *Without all bail*, ſhall carry me away,—." MALONE.

[2] *O God!*—Horatio, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1604. Folio: O *good* Horatio. MALONE.

[3] — *ſhall* live *behind me?*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—ſhall *I leave* behind me. STEEVENS.

Abſent

Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my ſtory.— [*March afar off, and ſhot within.*
What warlike noiſe is this?

Oſr. Young Fortinbras, with conqueſt come from Poland,
To the ambaſſadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poiſon quite o'er-crows my ſpirit[4];
I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do propheſy, the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents[5], more and leſs,
Which have ſolicited[6],—The reſt is ſilence. [*dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart:—Good night, ſweet prince;
And flights of angels ſing thee to thy reſt[7]!—
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

Enter

[4] *The potent poiſon quite* o'er-crows *my ſpirit*;] This word, for which Mr. Pope and the ſucceeding editors have ſubſtituted *over-grows*, is uſed by Holinſhed in his *Hiſtory of Ireland*: "Theſe noblemen laboured with tooth and nayle to *over crowe*, and conſequently to overthrow, one another."

Again, in the epiſtle prefixed to Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593: "About two yeeres ſince a certayne demi-devine took upon him to ſet his foote to mine, and *over-crowe* mee with comparative terms."

I find the reading which Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors adopted, (*o'ergrows*,) was taken from a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1637. MALONE.

[5] —*the* occurrents,] i. e. incidents. The word is now diſuſed. So, in *The Hog hath loſt his Pearl*, 1614:

"Such ſtrange *occurrents* of my fore-paſt life." STEEVENS.

[6] *Which have* ſolicited,—] What Hamlet would have ſaid, the poet has not given us any ground for conjecturing. By *ſolicited*, Dr. Warburton underſtands, *brought on the event*. The words ſeem to mean no more than—*which have incited me to*—. MALONE.

[7] *Now* cracks *a noble heart:—Good night, ſweet prince*;
And flights of angels ſing thee to thy reſt!] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"If thou liv'ſt, Pericles, thou haſt a *heart*,
"That even *cracks* for woe."

The concluding words of the unfortunate Lord Eſſex's prayer on the ſcaffold were theſe: "and when my life and body ſhall part, ſend *thy bleſſed angels, which may receive my ſoule, and convey it to the joys of heaven.*"

Hamlet

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the* Engliſh Ambaſſadors, *and Others.*

Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it, you would ſee?

If

Hamlet had certainly been exhibited before the execution of that amiable nobleman; but the words here given to Horatio might have been one of the many additions made to this play. As no copy of an earlier date than 1604 has yet been diſcovered, whether Lord Eſſex's laſt words were in our authour's thoughts, cannot now be aſcertained.

MALONE.

Let us review for a moment the behaviour of Hamlet, on the ſtrength of which Horatio founds this eulogy, and recommends him to the patronage of angels.

Hamlet, at the command of his father's ghoſt, undertakes with ſeeming alacrity to revenge the murder; and declares he will baniſh all other thoughts from his mind. He makes, however, but one effort to keep his word, and that is, when he miſtakes Polonius for the king. On another occaſion, he defers his purpoſe till he can find an opportunity of taking his uncle when he is leaſt prepared for death, that he may inſure damnation to his ſoul. Though he aſſaſſinated Polonius by accident, yet he deliberately procures the execution of his ſchool-fellows, Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern, who appear to have been unacquainted with the treacherous purpoſes of the mandate which they were employed to carry. Their death (as he declares in a ſubſequent converſation with Horatio) gives him no concern, for they obtruded themſelves into the ſervice, and he thought he had a right to deſtroy them. He is not leſs accountable for the diſtraction and death of Ophelia. He comes to interrupt the funeral deſigned in honour of this lady, at which both the king and queen were preſent; and, by ſuch an outrage to decency, renders it ſtill more neceſſary for the uſurper to lay a ſecond ſtratagem for his life, though the firſt had proved abortive. He comes to inſult the brother of the dead, and to boaſt of an affection for his ſiſter, which, before, he had denied to her face; and yet at this very time muſt be conſidered as deſirous of ſupporting the character of a madman, ſo that the openneſs of his confeſſion is not to be imputed to him as a virtue. He apologizes to Horatio afterwards for the abſurdity of this behaviour, to which, he ſays, he was provoked by that nobleneſs of fraternal grief, which, indeed, he ought rather to have applauded than condemned. Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, that to bring about a reconciliation with Laertes, he has availed himſelf of a diſhoneſt fallacy; and to conclude, it is obvious to the moſt careleſs ſpectator or reader, that he kills the king at laſt to revenge himſelf, and not his father.

Hamlet cannot be ſaid to have purſued his ends by very warrantable means; and if the poet, when he ſacrificed him at laſt, meant to have enforced ſuch a moral, it is not the worſt that can be deduced from

If aught of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. This quarry cries on havock[9] !—O proud death!

What

from the play; for, as *Maximus*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, ſays,

" Although his juſtice were as white as truth,
" His way was crooked to it; that condemns him."

The late Dr. Akenſide once obſerved to me, that the conduct of Hamlet was every way unnatural and indefenſible, unleſs he were to be regarded as a young man whoſe intellects were in ſome degree impaired by his own misfortunes; by the death of his father, the loſs of expected ſovereignty, and a ſenſe of ſhame reſulting from the haſty and inceſtuous marriage of his mother.

I have dwelt the longer on this ſubject, becauſe Hamlet ſeems to have been hitherto regarded as a hero not undeſerving the pity of the audience; and becauſe no writer on Shakſpeare has taken the pains to point out the immoral tendency of his character. STEEVENS.

Some of the charges here brought againſt Hamlet appear to me queſtionable at leaſt, if not unfounded. I have already obſerved that in the novel on which this play is conſtructed, the miniſters who by the king's order accompanied the young prince to England, and carried with them a packet in which his death was concerted, were apprized of its contents; and therefore we may *preſume* that Shakſpeare meant to deſcribe their repreſentatives, Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern, as equally criminal; as combining with the king to deprive Hamlet of his life. His procuring their execution therefore does not with certainty appear to have been an unprovoked cruelty, and *might* have been conſidered by him as neceſſary to his *future ſafety*; knowing, as he muſt have known, that they had devoted themſelves to the ſervice of the king in whatever he ſhould command. The principle on which he acted, is aſcertained by the following lines, from which alſo it may be inferred that the poet meant to repreſent Hamlet's ſchool-fellows as privy to the plot againſt his life:

" There's letters ſeal'd: and my two ſchool-fellows—
" Whom I will truſt as I will adders fang'd,—
" They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
" And marſhall me to knavery: Let it work;
" For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
" Hoiſt with his own petar; and it ſhall go hard,
" But I will delve one yard below *their* mines,
" *And blow them to the moon.*"

Another charge is, that " *he comes to diſturb the funeral of Ophelia:*" but the fact is otherwiſe repreſented in the firſt ſcene of the fifth act: for when the funeral proceſſion appears, (which he does not ſeek, but finds,) he exclaims,

" The queen, the courtiers: *who is this they follow,*
" And with ſuch maimed rites?"

nor does he know it to be the funeral of Ophelia, till Laertes mentions that the dead body was that of his ſiſter.

I do not perceive that he is accountable for the madneſs of Ophelia. He did not mean to kill her father when concealed behind the arras, but the king; and ſtill leſs did he intend to deprive her of her reaſon and her life:

What feaſt is toward in thine eternal cell[1],
That thou ſo many princes, at a ſhot,
So bloodily hath ſtruck?

1. *Amb.* The ſight is diſmal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs, that ſhould give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?

---

life: her ſubſequent diſtraction therefore can no otherwiſe be laid to his charge, than as an unforeſeen conſequence from his too ardently purſuing the object recommended to him by his father.

He appears to have been induced to leap into Ophelia's grave, not with a deſign to inſult Laertes, but from his love to her, (which then he had no reaſon to conceal,) and from the *bravery of her brother's grief*, which excited him (not to condemn that brother, as has been ſtated, but) to *vie* with him in the expreſſion of affection and ſorrow:

"Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
"Until my eyelids will no longer wag.—
"I lov'd Ophelia; forty thouſand brothers
"Could not with all their quantity of love
"Make up my ſum."

When Hamlet ſays, "the bravery of his grief did put me into a *towering paſſion*," I think, he means, into a lofty expreſſion (not of *reſentment*, but) of *ſorrow*. So, in *King John*:

"She is *ſad* and *paſſionate* at your highneſs' tent."

Again, more appoſitely in the play before us:

"The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
"(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all,)
"Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
"And *paſſion* in the gods."

I may alſo add, that he neither aſſaulted, nor inſulted Laertes, till that nobleman had curſed him, and ſeized him by the throat.

MALONE.

9 *This quarry cries on havock!*] Hanmer reads,

——— *cries* out, *havock!*

To *cry on*, was to *exclaim againſt*. I ſuppoſe, when unfair ſportſmen deſtroyed more *quarry* or *game* than was reaſonable, the cenſure was to cry, *Havock*. JOHNSON.

We have the ſame phraſeology in *Othello*, Act V. ſc. i.

"— Whoſe noiſe is this, that *cries on* murder?"

See the note there. MALONE.

1 *What* feaſt *is toward in thine* eternal *cell*,] Shakſpeare has already employed this alluſion to the *Choæ*, or *feaſts of the dead*, which were anciently celebrated at Athens, and are mentioned by Plutarch in the life of *Antonius*. Our author likewiſe makes *Talbot* ſay to his ſon in the Firſt Part of *King Henry VI*:

"Now art thou come unto a *feaſt of death*." STEEVENS.

Hor.

Hor. Not from his mouth[2],
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But ſince, ſo jump upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd; give order, that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view;
And let me ſpeak, to the yet unknowing world,
How theſe things came about: So ſhall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts[3];
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters;
Of deaths put on [4] by cunning, and forc'd cauſe [5];
And, in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience.
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have ſome rights of memory in this kingdom[6],
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more[7]:

But

[2] —*his mouth,*] *i. e.* the king's. STEEVENS.

[3] *Of* carnal, *bloody, and unnatural acts*;] Of ſanguinary and unnatural acts, to which the perpetrator was inſtigated by concupiſcence, or, to uſe our poet's own words, by "*carnal* ſtings." The ſpeaker alludes to the murder of old Hamlet by his brother, previous to his inceſtuous union with Gertrude. A feeble *Remarker* aſks, "was the relationſhip between the uſurper and the deceaſed king a ſecret confined to Horatio?" —No, but the *murder* of Hamlet by Claudius was a ſecret which the young prince had imparted to Horatio, and had imparted to him alone; and to this it is he principally, though covertly, alludes.—*Carnal* is the reading of the only authentick copies, the quarto 1604, and the folio 1623. The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, for *carnal* read *cruel*. MALONE.

[4] *Of deaths* put on—] i. e. inſtigated, produced. MALONE.

[5] —*and* forc'd cauſe;] Thus the folio. The quartos read—and *for no* cauſe. STEEVENS.

[6] —*ſome rights* of memory *in this kingdom,*] Some rights, which are remembered in this kingdom. MALONE.

[7] *And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more:*] Thus the folio. The quarto 1604, reads—draw *no* more. MALONE.

Hamlet, juſt before his death, had ſaid,

But I do prophely, the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, *&c.*

Accordingly,

But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; leſt more miſchance,
On plots, and errors, happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a ſoldier, to the ſtage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally: and, for his paſſage,
The ſoldiers' muſick, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—Such a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
Go, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot[8]. [*A dead march.*
[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which, a peal of ordnance is ſhot off.*

Accordingly, Horatio here delivers that meſſage; and very juſtly infers, that Hamlet's *voice* will be ſeconded by others, and procure them in favour of Fortinbras's ſucceſſion. THEOBALD.

[8] If the dramas of Shakſpeare were to be characteriſed, each by the particular excellence which diſtinguiſhes it from the reſt, we muſt allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praiſe of variety. The incidents are ſo numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The ſcenes are interchangeably diverſified with merriment and ſolemnity; with merriment that includes judicious and inſtructive obſervations; and ſolemnity not ſtrained by poetical violence above the natural ſentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual ſucceſſion, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of converſation. The pretended madneſs of Hamlet cauſes much mirth, the mournful diſtraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderneſs, and every perſonage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the firſt act chills the blood with horrour, to the fop in the laſt, that expoſes affectation to juſt contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly ſecure againſt objections. The action is indeed for the moſt part in continual progreſſion, but there are ſome ſcenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madneſs of Hamlet there appears no adequate cauſe, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of ſanity. He plays the madman moſt, when he treats Ophelia with ſo much rudeneſs, which ſeems to be uſeleſs and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an inſtrument than an agent. After he has, by the ſtratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to puniſh him; and his death is at laſt effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The cataſtrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of neceſſity, than a ſtroke of art. A ſcheme might eaſily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.

The poet is accuſed of having ſhewn little regard to poetical juſtice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpoſe; the revenge which

which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would arise from the deſtruction of an uſurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmleſs, and the pious.

JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE II. P. 261.

The rugged Pyrrhus, he, &c.] The two greateſt poets of this and the laſt age, Mr. Dryden, in the preface to *Troilus and Creſſida*, and Mr. Pope in his note on this place, have concurred in thinking that Shakſpeare produced this long paſſage with deſign to ridicule and expoſe the bombaſt of the play from whence it was taken; and that Hamlet's commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. I think juſt otherwiſe; and that it was given with commendation to upbraid the falſe taſte of the audience of that time, which would not ſuffer them to do juſtice to the ſimplicity and ſublime of this production. And I reaſon, firſt, from the character Hamlet gives of the play, from whence the paſſage is taken. Secondly, from the paſſage itſelf. And thirdly, from the effect it had on the audience.

Let us conſider the character Hamlet gives of it. *The play, I remember, pleaſed not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honeſt method.* They who ſuppoſe the paſſage given to be ridiculed, muſt needs ſuppoſe this character to be purely ironical. But if ſo, it is the ſtrangeſt irony that ever was written. *It pleaſed not the multitude.* This we muſt conclude to be true, however ironical the reſt be. Now the reaſon given of the deſigned ridicule is the ſuppoſed bombaſt. But thoſe were the very plays, which at that time we know took with the multitude. And Fletcher wrote a kind of *Rehearſal* purpoſely to expoſe them. But ſay it is bombaſt, and that therefore it took not with the multitude. Hamlet preſently tells us what it was that diſpleaſed them. *There was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honeſt method.* Now whether a perſon ſpeaks ironically or no, when he quotes others, yet common ſenſe requires he ſhould quote what they ſay. Now it could not be, if this play diſpleaſed becauſe of the bombaſt, that thoſe whom it diſpleaſed ſhould give this reaſon for their diſlike. The ſame inconſiſtencies and abſurdities abound in every other part of Hamlet's ſpeech, ſuppoſing it to be ironical; but take him as ſpeaking his ſentiments, the whole is of a piece; and to this purpoſe. The play, I remember, pleaſed not the multitude, and the reaſon was, its being wrote on the rules of the ancient drama; to which they were entire ſtrangers. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of thoſe for whoſe judgement I have the higheſt eſteem, it was an excellent play, *well digeſted in the ſcenes*, i. e. where the three unities were well preſerved. *Set down with as much modeſty as cunning*, i. e. where not only the art of compoſition, but the ſimplicity of nature, was carefully attended to. The characters were a faithful picture of life and manners, in which nothing was overcharged into farce. But theſe qualities, which gained my eſteem, loſt the public's. For *I remember one ſaid, There was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury*, i. e. there was not, according

cording to the mode of that time, a fool or clown, to joke, quibble, and talk freely. *Nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection*, i. e. nor none of those passionate, pathetic love scenes, so essential to modern tragedy. *But be called it an honest method*, i. e. he owned, however *tasteless* this method of writing, on the ancient plan, was to our times, yet it was chaste and pure; the distinguishing character of the Greek drama. I need only make one observation on all this; that, thus interpreted, it is the justest picture of a good tragedy, wrote on the ancient rules. And that I have rightly interpreted it, appears farther from what we find in the old quarto, *An honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more* HANDSOME *than* FINE, i. e. it had a natural beauty, but none of the fucus of false art.

2. A second proof that this speech was given to be admired, is from the intrinsic merit of the speech itself; which contains the description of a circumstance very happily imagined, namely, Ilium and Priam's falling together, with the effect it had on the destroyer.

——— *The hellish Pyrrhus*, &c.
To, *Repugnant to command.*
The unnerved father falls, &c.
To, ——— *So after Pyrrhus' pause.*

Now this circumstance, illustrated with the fine similitude of the storm, is so highly worked up, as to have well deserved a place in Virgil's second book of the *Æneid*, even though the work had been carried on to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.

3. The third proof is, from the effects which followed on the recital. Hamlet, his best character, approves it; the player is deeply affected in repeating it; and only the foolish Polonius tired with it. We have said enough before of Hamlet's sentiments. As for the player, he changes colour, and the tears start from his eyes. But our author was too good a judge of nature to make bombast and unnatural sentiment produce such an effect. Nature and Horace both instructed him.

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primùm ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
Telephe, vel Peleu. MALE SI MANDATA LOQUERIS,
Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.

And it may be worth observing, that Horace gives this precept particularly to shew, that bombast and unnatural sentiments are incapable of moving the tender passions, which he is directing the poet how to raise. For in the lines just before, he gives this rule:

Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba.

Not that I would deny, that very bad lines in bad tragedies have had this effect. But then it always proceeds from one or other of these causes:

1. Either when the subject is domestic, and the scene lies at home; the spectators in this case, become interested in the fortunes of the distressed; and their thoughts are so much taken up with the subject, that they are not at liberty to attend to the poet; who otherwise, by his faulty sentiments and diction, would have stifled the emotions springing up from a sense of the distress. But this is nothing to the case in hand. For, as Hamlet says,

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?

2. When

2. When bad lines raise this affection, they are bad in the other extreme; low, abject, and groveling, instead of being highly figurative and swelling; yet, when attended with a natural simplicity, they have force enough to strike illiterate and simple minds. The tragedies of Banks will justify both these observations.

But if any one will still say, that Shakspeare intended to represent a player unnaturally and fantastically affected, we must appeal to Hamlet, that is, to Shakspeare himself in this matter; who, on the reflection he makes upon the player's emotion, in order to excite his own revenge, gives not the least hint that the player was unnaturally or injudiciously moved. On the contrary, his fine description of the actor's emotion shews, he thought just otherwise:

——— this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage wan'd:
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, &c.

And indeed had Hamlet esteemed this emotion any thing unnatural, it had been a very improper circumstance to spur him to his purpose.

As Shakspeare has here shewn the effects which a fine description of nature, heightened with all the ornaments of art, had upon an intelligent player, whose business habituates him to enter intimately and deeply into the characters of men and manners, and to give nature its free workings on all occasions; so he has artfully shewn what effects the very same scene would have upon a quite different man, Polonius; *by nature*, very weak and very artificial [two qualities, though commonly enough joined in life, yet generally so much disguised as not to be seen by common eyes to be together; and which an ordinary poet durst not have brought so near one another]; *by discipline*, practised in a species of wit and eloquence, which was stiff, forced, and pedantic; and *by trade* a politician, and therefore, of consequence, without any of the affecting notices of humanity. Such is the man whom Shakspeare has judiciously chosen to represent the false taste of that audience which had condemned the play here reciting. When the actor comes to the finest and most pathetic part of the speech, Polonius cries out, *This is too long*; on which Hamlet, in contempt of his ill judgment, replies, *It shall to the barber's with thy beard*; [intimating that, by this judgment, it appeared that all his wisdom lay in his length of beard,] *Pr'ythee, say on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry* [the common entertainment of that time, as well as this, of the people] *or he sleeps; say on.* And yet this man of modern taste, who stood all this time perfectly unmoved with the forcible imagery of the relator, no sooner hears, amongst many good things, one quaint and fantastical word, put in, I suppose, purposely for this end, than he professes his approbation of the propriety and dignity of it. *That's good. Mobled queen is good.* On the whole then, I think, it plainly appears, that the long quotation is not given to be ridiculed and laughed at, but to be admired. The character given of the play, by Hamlet, cannot be ironical. The passage itself is extremely beautiful. It has the effect that all pathetic relations, naturally written, should have; and it is condemned, or regarded with indifference, by one of a wrong, unnatural taste. From hence (to observe it by the way) the actors, in their representation of this play, may learn how this speech ought to be spoken, and what appearance Hamlet ought to assume during the recital.

That which ſupports the common opinion, concerning this paſſage, is the turgid expreſſions in ſome parts of it; which, they think, could never be given by the poet to be commended. We ſhall therefore, in the next place, examine the lines moſt obnoxious to cenſure, and ſee how much, allowing the charge, this will make for the induction of their concluſion.

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage ſtrikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell ſword
The unnerved father falls.

And again,

Out, out, thou ſtrumpet fortune! All you gods,
In general ſynod, take away her power:
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

Now whether theſe be bombaſt or not, is not the queſtion; but whether Shakeſpeare eſteemed them ſo. That he did not ſo eſteem them appears from his having uſed the very ſame thoughts in the ſame expreſſions, in his beſt plays, and given them to his principal characters, where he aims at the ſublime. As in the following paſſages.

Troilus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, far outſtrains the execution of Pyrrhus's ſword, in the character he gives of Hector's:

When many times the captive Grecians fall
Even in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe and live.

Cleopatra, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, rails at fortune in the ſame manner:

No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd at my offence.

But another uſe may be made of theſe quotations; a diſcovery of this recited play: which, letting us into a circumſtance of our author's life (as a writer) hitherto unknown, was the reaſon I have been ſo large upon this queſtion. I think then it appears, from what has been ſaid, that the play in diſpute was Shakſpeare's own; and that this was the occaſion of writing it. He was deſirous, as ſoon as he had found his ſtrength, of reſtoring the chaſteneſs and regularity of the ancient ſtage: and therefore compoſed this tragedy on the model of the Greek drama, as may be ſeen by throwing ſo much *action* into *relation*. But his attempt proved fruitleſs; and the raw, unnatural taſte, then prevalent, forced him back again into his old Gothic manner. For which he took this revenge upon his audience. WARBURTON.

The praiſe which Hamlet beſtows on this piece is certainly diſſembled, and agrees very well with the character of madneſs, which, before witneſſes, he thought it neceſſary to ſupport. The ſpeeches before us have ſo little merit, that nothing but an affectation of ſingularity could have influenced Dr. Warburton to undertake their defence. The poet, perhaps, meant to exhibit a juſt reſemblance of ſome of the plays of his own age, in which the faults were too general and too glaring to permit a few ſplendid paſſages to atone for them. The player knew his trade, and ſpoke the lines in an affecting manner, becauſe Hamlet had declared them to be pathetic, or might be in reality a little moved by them; for, "There are "leſs degrees of nature (ſays Dryden) by which ſome faint emotions of "pity

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" pity and terror are raiſed in us, as a leſs engine will raiſe a leſs propor-
" tion of weight, though not ſo much as one of Archimedes' making."
The mind of the prince, it muſt be confeſſed, was fitted for the reception of gloomy ideas, and his tears were ready at a ſlight ſolicitation. It is by no means proved, that Shakſpeare has *employed the ſame thoughts cloathed in the ſame expreſſions, in his beſt plays.* If he bids *the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel*, he does not deſire her to *break all its ſpokes*; nay, *even its periphery, and make uſe of the nave afterwards for ſuch an immeaſureable caſt.* Though if what Dr. Warburton has ſaid ſhould be found in any inſtance to be exactly true, what can we infer from thence, but that Shakſpeare was ſometimes wrong in ſpite of conviction, and in the hurry of writing committed thoſe very faults which his judgment could detect in others? Dr. Warburton is inconſiſtent in his aſſertions concerning the literature of Shakſpeare. In a note on *Troilus and Creſſida*, he affirms, that his want of learning kept him from being acquainted with the writings of Homer; and, in this inſtance, would ſuppoſe him capable of producing a complete tragedy *written on the ancient rules*; and that the ſpeech before us had ſufficient merit to entitle it to a place *in the ſecond book of Virgil's Æneid, even though the work had been carried to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.*

Had Shakſpeare made one unſucceſsful attempt in the manner of the ancients, (that he had any knowledge of their rules, remains to be proved,) it would certainly have been recorded by contemporary writers, among whom Ben Jonſon would have been the firſt. Had his darling ancients been unſkilfully imitated by a rival poet, he would at leaſt have preſerved the memory of the fact, to ſhew how unſafe it was for any one, who was not as thorough a ſcholar as himſelf, to have meddled with their ſacred remains.

" Within that circle none durſt walk but he." He has repreſented Inigo Jones as being ignorant of the very names of thoſe claſſick authors, whoſe architecture he undertook to correct: in his *Poetaſter* he has in ſeveral places hinted at our poet's injudicious uſe of words, and ſeems to have pointed his ridicule more than once at ſome of his deſcriptions and characters. It is true that he has praiſed him, but it was not while that praiſe could have been of any ſervice to him; and poſthumous applauſe is always to be had on eaſy conditions. Happy it was for Shakſpeare, that he took nature for his guide, and, engaged in the warm purſuit of her beauties, left to Jonſon the repoſitories of learning: ſo has he eſcaped a conteſt which might have rendered his life uneaſy, and bequeathed to our poſſeſſion the more valuable copies from nature herſelf: for Shakſpeare was (ſays Dr. Hurd, in his notes on Horace's Art of Poetry) " the firſt that broke through the bondage of claſſical ſuperſtition. And he owed this felicity, as he did ſome others, to his want of what is called the advantage of a learned education. Thus, uninfluenced by the weight of early prepoſſeſſion, he ſtruck at once into the road of nature and common ſenſe: and without deſigning, without knowing it, hath left us in his hiſtorical plays, with all their anomalies, an exacter reſemblance of the Athenian ſtage, than is any where to be found in its moſt profeſſed admirers and copyiſts." Again, ibid. " It is poſſible, there are, who think *a want of reading*, as well as vaſt ſuperiority of genius, hath contributed to lift this aſtoniſhing man, to the glory of being eſteemed the moſt original THINKER and SPEAKER, ſince the times of Homer."

To this extract I may add the ſentiments of Dr. Edward Young on the ſame occaſion. " Who knows whether Shakſpeare might not have

thought leſs, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of Jonſon's learning, as Enceladus under Ætna? His mighty genius, indeed, through the moſt mountainous oppreſſion would have breathed out ſome of his inextinguiſhable fire; yet poſſibly, he might not have riſen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatic province required; for whatever other learning he wanted, he was maſter of two books, which the laſt conflagration alone can deſtroy; the book of nature, and that of man. Theſe he had by heart, and has tranſcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. Theſe are the fountain-head, whence the Caſtalian ſtreams of *original* compoſition flow; and theſe are often mudded by other waters, though waters in their diſtinct channel moſt wholeſome and pure; as two chemical liquors, ſeparately clear as cryſtal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the ſight. So that he had not only as much learning as his dramatic province required, but, perhaps, as it could ſafely bear. If Milton had ſpared ſome of his learning, his muſe would have gained more glory, than he would have loſt by it." *Conjectures on Original Compoſition.*

The firſt remark of Voltaire on this tragedy, is that the former king had been poiſoned by his brother and *his queen*. The guilt of the latter, however, is far from being aſcertained. The Ghoſt forbears to accuſe her as an acceſſary, and very forcibly recommends her to the mercy of her ſon. I may add, that her conſcience appears undiſturbed during the exhibition of the mock tragedy, which produces ſo viſible a diſorder in her huſband, who was really criminal. The laſt obſervation of the ſame author has no greater degree of veracity to boaſt of; for now, ſays he, all the actors in the piece are ſwept away, and one Monſieur Fortenbras is introduced to conclude it. Can this be true, when Horatio, Oſrick, Voltimand, and Cornelius, ſurvive? Theſe, together with the whole court of Denmark, are ſuppoſed to be preſent at the cataſtrophe; ſo that we are not indebted to the Norwegian chief for having kept the ſtage from vacancy.

Monſieur de Voltaire has ſince tranſmitted in an Epiſtle to the Academy of Belles Lettres ſome remarks on the late French tranſlation of Shakſpeare; but alas! no traces of genius or vigour are diſcoverable in this *crambe repetita*, which is notorious only for its inſipidity, fallacy, and malice. It ſerves indeed to ſhew an apparent decline of talents and ſpirit in its writer, who no longer relies on his own ability to depreciate a rival, but appeals in a plaintive ſtrain to the queen and princeſſes of France for their aſſiſtance to ſtop the further circulation of Shakſpeare's renown.

Impartiality, nevertheleſs, muſt acknowledge that his private correſpondence diſplays a ſuperior degree of animation. Perhaps an ague ſhook him when he appealed to the publick on this ſubject; but the effects of a fever ſeem to predominate in his ſubſequent letter to Monſieur D'Argenteuil on the ſame occaſion; for ſuch a letter it is as our John Dennis (while his frenzy laſted) might be ſuppoſed to have written. "C'eſt moi qui autrefois parlai le premier de ce Shakſpeare: c'eſt moi qui le premier montrai aux François quelques perles quels j'avois trouvé dans ſon enorme *fumier*." Mrs. Montague, the juſtly celebrated authoreſs of the *Eſſay on the genius and writings* of our author, was at Paris, and in the circle where theſe ravings of the Frenchman were firſt publickly recited. On hearing the illiberal expreſſion already quoted, with no leſs elegance than readineſs ſhe replied—"C'eſt un *fumier* qui a fertilizé une terre bien ingrate."—In ſhort, the author of *Zayre*, *Mahomet*,

homet, and *Semiramis*, poſſeſſes all the miſchievous qualities of a midnight felon, who, in the hope to conceal his guilt, ſets the houſe which he has robbed on fire.

As for Meſſieurs D'Alembert and Marmontel, they might ſafely be paſſed over with that neglect which their impotence of criticiſm deſerves. Voltaire, in ſpite of his natural diſpoſition to vilify an Engliſh poet, by adopting ſentiments, characters, and ſituations from Shakſpeare, has beſtowed on him involuntary praiſe. Happily, he has not been diſgraced by the worthleſs encomiums or diſfigured by the aukward imitations of the other pair, who "follow in the chaſe not like hounds that hunt, but like thoſe who fill up the cry." When D'Alembert declares that more ſterling ſenſe is to be met with in ten French verſes than in thirty Engliſh ones, contempt is all that he provokes,—ſuch contempt as can only be exceeded by that which every ſcholar will expreſs, who may chance to look into the proſe tranſlation of Lucan by Marmontel, with the vain expectation of diſcovering either the ſenſe, the ſpirit, or the whole of the original. STEEVENS.

I formerly thought that the lines which have given riſe to the foregoing obſervations, were extracted from ſome old play, of which it appeared to me probable that Chriſtopher Marlowe was the authour; but whatever Shakſpeare's view in producing them may have been, I am now decidedly of opinion that they were written by himſelf, not in any former unſucceſsful piece, but expreſsly for the play of *Hamlet*. It is obſervable that what Dr. Warburton calls "the fine ſimilitude of the ſtorm," is likewiſe found in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*.

The levity of behaviour which Hamlet aſſumes immediately after the diſappearance of the ghoſt in the firſt act, [ſc. v.] has been objected to; but the writer of ſome ſenſible Remarks on this tragedy, publiſhed in 1736, juſtly obſerves, that the poet's object there was, that Marcellus "might not imagine that the ghoſt had revealed to Hamlet ſome matter of great conſequence to him, and that he might not therefore be ſuſpected of any deep deſign."

"I have heard (adds the ſame writer,) many perſons wonder, why the poet ſhould bring in this ghoſt in complete armour.—I think theſe reaſons may be given for it. We are to conſider, that he could introduce him in theſe dreſſes only; in his regal dreſs, in a habit of interment, in a common habit, or in ſome fantaſtick one of his own invention. Now let us examine, which was moſt likely to affect the ſpectators with paſſions proper on the occaſion.—

"The regal habit has nothing uncommon in it, nor ſurpriſing, nor could it give riſe to any fine images. The habit of interment was ſomething too horrible; for terror, not horror, is to be raiſed in the ſpectators. The common habit (or *habit de ville*, as the French call it,) was by no means proper for the occaſion. It remains then that the poet ſhould chooſe ſome habit from his own brain: but this certainly could not be proper, becauſe invention in ſuch a caſe would be ſo much in danger of falling into the groteſque, that it was not to be hazarded.

"Now as to the armour, it was very ſuitable to a king who is deſcribed as a great warrior, and is very particular; and conſequently affects the ſpectators without being fantaſtick.—

"The king ſpurs on his ſon to revenge his foul and unnatural murder, from theſe two conſiderations chiefly; that he was ſent into the other world without having had time to repent of his ſins, and without the neceſſary ſacraments, according to the church of Rome, and that conſequently

quently his ſoul was to ſuffer, if not eternal damnation, at leaſt a long courſe of penance in purgatory; which aggravates the circumſtances of his brother's barbarity; and ſecondly, that Denmark might not be the ſcene of uſurpation and inceſt, and the throne thus polluted and profaned. For theſe reaſons he prompts the young prince to revenge; elſe it would have been more becoming the character of ſuch a prince as Hamlet's father is repreſented to have been, and more ſuitable to his preſent condition, to have left his brother to the divine puniſhment, and to a poſſibility of repentance for his baſe crime, which, by cutting him off, he muſt be deprived of.

" To conform to the ground-work of his plot, Shakſpeare makes the young prince feign himſelf mad. I cannot but think this to be injudicious; for ſo far from ſecuring himſelf from any violence which he feared from the uſurper, it ſeems to have been the moſt likely way of getting himſelf confined, and conſequently debarred from an opportunity of revenging his father's death, which now ſeemed to be his only aim; and accordingly it was the occaſion of his being ſent away to England; which deſign, had it taken effect upon his life, he never could have revenged his father's murder. To ſpeak truth, our poet by keeping too cloſe to the ground-work of his plot, has fallen into an abſurdity; for there appears no reaſon at all in nature, why the young prince did not put the uſurper to death as ſoon as poſſible, eſpecially as Hamlet is repreſented as a youth ſo brave, and ſo careleſs of his own life.

" The caſe indeed is this. Had Hamlet gone naturally to work, as we could ſuppoſe ſuch a prince to do in parallel circumſtances, there would have been an end of our play. The poet therefore was obliged to delay his hero's revenge: but then he ſhould have contrived ſome good reaſon for it.

" His beginning his ſcenes of Hamlet's madneſs by his behaviour to Ophelia, was judicious, becauſe by this means he might be thought to be mad for her, not that his brain was diſturbed about ſtate affairs, which would have been dangerous.

" It does not appear whether Ophelia's madneſs was chiefly for her father's death, or for the loſs of Hamlet. It is not often that young women run mad for the loſs of their fathers. It is more natural to ſuppoſe that, like *Chimene* in the *Cid*, her great ſorrow proceeded from her father's being killed by the man ſhe loved, and thereby making it indecent for her ever to marry him.

" Laertes's character is a very odd one; it is not eaſy to ſay whether it is good or bad: but his conſenting to the villainous contrivance of the uſurper's to murder Hamlet, makes him much more a bad man than a good one.—It is a very nice conduct in the poet to make the uſurper build his ſcheme upon the generous unſuſpicious temper of the perſon he intends to murder, and thus to raiſe the prince's character by the confeſſion of his enemy; to make the villain ten times more odious from his own mouth. The contrivance of the foil unbated (i. e. without a button,) is methinks too groſs a deceit to go down even with a man of the moſt unſuſpicious nature.

" Laertes's death and the queen's are truly poetical juſtice, and very naturally brought about, although I do not conceive it ſo eaſy to change rapiers in a ſcuffle without knowing it at the time. The death of the queen is particularly according to the ſtricteſt rules of poetical juſtice; for ſhe loſes her life by the villainy of the very perſon, who had been the cauſe of all her crimes.

" Since

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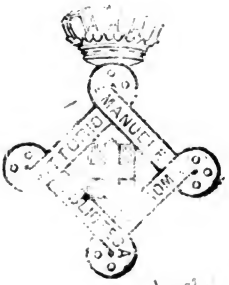
" Since the poet deferred ſo long the Uſurper's death, we muſt own that he has very naturally effected it, and ſtill added freſh crimes to thoſe the murderer had already committed.

" Upon Laertes's repentance for contriving the death of Hamlet, one cannot but feel ſome ſentiments of pity for him; but who can ſee or read the death of the young prince without melting into tears and compaſſion? Horatio's earneſt deſire to die with the prince, thus not to ſurvive his friend, gives a ſtronger idea of his friendſhip for Hamlet in the few lines on that occaſion, than many actions or expreſſions could poſſibly have done. And Hamlet's begging him *to draw his breath in this harſh world* a little longer, to clear his reputation, and manifeſt his innocence, is very ſuitable to his virtuous character, and the honeſt regard that all men ſhould have not to be miſrepreſented to poſterity; that they may not ſet a bad example, when in reality they have ſet a good one: which is the only motive that can, in reaſon, recommend the love of fame and glory.

" Horatio's deſire of having the bodies carried to a ſtage, &c. is very well imagined, and was the beſt way of ſatisfying the requeſt of his deceaſed friend: and he acts in this, and in all points, ſuitably to the manly honeſt character, under which he is drawn throughout the piece. Beſides, it gives a ſort of content to the audience, that though their favourite (which muſt be Hamlet) did not eſcape with life, yet the greateſt amends will be made him, which can be in this world, viz. juſtice done to his memory.

" Fortinbras comes in very naturally at the cloſe of the play, and lays a very juſt claim to the throne of Denmark, as he had the dying voice of the prince. He in a few words gives a noble character of Hamlet, and ſerves to carry off the deceaſed hero from the ſtage with the honours due to his birth and merit." MALONE.

END OF THE FOURTEENTH VOLUME.



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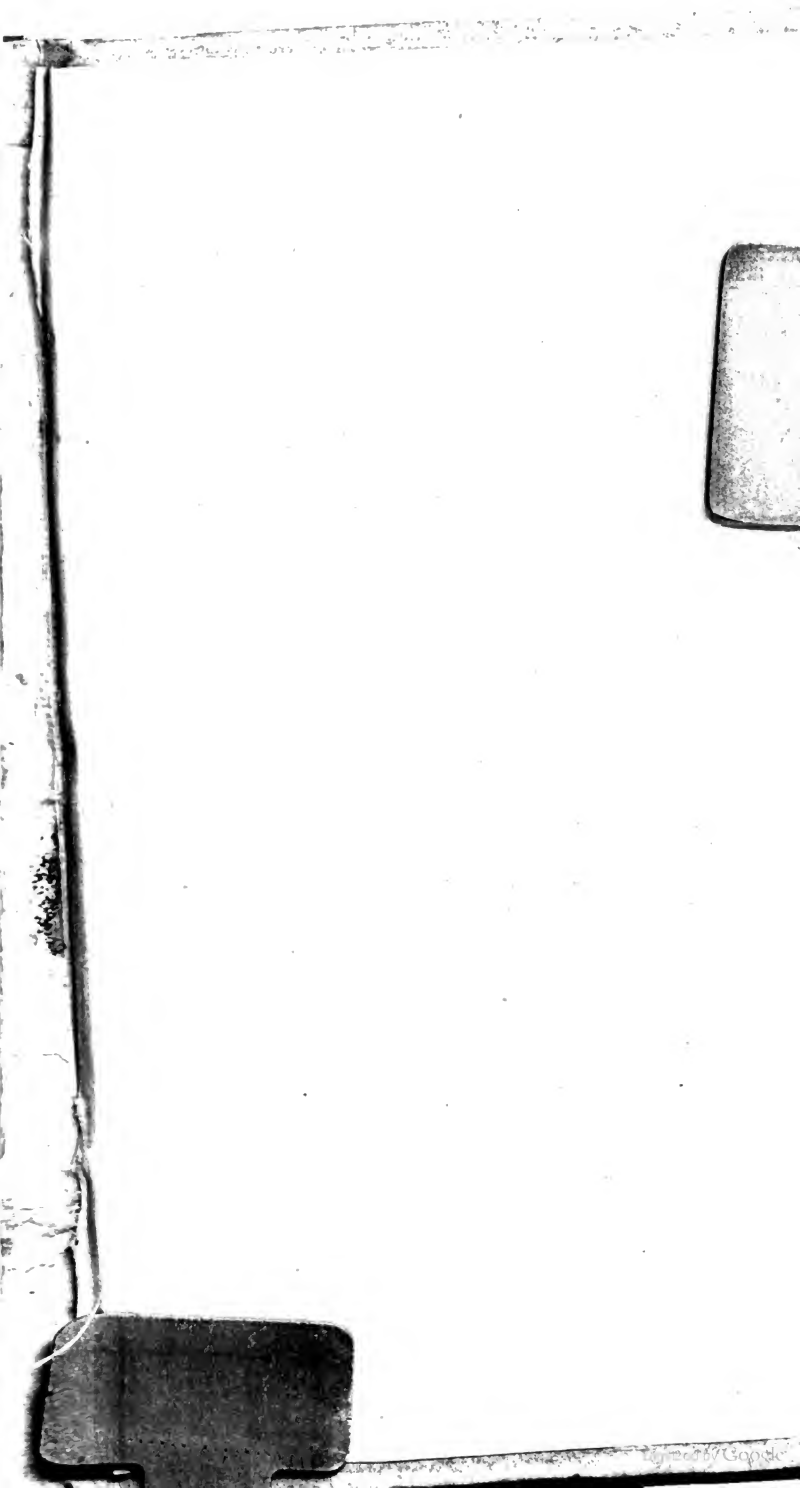
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